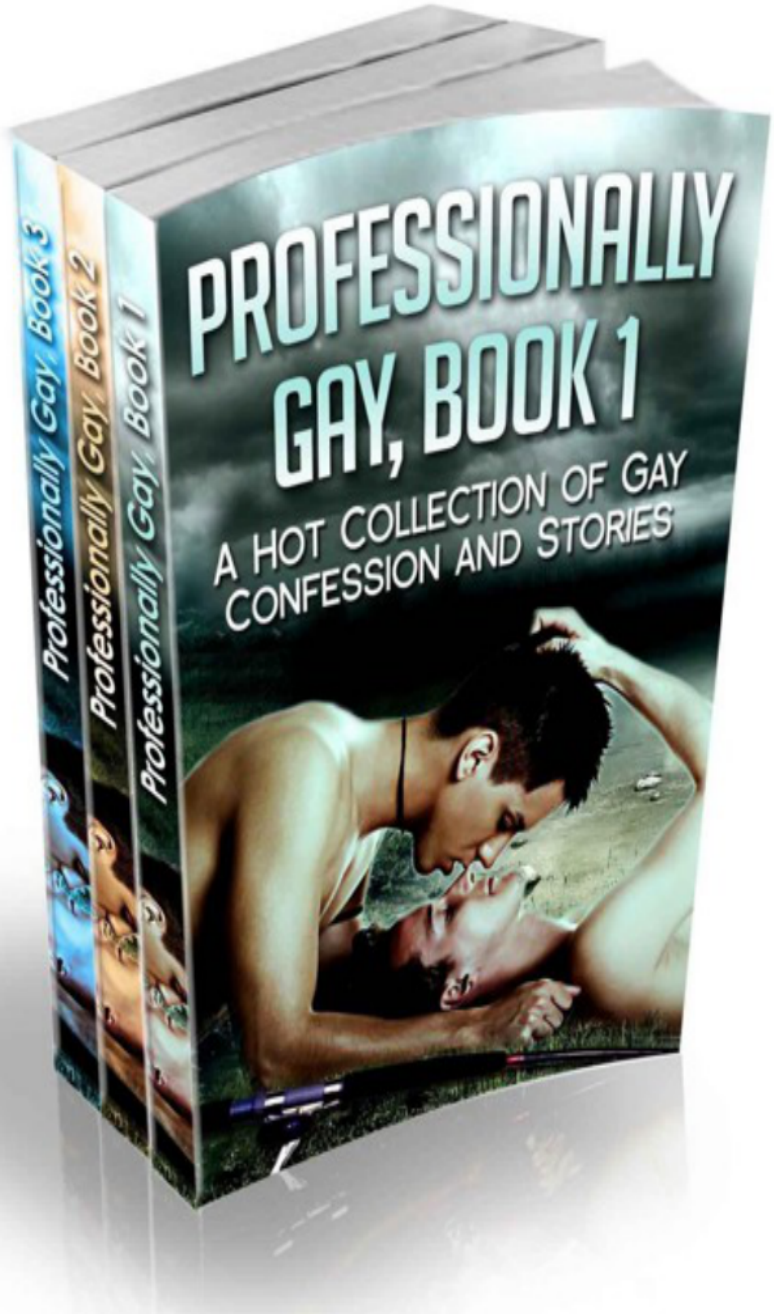
PROFESSIONALLY GAY, BOOK 1
A HOT COLLECTION OF GAY CONFESSION AND STORIES
Professionally Gay, Book 1
Professionally Gay, Book 2
Professionally Gay, Book 3

PROFESSIONALLY GAY, BOOK 1

A HOT COLLECTION OF GAY CONFESSION AND STORIES

WARNING

This book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language. It may be considered offensive to some readers. This book is for sale to adults ONLY.

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A Hot Collection of Gay Confessions and Stories

Professionally Gay, Book 1

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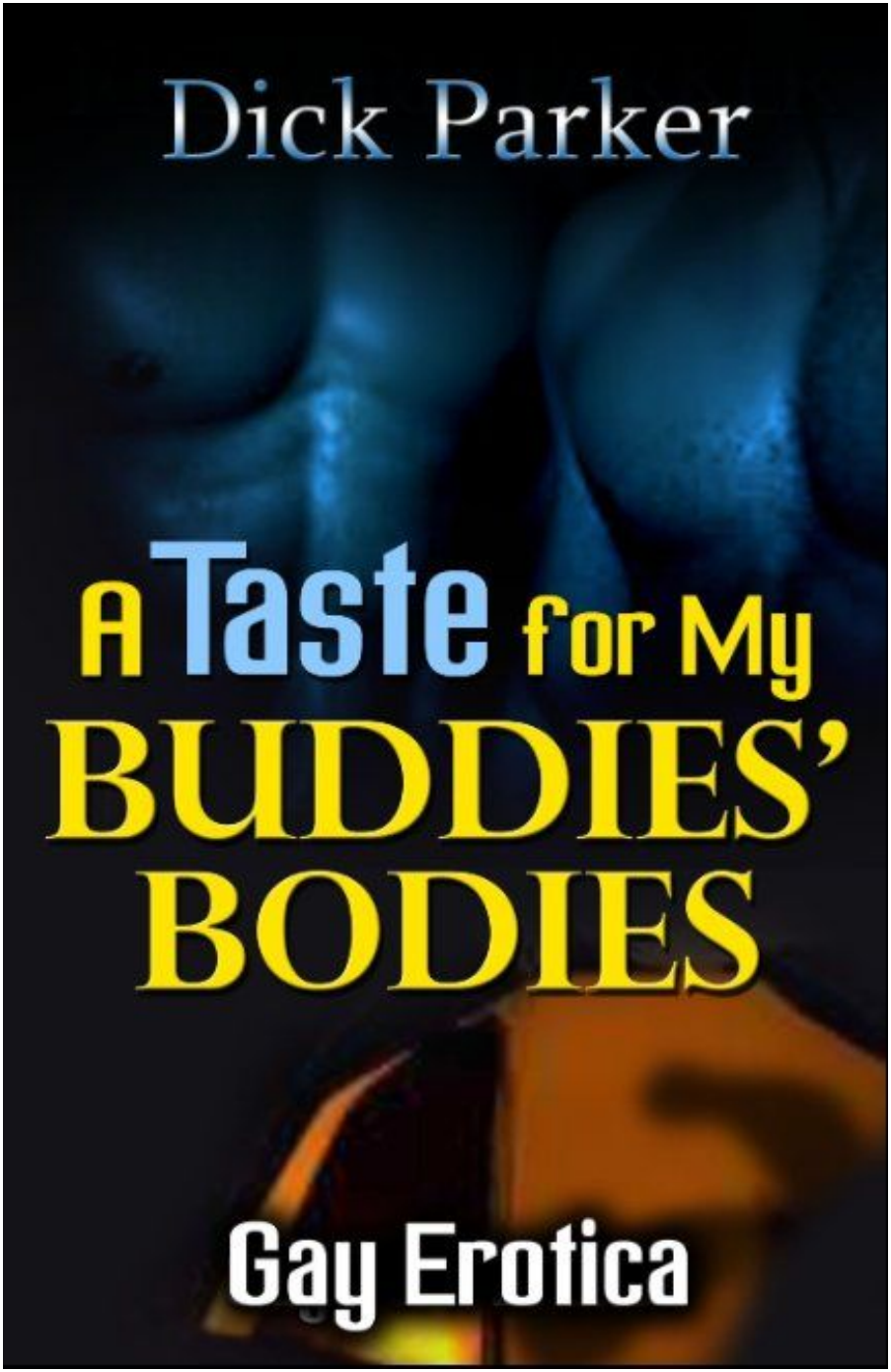
Professionally Gay, Book 2


Dick Parker
A Taste for My
BUDDIES'
BODIES
Gay Erotica

I was fishing on the riverbank by the campground. I had just turned 19 and had nothing to do for the day, so I grabbed my fishing pole and some bait and decided to spend the afternoon enjoying one of my favorite pastimes.

I had two favorite things. One was fishing and one was jacking off, either with some of my buddies or alone. It seemed like it dominated my thoughts all the while I was awake each day. I had known for three years that I liked boys and did everything I could do to find other boys that would play. I was home for the summer from my first year in college so I had plenty of time to just mess around.

I noticed some commotion and saw a big camper trailer being pulled by an extended cab pickup pulling into a campsite. I watched as the door opened and a man and woman got out of the front seat. The back door opened and a boy got out. Wow, he looked damn cute from where I was sitting. The whole family had blond hair. The mom looked very hot and the dad was trim and fit looking. The boy looked to be about my age. He was tall, thin and blond.

I watched as they unhooked the camper and set up their camp. I noticed one of my fishing poles jumping and hooked a catfish and reeled it in. While I was taking the fish off the pickup pulled out of the campground onto the highway.

I didn't pay much attention to it and re-baited my hook and threw it out. As I watched the river go by I felt like I was being watched and turned to see the boy standing on the bank above me, watching me fish.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi yourself," he said walking down next to me. The bank was kind of steep there and I was sitting on the edge with my legs hanging down next to the river. The boy stopped even with me and looked down.

"You catchin' any?" I looked up and now that he was close, I saw that he was a cutie.

"I'm getting one now and then," I said. He nodded and looked out at the river.

Now that he was closer, I figured him to be 17 or maybe 18. He was quite tall, maybe 5' 9 and weighed about 120 pounds. His hair was golden blond and long. It hung down over the collar on his tee shirt in the back and covered his ears with bangs hanging down over his forehead. His eyes were an ice blue, very beautiful. He had a cute little button nose and full lips. He was adorable.

I looked down his frame and it was very slim. His legs were very lean and very tan, ending in two pretty feet that were as tan as a summer lifeguard would be. He was barefoot and wearing a gray tee shirt that had St. Agnes Middle School Track printed on it. He was wearing those short running shorts that hurdlers wear that are loose and unbinding.

"Where did your family go?" I asked.

"They went to Walmart and then to some camp supply place. I hate to shop so I said I'd stay and watch the camp."

"Aren't they worried about a kid as young as you staying alone?"

He laughed. "I'm not as young as you think. I just turned 18. I'm pretty smart so I skipped a grade and I'm going to college next year." I nodded.

"You sure don't look 18," I said. "I'd have guessed 15 tops."

"Well, I'm 18, I promise."

He put his hands on his hips and arched his back. "Oh, my back is tired from the long ride."

I looked up when he said it and when he pushed his hips forward I could see up the leg of his shorts. His cock and one ball were plainly visible in the open leg of the shorts. I was surprised at how big his cock was. I expected to see a young boy cock but this was a nice sized one, about four inches soft and it looked really pretty hanging there. I must have looked too long because he grinned.

"You like that?" he asked.

"What?" I said blushing.

"You were looking up my pants," he said. "Don't worry, I'm not shy. That's why I don't wear underwear. I like guys to see my cock."

"I didn't mean to, I just happened to look up."

He sat down next to me. "It's ok, my buddies and I go naked all the time at home. We live in the country and have a pool in the back yard. My two best friends live on either side of me about a quarter of a mile away. They come over during the summer and when there's no one around so we just lay around naked all day. I see naked cocks and balls all the time. We've been hanging out naked since we were about 12 and none of us had a hair on their dicks." He reached down and slipped his tee shirt off over his head. When his arms were up taking his tee off, I looked at his boy armpits. Oh my, there was a little tuft of blond hair under each one and it was as pretty as any I'd ever seen. His body was toned more than I expected and he was very tan.

"You've sure got a nice tan," I said.

"Thanks, it goes all the way, too," he said grinning. He pulled his shorts down in the back and revealed half of a very tan, very pretty butt cheek. "My name's Kelly," he said offering his hand.

I took it and said, "I'm Richard." He shook and held onto my hand for longer than necessary.

"You've got nice hands," he said.

I swallowed. "Thanks," I said.

"You're a good looking guy," he said.

Wow, I didn't see that coming. "Well, so are you, Kelly."

"You like to look at boys?"

"Well, I just meant you're a nice looking boy," I said trying to keep my cool.

"Wait until you see my buddies," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"They're coming soon and the three families are going to camp here next week."

"So they're good looking too?" I asked.

"They're really pretty. Kyle has brown hair and he's 18 and Kerry has black hair and is 19."

"That's nice you have buddies that you get along with," I said.

"Oh yeah, we get along great. We even do sex together."

I must have looked shocked.

"Do you fool around with boys?" he asked. I couldn't believe how bold this little shit was.

"I play around a little," I said.

He smiled. Then he looked at my crotch. "Can I see yours?"

Holy shit. "I don't think that's a good idea right here," I said.

"Oh come on, show me, I'll show you mine."

"We can't pull our cocks out right here," I said.

"Come on, we'll go to the camper," he said, getting up. When he stood up I could see his cock was hard under his shorts, sticking up in front. It looked pretty big for such a little kid. He saw me looking. "Want to see?" He looked around and then he pulled down the front of his shorts. He had a little blond bush that was very thin above his hard cock that was standing up straight and proud. It was about 6 1/2 inches long and as big around as a brat. His balls were loose and looked lovely. "What do you think?" he asked.

"That's very nice, Kelly," I said.

"Come on, show me yours, I showed you mine."

I stood up and looked around. There was no one in the campground but us. I pulled down the front of my shorts and out

popped my 6 inch boner. It sticks straight out in front and is very thick. I've got a brown bush and big loose balls.

Kelly's eyes got big. "Wow, that's almost as big as Kyle's," he said. He reached out and took hold of my cock.

"Wait, we can't fool around here," I said backing up.

"Come on let's go to the camper," he said.

As much as I wanted to mess with this kid I hesitated. "I don't think I better," I said.

"Why not?"

"Because what if we get caught?"

"My parents are very open-minded. They see us naked all the time together and I'm sure they know we mess around. Kyle and Kerry wouldn't care. You're not going to show me something that I don't already know." I looked at him and he was so damn cute that I said ok.

We walked to the camper and went inside. It was a nice set-up with a bedroom on each end and the kitchen/living room/extra beds in the middle. He took my hand and pulled me to the back bedroom. We went inside and he closed the door. "When will the family be back," I asked not wanting to be in the camper when they got there.

"They'll be gone for a couple of hours at least," he said. He stepped up to me and pulled his shorts down and off his feet. He stood there in all his naked glory and he almost took my breath away, he was so pretty. His boner stood up and was as perfect as any I'd ever seen. The shaft was smooth and sleek and his head was nicely shaped and just lovely. His little pubes looked so cute and his nuts hung down like little hickory nuts.

"Take yours off," he said quietly. I swallowed and pulled my tee shirt off. He watched as I pulled down my shorts and slipped my tennis shoes off. My cock was leaking and he stepped up and put his hand on it.

"Oh yeah, that's a fine cock," he said. I closed my eyes as he began to slowly jack me off. I was enjoying it very much when I felt

him put his mouth over it. I looked down and the little beauty was on his knees with my cock buried down his throat.

This kid had definitely sucked cock before. He took it down his throat and licked around the head with his tongue. His hands played with my balls and soon he wet a finger and started rubbing my asshole. "Kelly, jeez, slow down," I gasped. He looked up with those ice blue eyes and grinned with my cock in his mouth.

"Want to suck me?" he said. I nodded my head.

He laid back on the bed and put his arms under his head. Right then I don't think I'd ever seen a prettier boy than he was. His golden tan body, his blond hair splayed out over the bedspread, his beautiful face, lovely armpits with soft little hairs in them, down to his perfect cock and lovely little feet, so trim and tanned, he was about as perfect as they came. I knelt between his legs and leaned forward and kissed him on the neck. I licked his neck and kissed him lightly on the lips. Then I moved to the side and kissed his pretty little armpit. It smelled like a fresh boy and I licked the soft blond hairs and he began to giggle.

"That tickles," he said. I moved to the other armpit and did the same. They were so soft and smooth and the hairs were so fine and soft. I buried my nose in his pit and kissed it softly. Then I sucked each of his tiny nipples until they stood out hard. I moved down his belly kissing it softly and licked his belly button. He was moaning as I got to his crotch. I nuzzled his boy nuts and licked his sack, sucking each of his nuts into my mouth. Then I licked down his butt crack and he raised his legs so I could get at his butt hole. His hole was as pretty as the rest of him, very tiny and smooth. I licked it and stuck my tongue in as far as it would go and he moaned and writhed on the bed. "Oh suck me, please," he said.

I took his pretty cock in between my finger and thumb and milked it. A drop of clear precum oozed out and I sucked it off and swallowed it. Then I sucked his cock into my mouth, taking the whole thing in and licking around his cockhead with my tongue. He began to shudder and I felt his cock jump and tasted his sweet cum pouring out into my mouth. I swallowed three times to get it all. Then I sucked on him trying to coax more out until he begged me to stop. "I can't take it any more," he said panting.

I let his cock slip from my mouth. "How was that?" I asked as

I lay down next to him.

"Wow, you do that better than Kyle," he said.

"You and your buddies have sex?" I asked.

"Sure, when the folks are at work, we all get naked and lay around the pool and do sex all day. Sometimes we jack off when the folks are there but we don't fuck each other when they're around."

Wow, I'd like to see those three beauties doing that.

He reached down and started playing with my cock. "Can I suck you now?" he asked his sweet face inches from mine. I nodded my head yes. He leaned forward and kissed me lightly on the lips. Then he slid down and took my big cock in his hand. He licked around the head and milked it, licking precum from the tip. "Man this thing is fat," he said. "I bet Kyle would love it up his butt." He started sucking me and soon he had his nose buried in my nut sack. He had my whole cock down his throat with very little effort. This kid knew how to make a cock feel good and in no time I was ready to cum.

"I'm gonna shoot Kelly," I said. He nodded and increased his sucking until I blasted into his mouth. He shoved it down his throat and gripped my cock with his throat muscles. Holy shit, I came so hard I nearly passed out. He milked every drop from it and then let loose.

He came back up and lay down next to me. "Did I do ok?" he asked grinning.

"Jeez, where did you learn to suck a cock like that?"

"I've got two buddies who teach me everything."

I shook my head. "Are you all gay?"

He shrugged. "No I don't think so. Kyle has a girlfriend and Kerry likes girls. I'm not sure yet if I'm gay. I think boys are much prettier, but we all like to make cum and have fun." Wow, what an open-minded bunch.

"That's very cool," I said.

"We figure that making cum is part of being a boy and it's more fun to make cum with someone else than to do it alone, so why not do it?"

"Too bad more guys don't think that way," I said.

"Sometimes Kyle and I camp out and we fuck all night."

"Is he as cute as you?"

"He's a wrestler. He's got muscles that don't quit. His dick is huge too, it's almost 8 inches. And you know what? He can suck his own dick."

"Wow, I've heard of that but never seen it happen," I said.

"It's pretty cool. Sometimes he sucks himself and I fuck him while he's doing it. He says it the most amazing thing you can imagine."

"Lucky guy," I said.

I looked down and Kelly was hard again and stroking his dick absentmindedly. He saw me looking at his dick.

"Want to go again?" he said grinning.

As much as I'd like to have a second cum with this kid I was worried about his family returning and finding me in his bedroom. "I better go back to fishing," I said.

"Ok, thanks for playing with me," he said giving me a kiss at the door. I walked back to the riverbank and sat down. My dick was still feeling warm from shooting my cum into Kelly's mouth. I fished for a while and noticed the family return in the pickup. They all went into the camper.

A little while later two more campers pulled into the campground and parked next to Kelly's. Two families got out and I saw his two buddies. Holy shit, they were all damn cute guys. Kelly trotted over and hugged each of his buddies and I could see they were talking. I noticed Kelly motion towards me and the other two looked my way and grinned. As the parents began helping set up the campers

the three boys walked over to the riverbank.

I got up and Kelly said, “This is Kyle and Kerry.” Kyle was obviously the wrestler Kelly had talked about. He was about 5’ 5 inches and around 120 pounds and it was all muscle. He had beautiful shoulders, and his pecs were amazing. He was wearing a see through net tank top and I could see his abs, hard as rocks ending in a distinct V that disappeared into his shorts. He had medium brown hair that was curly and cut longish hanging over his ears with curls hanging over his forehead. His green eyes and beautiful smile made him gorgeous and very fit looking.

Kerry was a little taller and also very fit. He was just wearing athletic shorts and had a beautiful chest and six-pack abs. His lower stomach came to a muscular V and disappeared into his shorts. The shorts were very low on his hips. I looked him up and down and could see some pubic hair sticking up from the front of his pants. He had black hair cut a little shorter than the other two. His hair was cut in a shaggy style that let his deep brown eyes show and made him cute as hell. He smiled and showed beautiful white teeth.

“Kelly tells us you guys messed around,” Kyle said smiling.

“Kelly’s got a big mouth,” I said grinning. “Kelly told me all three of you mess around, is that true?”

Kyle and Kerry grinned. “We’re gonna be here all week. Our moms and dads are kind of Indian relic hunters. They heard there are lots of Indian mounds and stuff here, so maybe we can get together and have some fun. Kelly says you got a hell of a nice cock.” Kelly nodded his head up and down.

I shrugged. Kyle looked around and then pulled his shorts down in front and showed me a beautiful cock that was nearly 6 inches long soft. My mouth must have been hanging open because Kerry laughed and did the same showing me a copy of Kyle’s big cock that also was nearly 6 inches soft and had a huge head.

“What do you think?” Kerry said.

“I think I’d be a fool not to want to come fishing tomorrow,” I said. Three gorgeous boys all grinned back at me.

“Let’s see yours,” Kyle said.

Of course I had a raging boner after looking at those two nice cocks so I checked to see if anyone was looking. I pulled the front of my shorts down and my fat cock popped out.

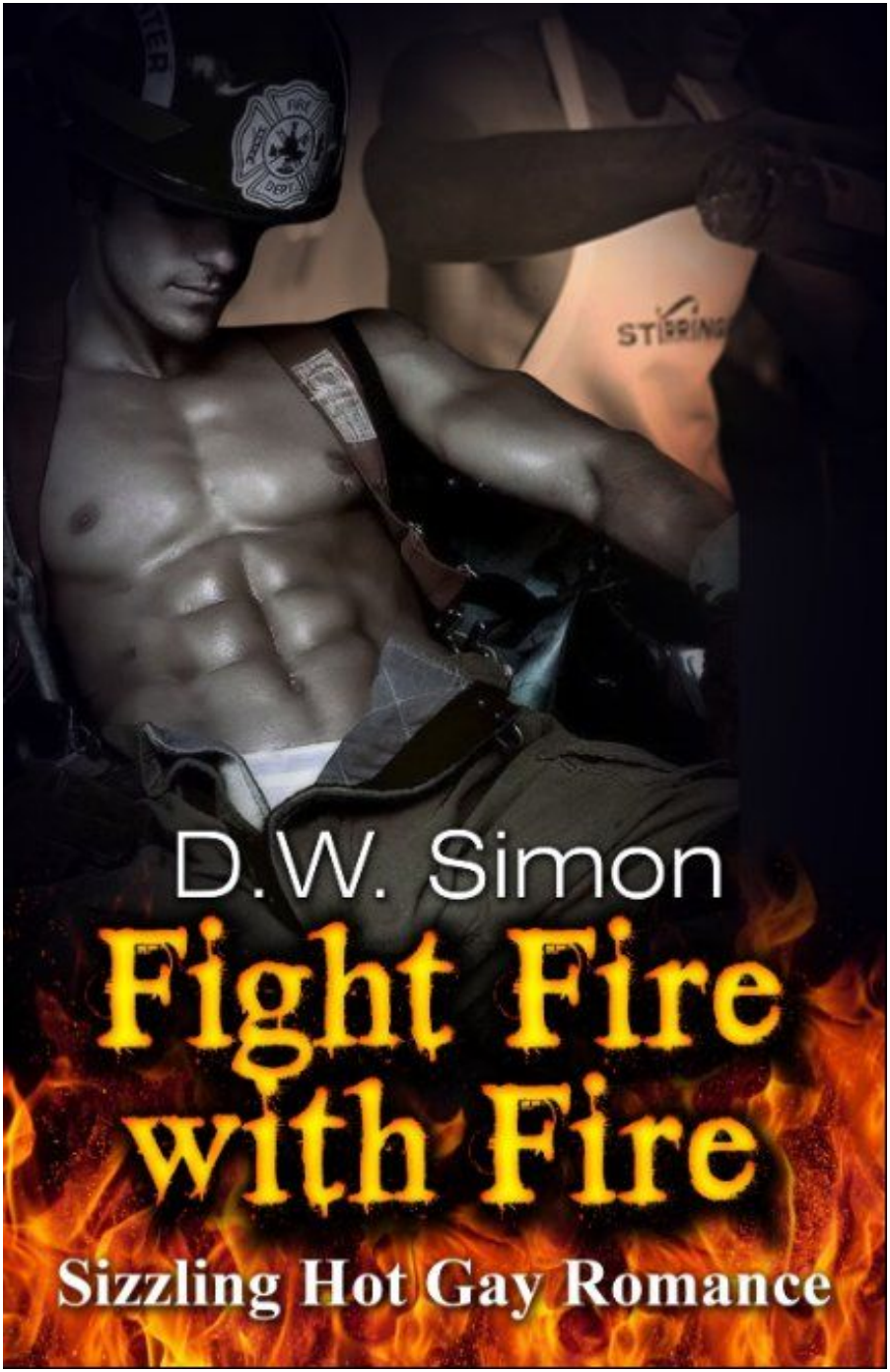
"Cool," Kerry said.

"Yeah, way cool," Kyle said.

"The folks are going arrowhead hunting tomorrow, bring that big dick and we'll see you here around 10am?"

Oh boy.

To be continued…


D.W. Simon
Fight Fire with Fire
Sizzling Hot Gay Romance

My name is Sam. I'm a firefighter. As the city was in the grips of an arsonist, I found my destiny. I wasn't looking for it, but I don't think anyone ever is. I knew I was gay, really understood what it meant, when I was thirteen. I remember looking through the big holiday catalogs when I was younger than that, looking for toys and finding the men's underwear section and staring, enjoying what I saw. I didn't understand what I felt though. But when I was thirteen, it all changed. I was with a friend; we spent the summer discovering the wonders of love. But the following year, during Labor Day weekend, Jake was killed in a boating accident. He was gone and I spent the rest of my time alone. No one wanted to play like Jake did. Okay, I was afraid of rejection and ridicule.

I graduated from high school and entered college. While there I fucked for the first time. He was a slut, but I was horny. I used a condom and fucked him rough. He was loose and he had greased himself up before I got there. From that point forward, I chose to have discreet encounters. I didn't kiss and I never bottomed or forgot a condom. While in college, I became a volunteer in the fire department. When I graduated, I joined the force full time. I moved up the ranks, being known as fearless. I did my job and enjoyed it.

Unfortunately, I wasn't out to my coworkers. These men, and a few women, are your family. You must trust them with your life and accept that they trust you with theirs. But I couldn't tell them I was gay. I wasn't ashamed, but I kept it a secret. If I had been out before I started work, maybe I would have been open to them. But I don't know. I stood in the showers with them and I noticed them, but they were my coworkers, not items of desire. I had a few personal rules about whom I sleep with: no one at work, and no wedding rings. I never understood how anyone could be both gay and married. Wedding vows are sacred, even if I will never get to say them.

Only one of my coworkers did I look at twice. His name was Bill. He was thirty-three and married. He and his wife had seven kids. He was handsome, very quiet, and one of the hardest workers I have ever met. He was a friend and my mentor. I loved him like a brother and would gladly lay down my life for him. But what made me look at him was his manner with his wife. Whenever the two of them were together, it was as if everything else faded. They knew where the other was in a room. There was always a gentle touch or kiss. They

looked in each other's eyes and you wanted to look away because it felt like you were intruding on something very personal and intimate. When I would see him, I knew he never, ever cheated on her. A few of the other guys were like that, content and happy with their wives.

I wasn't open about it, but I do get out from time to time. My hand did okay for a few weeks, a couple of months. But sometimes I needed to be with someone every once in a while. So I would head out to the lone gay bar in town. I would hang out for a bit and then make a move. I never forget a face and I never went home with the same guy twice. Once at their place, I would go at it all night if I wanted, but I would leave before dawn. One of the arsonist's first targets was the bar I hung out at. So after a few weeks, I ended up at the bar that most of the firefighters hang out at. It was called 'O' Tooles' and was started by a firefighter forced to retire due to burns and injuries. He left it to his nephew when he died. Unfortunately, the nephew died a few years ago, leaving it to someone who no one ever saw. I do go there for parties and celebrations with the crew, but that night, all I wanted was a few drinks.

While sitting there, drinking quietly at the bar, I saw him. He was tending bar away from me, but there was something about him. I didn't think it was his looks, maybe the way he carried himself, but I could tell he was attracted to me. We did the silent flirting that two people tend to do. I watched him pour drinks, but his eyes were seldom away from mine. I sat there and cataloged him. He was about five-eleven and had black hair. His dark eyes and luscious, full lips were always smiling. His hair was short, wavy and a little spiky. He was beautiful. His olive skin hinted at ancestors kissed by the Mediterranean sun. I kept thinking more and more erotic thoughts about him.

I decided to step up the seduction and polished off my drink and signaled for another. While fixing it, he talked to me. Turns out his name's Max. He owns the bar, had for the past few years, but didn't work there until recently. He was a chef and usually worked in the kitchen but was covering for the regular bartender. We chatted and talked, shared a few coy laughs. We decided to head out to his place.

I drove, following Max. We ended up at an apartment complex. It was five stories, and had twenty units to it, four per floor. Max was on four, at the end. Once inside, Max became nervous. Not enough to ask me to leave, but enough that I slowed things down. He fixed us

something to eat. It was a mixture of bacon and cheese on top of crackers. It was hot and spicy and tasted delicious. He was an amazing cook obviously. I didn't want to hear the small talk; I just wanted a fuck. But, I could pull back and make nice.

I found out Max and his former partner took over the bar from his uncle. Max worked in a restaurant downtown that I had heard of, but never went to. When Max's partner, John, died in a car accident, Max inherited the bar. He didn't go near it for the first couple of years after he died, but he decided to go for it. I admired the courage to give up a well-liked, good paying job and devote yourself to someone else's dream. I told him so and he smiled, relaxed like he hadn't been able to before. Now was the time, he was ready.

I moved toward him, like I was scenting him, ready to mate. I skimmed the backs of my fingers along his cheek. I skimmed them down to the buttons of his shirt. I started undoing them. As each button was opened, bronze skin and a light sprinkling of silky, black hair was revealed. I felt warm skin and rippling muscle as I moved lower and lower. I felt the ridges of his stomach and how they trembled below my hand. Max was breathing heavily, panting. His eyes were glassy.

I slipped his shirt off him, enjoying the sight of his well-shaped torso. He was nicely defined and his chest hair thinned to a silky, thin trail down to his waistband. I moved down to his feet and slipped off his shoes and pulled off his socks. His feet were strong, slightly sprinkled with more dark hair, and warm. I ran my hand up his legs; they were thick and sturdy. I enjoyed their shape and strength. I undid his belt and the top button of his jeans. I undid the snaps of his fly and pulled them away from him. I skimmed the heavy denim off his legs so he was sitting before me in tight, white briefs. They were tented and such a contrast to his dark skin and darker hair. I slid them down and off and admired his erection, which was long, thick and straight. He was dripping and it was an angry, aroused red more so than just a little petting would indicate. I wondered how long it had been for him.

I knelt in front of the couch and leant towards him. I tasted the salty, dripping tip, enjoying the flavor. He arched and moaned. I took him slowly into my mouth, swirling my tongue, trying to wring pleasure from him. I let the flare of his head snag on my lips, tugging gently, forcing further moans out of Max. I pursed hard and added as much suction as I could before diving for the base, lodging him in my

throat. I felt him buck his hips, grinding the head into my soft palette. I liked the slight tickle of his generous, silky pubic hair against my nose. I may never kiss or bottom, but I never leave my partner unsatisfied.

I kept a brisk pace on him, moving him in and out of my throat expertly. My tongue complimented my mouth and I had him in warm, wet ecstasy. He reached out and ran his fingers through my hair. The gesture was tender and warm. It made me feel uncomfortable. This was just sex, it wasn't supposed to be romantic. So to keep him off-kilter, I sped up on him. I felt him thicken, his testicles raised and his breath came in harsh pants. The end was near. With one final, deep plunge, I felt him release. His first spurt was lost down my throat, but I caught and savored the rest. I kept it in my mouth, feeling his thick essence and tasting his sweetness.

I pulled off Max and looked at him. He had a silly grin and a vacant, sated look in his eyes. I flipped him over the arm of the couch and quickly stripped. I grabbed a condom and sheathed myself. I knelt between his legs on the couch and lowered so I could let his cum lubricate the next step. I spit it into his crack and worked it into him with a couple of fingers. He was tight and clasped me with a great rhythm. I couldn't wait to be inside him. I grasped his shoulders and pushed against him slightly. He parted for me and I slid into a velvet fist. His sheath clung to me, begging me to go deeper. I started to move slowly, amazed at how easily Max was taking my length. He was totally relaxed and moved with me expertly. His motions were driving me over the edge. Each time I would pull out, his inner muscles pulled me back. I was building quickly.

I had him pinned to the couch, arching into him with each thrust. Both of Max's hands were bracing him on the floor. I kept pushing, feeling my load build. I had never been with anyone so completely able to let go and just get into the fuck. He didn't cry and whine about my overly endowed size, he just let me move and met me courageously. I felt myself thicken, tightening up. My stomach muscles clenched, becoming a tough washboard. My thighs became weak and my back arched involuntarily. I cried out as I emptied myself into the condom. With one final, deep thrust, I felt Max let go, clamping me as he found his own release. I was amazed. I had been with others and none of them got off without a reach around or themselves jerking off. But he was cumming and cumming hard. His cries were animalistic groans and I was charmed and humbled that I brought him to this moment.

I slid out of him and sat back on the couch, trying to catch my breath. Max rolled over and sat beside me, also trying to regain his breath. After a couple of minutes, he looked at me. I don't know why but we both burst out laughing. It felt good to laugh with someone. It also felt good sitting next to someone who was naked and just as sexually drained as you are. I noticed the differences between us. I am about six-three. Where he has dark hair, mine is golden. His chest is lightly, sparsely covered; mine is thick, almost too thick to run your fingers through. It is springy and soft and covers me from collarbone to waist. It is only thin after my abdominal muscles end. I have a patch over my ass but that is also very hairy, as are my legs and arms to about mid-biceps. The contrast was different and I liked it, a lot. Which is probably why I started to feel uncomfortable and started getting dressed. Max looked a little confused then some sort of wall came up as he walked me to the door. I had never been at a loss for something to say; usually some banality or false promise. But I couldn't do that to Max. There was something different about him. I just didn't want to analyze it. I wanted out, where I wouldn't feel this flighty need to run. I turned from him and left, knowing I had probably hurt him.

Try as I might, sleep eluded me that night. I kept thinking about how different Max was from the previous, nameless guys I had been with. He reminded me of Jake. Not in his appearance, but in my reaction to him. Normally a good fuck and I was fine. I hardly thought of it once I was home, other than to acknowledge that I was sated. But I couldn't stop thinking of the physical perfection that we had shared. I finally drifted off about an hour before dawn and awoke to sweaty sheets and an erection so hard that it hurt. I took a long cold shower and finally jerked off to get it to go away, all the while thinking of the previous night.

I found myself thinking a lot about Max over the next couple of days. It got to the point that two nights after our initial encounter had me back in that bar. I told myself it was for a drink, but the moment I saw him behind the bar I knew I was full of shit. I wanted another round. From the frosty look I got, I knew it was going to be an uphill battle. But it was too good for me to give in so easily. I sat down and ordered a drink, forcing Max to come over and deliver it to me. He did so, but rather than anger, he was smiling at me. He told me he was glad to see me. Now I am totally confused. I was all set to appease his hurt, and he didn't need it. I asked him if he wanted to leave with me. He nodded and I polished off my drink then drove to

his place. He showed up about ten minutes later.

He wasn't nervous this time. We went straight to his bedroom and stripped. He demonstrated his oral talent on me. I was writhing in ecstasy. He was magnificent. I didn't want to cum so soon. I pulled him away, his mouth kept moving as he moved off me. I almost came knowing he was that into me. I grabbed the condom from my wallet and covered myself. I had Max straddle me and I let him ride. He moved expertly. Each motion had both of us moaning.

This time, I could watch passion flow over his face. Each movement had him in pleasure's grip as well. I pulled him forward, so he had to brace his body with his arms. I liked the bunching and cording of his muscles as he supported his fast undulations. I reached forward and took his nipple in my mouth as I gripped his hips. I didn't try to slow him, he had set too good a pace, but I wanted a connection to him, other than cock to ass. I suckled his nipple, biting then laving the tight nub. He cried out harshly to my ministrations. I liked feeling his smooth, warm skin below my mouth and hands. I felt him thicken where he lay against my hairy belly. I was shocked, but it felt like he was going to shoot. I felt him clamp me and cry out as the first spurt hit my neck. Each shot got shorter and shorter on my body, but it was hot and thick. I felt him clamp me with each rhythmic blast. His orgasmic waves milked me, took me by surprise as I tripped over the edge with him. I gripped his hips and ground hard into him. I must have hit it just right, but Max clamped on me and came again. His cries were almost painful as he shot another healthy load across my belly. It was almost as hot as fire. He collapsed on top of me, cum squelching between us, running down my sides. I wrapped my arms around him, loving - no, liking - the connection.

Max lay with his head on my chest, breathing slowly. His arms lay loosely on either side of me. I was still lodged inside him. I had never stayed in place before. I liked it. The tenderness and possessiveness I was feeling were new to me. But I genuinely liked Max. We were perfect in bed together. He was so open about what he was feeling. Normally I would be out the door, but instead I was humbled that he would choose to be so open with me. I needed this and like the worthless bastard I am, I took as much as I could get. I rolled us over and looked in his eyes. I asked if he was up for another go. He laughed at the innuendo and nodded. I changed a used condom for a fresh one and joined up with him again. Normally I don't face whom I'm sleeping with. But I had enjoyed watching him too much not to. I rubbed my hairy body over his as I glided in and out of him.

Our height difference put us at the right level to kiss, but I held back. This was new territory, but I couldn't cross that line.

I know Max wanted me to kiss him, he angled up a few times, but each time, I turned my head so his kiss hit my neck. After a couple of tries, he got the hint and just nuzzled my neck and the hollow of my throat. I felt bad, but not bad enough. I felt him hard and wet between our bellies. As my time came closer, I lowered my head to his shoulder and bit hard as I came. With my final deep plunge, he tripped over the edge and spurted between us.

I felt bad because I couldn't give him what he wanted. This guilt was new to me. I didn't like it. But I pushed it aside and grabbed Max and headed for the shower. I washed us both up; he was limp like a wet noodle. I felt pride that I had brought him to this pleasure. I pushed him against the wall and knelt in front of him. I took him in my mouth. I moved over him. I loved his flavor. I loved the steely strength as it pushed past my lips. I loved knowing I was bringing him pleasure. I kept up my motions, bringing Max to the brink and then gently tripping him over the edge, sucking and nibbling to prolong the experience. When he was drained, he slid down the shower wall to face me. He tried to smile, but he was too sleepy, too sated. I chuckled and turned off the water and dried us both. I weigh about two-forty and it is all muscle. I easily picked Max up and carried him to bed. I covered him up and smiled at him as he nestled into the sheets, drifting slowly to sleep. Before I could catch myself, I leaned down and kissed his forehead. The tender gesture caused him to grin. That alone made the discomfort worth it. I slipped on my clothes and left. On the drive home, I kept reliving that simple kiss and the following grin. I felt myself smile as I crawled into my own bed and fell asleep.

The next four days were hell. The arsonist was stepping up his attacks. We were called out to three or four a night. We all work ten-hour days, supposedly four on and three off. But with the latest crisis, we have been working six days a week. We were all a little punch drunk and looking forward to getting off when we got the call. We had a duplex that had exploded due to some paint cans and gasoline kept in the garage. We headed over to help with clean up. Then we got word that someone was in the farthest bedroom. Bill and I ran in and got to the room. There was a three-year-old sitting in her bed, screaming. I grabbed her and headed out. Bill was right behind me. I made it outside and got her to the paramedics. I turned but there was no Bill. He hadn't come out. I turned back to find him. We did eventually.

The floor in the stairs had given way. He had fallen into a closet under them. His arm was broken and he had some nasty burns on the same arm. I shut out my feelings until we had him at the hospital. I called his wife myself. I kept it together, not letting guilt or remorse affect me until she got there. They had set his arm and done what they could for the burns, but they couldn't cast the bone until the skin healed. He asked for me first. I walked into the room, expecting my best friend, my mentor to hate me. He took one look at me.

“Wipe that guilty look off your face. Damn you, it wasn't your fault. Stop doing this to yourself.”

I couldn't look at him. I felt so damn guilty. “You should have carried her out. I am so much heavier than you and our combined weight weakened the floor.”

He grabbed my chin and forced me to look in his eyes. “Stop that bullshit now. I will get up and beat you until you understand.” His eyes softened, as did his voice. “It was not your fault. Stop blaming yourself. God knows I don't.”

I couldn't face him anymore. I didn't deserve his forgiveness. “You don't have to blame me, I blame myself.”

I left the hospital, knowing I shouldn't. But guilt had me in its grips. I don't know how long I drove around. I should have been surprised, but I wasn't when I pulled up in front of Max's. I knocked on his door. After a few minutes, a very sleepy Max opened it. I didn't say a word, he just pulled me inside and we sat down on the couch. I told him everything, all about Bill, the fire, everything. He didn't try to tell me it wasn't my fault. He just listened, holding my hand. I know I cried at some point. All he did was grip my hand tighter.

“Make me forget, Max. Just for a little while.”

He nodded and pulled me into the bedroom where he stripped me. Then he pulled me to the shower. He ran the water extra hot and scrubbed me. I didn't even realize that I was still smoky and grimy with soot. But Max cleaned me off. He did all those things that I do when I'm in the shower. He scrubbed under my nails and washed out my ears. Like beach sand, soot and smoke get everywhere. He cleaned me off and pulled me out of the shower. I was there, but my mind was

detached somewhere else. It was like I was observing the action that I was a part of. He dried me off with a big fluffy towel. He then pulled me into the bedroom and had me lie on the bed. He covered me up and scooped up my clothes. I started to protest, but he said he would be right back. He took my clothes and threw them in the washer. Then he joined me in bed.

I didn't know what to do. We had crossed a line somewhere. I let him lead me. He pulled me into his arms and just held me. He occasionally kissed my forehead and ran his fingers through my hair. I wanted to scream that I didn't deserve such warmth. But I needed that warmth, that compassion. So I stayed quiet and enjoyed what he was doing. I had shut my eyes and I felt him kiss the closed lids. He kissed the tip of my nose and each cheek. I felt him kiss my chin. I knew it was coming and I didn't want to stop. I wanted this, needed this. I was lost and was hoping to be found. I felt Max lower his lips to mine. It had been so long since I had done this, since Jake. I was twenty-seven, it had been thirteen years. My god, I had missed this incredible connection. I opened my mouth and let him in. My lips rubbed against his as his tongue lightly, playfully stroked mine. I heard myself whimper and felt his resulting groan reverberate through the both of us.

I rolled him over on his back, wedging myself between his legs. I was hard and positioned just right. I held him tighter as I pushed forward. Oh god, it just never ends; this connection. I had eased completely inside and I just stayed, savoring the warmth and rightness of it. This was home. We were still kissing, moving lips over each other. I put my hands in motion, stroking his body. His arms, his legs, his chest and stomach: over and over, building him, stoking his fire. I began to move my hips, pulling out and pushing forward. Oh my, we were building fast. But I held tight control over the rising feelings. The sensations were better than any other I had ever experienced, but I stopped the end, held on to my climax by the fingertips.

My eyes had been shut from the moment we kissed, making my other senses take over. The taste of his kiss in my mouth, the smell of sex and warmth in my nose and the passionate moans and groans filled my ears. But my skin was over-sensitized. I felt every square inch of his skin against mine. I felt his hands skimming over my back and his thighs bracing my hips as I moved inside him. I felt our sweating stomachs graze against each other, wedging his stiff cock in the hairy, wet cocoon. I felt his nipples, hardened and beaded, against

my chest, raking through my thick chest hair. I felt my own nipples brush his warm chest. His stubble-covered cheek brushed mine. I was beyond ready to cum, but I was waiting for Max. He pulled away from my mouth and tried to catch his breath. I didn't open my eyes because I wanted to stay in the sensual haze. Then I heard his deep voice tell me to let go. I shook my head, not wanting it to be over. He caressed my cheeks and kissed the tip of my nose and told me again to let go. It was too much. I tightened up everywhere, I was going to cum and it was going to be with my whole body. The first wave hit me, causing me to erupt. It almost hurt I came so much. I kept releasing, the spasms lasting for long seconds. I was spent and drooping, collapsed completely on Max. With my final plunge, I felt him grip me and explode between us, coating our torsos with his thick release.

I felt myself drifting to sleep. I knew I was too heavy. For countless minutes I tried to move, willing my sated muscles to lift off Max. But when I finally did move, Max grabbed me and told me to stay. I relaxed and fell asleep, still wedged inside his body and nestled in the cradle of his arms and legs. He had lowered his legs so they wouldn't cramp, but he let me lie there and sleep, safe and content. I don't know how long I slept; time really had no meaning to me. But it was still dark. I was lying with my head in the crook of his neck and shoulder. His arms were around me and he was hard between us. Feeling him like that made me stiffen and lengthen inside him. I pulled my head up and looked at him, he was smiling but his eyes were closed. I kissed him. I initiated it, I moved my mouth over his, waiting for him to wake if he was sleeping. He smiled even more and opened up, meeting my tongue. I undulated my hips and he arched his back. God, I loved his ability to move with me. I moved over and over inside him, feeling him build, knowing that we would explode again and soon. It was no time at all before he was gripping me, inside and out, writhing in completion, coating my belly with his essence. It was enough, it was too much, I clamped onto his mouth as I poured into him. The waves calmed, this release was mellow, drawn out and smooth. I slid out of him and turned us to our sides. I realized that we had forgotten something.

“I've never forgotten a condom before, Max. I'm sorry.”

He smiled at me as he caressed my face with his hand. “Don't be. I know you are careful and for me it's not a possibility. It has been far too long.”

I smiled, a slow, caring smile, hoping he'd see how much this

meant to me. “How long?”

Max looked embarrassed, but he met my eyes. “Since John died. He was my first and only. Until you.”

I was humbled. Four years was a long time. I found myself opening up and sharing about Jake. I told him all about the time we spent together and the tragedy that parted us. I watched empathy enter his eyes. He told me that he and John met when they were both fourteen; that they had been inseparable since. He was now thirty-one and he had been alone since that night long ago when he got the news that John's car careened out of control on a patch of ice and he was dead. I wanted to ask why me? But I was never going to; insecurity wasn't really something I was familiar with. I was uncomfortable with it. But he saw too much in my eyes.

“It was time Sam. I had been thinking about getting out for a while.” He chuckled and grinned. “You came up and surprised me.”

I grabbed him and kissed him again. I don't know why I was avoiding kissing. It was so much a part of making love. No it was just sex. My detachment was crumbling. But we didn't have sex again. We just kissed a few times. He twisted around so he spooned against my back. He held me and stroked my chest. Within seconds, I was asleep.

I woke up in bed alone. The sun had risen, but it hadn't been up for very long. I was lying on my stomach and I reached out for Max, missing his presence. He walked back in the room with a mug and my clothes, folded in a pile in his arms. He had washed and dried them while I slept. He handed me the mug and went and got another for himself. The coffee hit my system and I was up and ready for the day. I think it was more the night I had just spent rather than caffeine, but I wasn't sure.

Max got back in the room and sat by me on the bed. He asked how I was doing. All I could do was smile. I polished off my coffee and took his mug before pulling him down and under me. I started kissing him again, feeling his lips mold to mine as our tongues caressed each other. I felt him stiffen under his robe. I pulled it off him and dove onto his erection. I bobbed on it with my mouth. I made him wet and so hard that when I pulled off it slapped against his belly. I had a hard time pulling it away so I could put it back in my mouth. He was steely and beautiful. I kept moving over him, swirling my tongue until I felt his testicles tighten against him. I moved off him,

slid between his legs and impaled him in one swift, hard thrust. I was in him to the hilt.

The moment I hit his prostate, he exploded, crying out, screaming with pleasure. I waited for his spasms to stop, willing my own release away until he had calmed. When he was relaxed again, breathing near normal, I started to move. I moved in achingly slow thrusts. Pulling almost out before pushing all the way back. He gripped me, milked me. I was powerless. I was lost in the sensations. I kept my movements steady, pushing into him, building up. I felt Max build too. It had only been a few minutes, but I felt Max clench again. I felt his release against my stomach as I exploded inside him. I usually don't cry out like that. I usually keep quiet, but I couldn't this time. It was too good.

I was nuzzling his throat with my nose, feeling sated and warm, enjoying the afterglow. Then I heard Max. “I love you.” I froze. His saying it didn't bother me. The truth is I needed to hear him say it. I wanted those words and for them to be true. But what scared the life out of me was how close I came to saying them back. I sat up and turned from him. Max curled up around me and told me it was okay. I stood up. Guilt and remorse was flowing through me. I was so confused. Max simply stood and handed me my clothes. His face was a mask. He smiled tightly at me. I finished dressing quickly and was heading for the door. He had put his robe back on and followed me to the door. I wanted to say something, I tried to say something, but nothing came out. Max smiled and kissed my cheek before pushing me out and closing the door.

The next few days were kind of a blur. I felt bad, I felt like a liar and a cheat. I was lying to my friends, my coworkers and Max. I was lost. I didn't go see Bill in the hospital either. I went to work and fought the fires, but my mind wasn't in it and that could cause people to be hurt or die. My commander told me to take a few days off. I agreed. While I was home one night I heard a knock at my door. It was Max. I was so happy to see him and also confused. He didn't know where I lived. I was also enraged. I had set up the walls. I was living my life and he was threatening that foundation. He was pulling me towards something I didn't know if I was ready for. I got angry and pulled him inside. “What the hell are you doing Max? Are you stalking me?”

His smile faded, his face a mask of confusion and pain. “No, I just…”

I refused to feel guilty about this. “What, looking for answers. I don't have any.” I knew it was cruel, but I was trying to save myself. “It was just sex. That's all it was. Sex. A fuck. Get over it.”

I watched a wall come up inside him. I knew I had just reached in and taken his heart and slashed it in two. But I couldn't stop myself.

“No, Sam. I'm not stalking you. Yes, I know it was just sex. I've always known it was just a fuck to you. But it turned into something more for me. But you, that's right, you, kept coming back. Grow up! The next time you come to me, you better get your own life in order.”

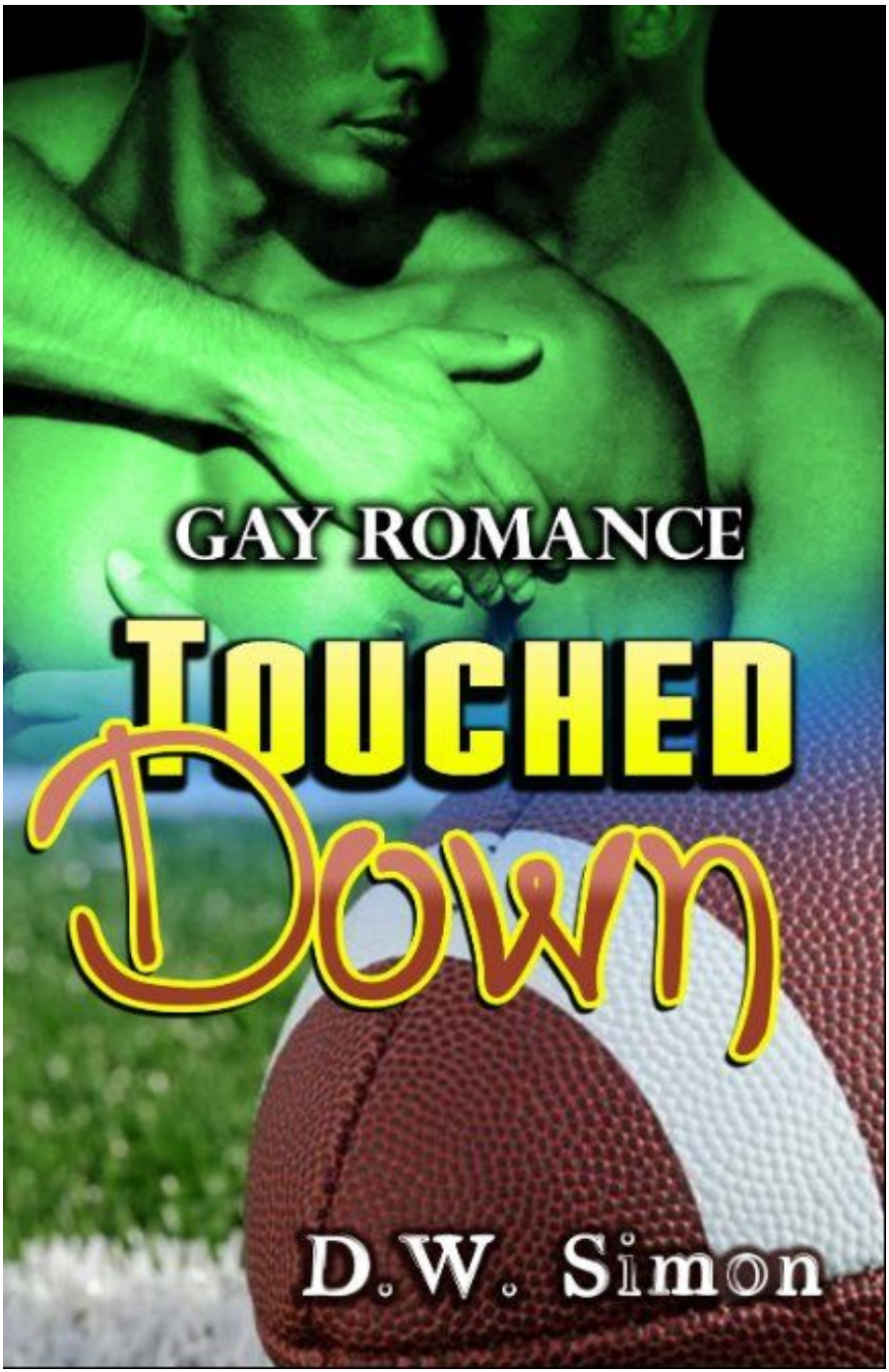
Oh God! I felt like I was two inches tall. He turned and walked to my door. Just before he got there he handed me a piece of paper.

“Don't forget to vote.”

Then he was gone. I looked at the paper. It was a campaign pamphlet. Oh god! All he was doing was doorbelling. I felt even smaller. I knew I was wrong. I knew I was hurting him to keep myself from hurting. But it wasn't working. I was hurting.

I found myself at the hospital. I was standing in Bill's room, overlooking him lying in bed. His arm was wrapped in gauze and he was slightly drugged. I just sat by him. I had his left hand wrapped in mine. I was so confused. I was hurting. I knew that what Bill said was the truth. It wasn't my fault he got hurt. It could have happened to the little girl and me. I knew I was crying. But I was also letting go of the guilt. I was healing. I noticed the wedding ring on his hand. I knew it was a symbol of everlasting love, commitment and fidelity. An idea formed in my mind. It was good that I was there that night with Bill. My life became clear. I understood what my fears were. Fear kept me alone and afraid. I decided to let it go. Bill woke up a few minutes later. I was smiling at him. My first words out of my mouth told him I was gay. He just nodded and smiled back. He told me that he knew. I told him that he was my best friend and I loved him like a brother. He told me he and his wife just found out that number eight was on the way.

The End


GAY ROMANCE
TOUCHED
Down
D.W. Simon

Everything always came easy for me. Genetics gave me my looks, strength, abilities and intelligence. By the time I was ten, I'd already figured out what I was good at. I'd try new things for the challenge, but if I wasn't getting them or failed, I wouldn't try again. It wasn't out of any sense of fear or failure, but if I wasn't good at them, why bother? Basically, my life was easy.

I met Byron in school. His life wasn't easy. When he came into class in the third grade, he was shy and awkward. It wouldn't have been so bad, except he was a big guy. Even at nine, he was tall and gangly. He couldn't hide. Whereas I learned all new things with ease, Byron struggled. Dyslexia was something new at the time. No one had any idea what it was.

As the years went by, Byron seemed to stay in the wings, on the periphery of activity. I was this popular guy who had many friends. Byron spent his summers traveling with his parents. It was as if he didn't know how to interact with children, having spent all his time with adults and being an only child. Of course, children, being the cruel, spiteful, hateful people that they can be, treated Byron horribly. I was no different.

No matter how badly he was treated, Byron always had this shy, quiet smile. He was observant. He'd overhear conversations and laugh or smile at what he'd heard. He knew what was going on around him. More than once I would catch him listening in, enjoying the jokes. Unless directly spoken to though, he was alone. Recess is this fun, energetic time to burn off energy. Byron always had a book or would sit under a tree and watch. I was into kickball or some other game. No one thought to include him with us.

As the years passed and we left elementary school and went to junior high, Byron's life got worse. His body seemed to rebel. He started growing. I mean, he was always tall, but this was worse. Between sixth and seventh grade, Byron's voice changed and he grew almost fifteen inches. He stuck out like a sore thumb. This shy, quiet boy was now the tallest kid in the entire school. Like most people who grow a lot, he became clumsy. Watching him, you could tell how frustrated he was. While he was at lunch, he'd drop his fork at least three or four times each meal. He tripped over his shoes. He'd drop his books. It was nothing more than his amazing growth spurt. All this time, I doubt I'd spoken more than ten words to him in the four years

I'd known him.

When we got back to school for the eighth grade year, Byron was even taller. He was standing at six-four. No one knew it until later, but he was shaving each morning. Now in this time, I had grown too. My voice was deeper and my body was maturing. I seemed to have topped out at the above average height of five-eleven. I started playing sports that year; I got really into football and baseball. Byron was still the shy, quiet guy in the corner that no one picked for any team until he was the last one. We all saw how clumsy he was.

By the start of freshman year, Byron was topping out at six-eight. That year, we started high school; all new teachers with all new rules. Fifth period, Byron and I were in the same PE class. We're out on the field, doing sprints. Byron wore sweats and a sweatshirt. It was still summer-like weather. He must have been sweltering. I did notice that he wasn't so awkward anymore. He also wasn't as gawky or gangly. He was starting to fill out.

In the new school, PE coaches required us to shower. There was no choice in the matter. Byron didn't look overly pleased, but he started to take off his clothes. The guy had hairy damn legs. He stood there in his sweatshirt and briefs and he was so damn hairy. Then he took off his sweatshirt and tee. He had more hair on his chest than any of the seniors who were starting to get hairy. Hell, he had more hair than the coaches. He immediately came under the scrutiny of the seniors. This was a freshman. No one is supposed to be this hairy this young. Byron was touched and pretty much felt up. He took it like he did most things, embarrassed but not saying anything.

The fascination was starting to die out, to the point that he could go and shower. It would have died out completely, if he hadn't taken off his underwear. Byron was uncut and longer than average. Most of the students were both average and cut, so they all had to look at Byron's foreskin. If it was any other person but Byron, I'm sure he would have left school that day and never come back. He was mortified. We weren't friends, we were barely acquaintances, but I finally had had enough. I stood up from untying my shoes and stepped in front of Byron. "Come on guys, leave him alone. Stop being jealous."

Okay, so it wasn't the best thing to say but it did get them to leave Byron alone so he could shower. I finished undressing and followed him. He stood under the spray, bent down to accommodate his height, letting the water pound into his still heated cheeks. When I

turned on the shower next to him, he looked over. He gave me one of his genuine smiles, the one I had seen him give a few times over the years. "Thanks."

I stood under the shower, watching Byron. He was tall, so very tall. But his body was catching up to his growth spurt. His body was muscular. He was still underweight and gawky, but you could tell that once given some time, he'd fill out and grow into his body. He caught me staring at him. I wasn't embarrassed, but I decided to fill the awkward space. "You should try out next year on the football team. If you were stronger, you'd make an incredible center."

Byron kind of chuckled, as if unsure of what I was saying or why I was saying it. "Sure. I'll keep that in mind."

I left the shower shortly after, got dressed and went to class. Byron and I still didn't talk that often, but he'd nod to me if he passed me in the hall. The next semester, he signed up for the weightlifting class. He started out slow and small, but by the end of the semester, what had been toned but underdeveloped was cut and buffed out. When we broke for summer, Byron had gotten the okay from the football coach to come to tryouts. In a way, I felt responsible, but in a good way.

The first week in August was hot, humid, and all around miserable. The seventy odd guys turning out for football were all standing around, listless and droopy from the heat. Not Byron though. He stood out like the giant he was. He had hopefully finished growing at six-ten. When we were all weighed, he tipped the scales at two-fifty. I was still my same five-eleven, roughly one-eighty. I didn't mind. The man's height and size would make him an excellent center, one I wouldn't mind quarterbacking behind.

Needless to say we both got on the junior varsity team. Byron and I learned a lot that year. We learned to work as a team. We talked and shared, it took a long time to get past his shields, but once he started, he let me in, as much as he ever let anyone in. We worked so well together. He seemed to know what I was doing before I did. No one got past him. It got to the point where I forgot how to take a hit. We were undefeated and both guaranteed a first string spot the following fall once the outgoing seniors graduated.

Byron was still so damn shy though. I invited him to a party. He went, but didn't talk to anyone. Oh if someone came up to him, he

talked to them, but he didn't make any move to mingle. I spotted him several times, looking at me. This wasn't his scene. The fact that he came here because I asked him really got to me. He didn't want to be here, but he came anyway.

Later on, I noticed Veronica Sampson corner Byron and do her shameless flirt routine. Yeah, I fell for it too. She was my first, the one that started me on my road of sexual discovery and fulfillment. In fact, Veronica really set my pace. She liked it fast and hard, not too much of either, but if it lasted more than ten minutes, she was bored. Looking back now, I can understand why I spent so many nights screwing then saying goodbye in the morning, never to look back. Your first time really sets the tone and pace of your future endeavors, especially if you're a self-assured, egomaniac like me.

Veronica and Byron stepped out onto the balcony. I continued to finish off my beer and was talking to one of the senior cheerleaders when I noticed Veronica come back inside, looking a bit flustered. I wondered what it was all about, so I excused myself and headed outside. Byron was standing, leaning against the rail. When I stepped out and shut the sliding glass door he turned to me and smiled. "Hell of a night, isn't it Byron."

He laughed. "You have no idea, Luke. None whatsoever."

"That bad?"

Byron stood and turned to me. His shirt's top two buttons were undone and he had some lipstick on his lip. He rested his hip against the rail as he looked at me. When he spoke, it was quietly. I was always amazed when he'd talk like this, because his voice was rather deep, but when he'd get quiet, it was like smooth silk against my nerves. "Veronica wanted to induct me into her club. I don't play that way."

My eyes tracked to his. Byron was looking slightly anxious, mostly nervous, and as if he was hoping I'd get something without him having to say it. He needn't have worried. I got it. He was gay. "If you ever get any grief from the team, you let me know."

He half laughed, half choked. "Thanks."

That seemed to be the end of it. Byron wasn't openly gay. He didn't date and kept to himself. He'd continue to go to parties if I

asked, but he didn't become any less of a wallflower. I guess he didn't have anything in common. He didn't jump into the sack with willing cheerleaders and he wasn't into drinking. That left little to build upon.

Junior year started and we took first in state, the winning team of Byron and Luke. Senior year was much the same, our names in the paper and offers of scholarships for the both of us. Since we worked so well as a team on field and had become relatively good friends off, we sat down and worked out which of the schools we would accept. We settled on the University of Washington.

College was a different beast for the both of us. Byron still struggled with his dyslexia; his grades in high school only slightly less than mine. But where I only did my homework in a few minutes, Byron took hours to do his. We ended up rooming together as freshmen. Since he spent so much time studying, it was difficult for me to do as much entertaining as I would have liked. I didn't want to affect his studies, but I also had a very healthy sex and social life. We worked out a schedule; Byron could have the room for as long as he wanted, provided that on weekends, I got it. I used it too. I found out how different the women were in college. Intelligent, free-thinking women, not timid, shy girls. It was during one weekend that I had my first encounter with a man.

In college, I didn't do drugs or smoke, I drank, but only when off-season. I met this guy, a therapist in the athletic department, at a party. I had had several drinks and we ended up back at his place. The idea of two men in bed together didn't gross me out and before that night, it hadn't turned me on either. It was with his help that I discovered my bisexual side. We kissed a little. We touched a lot. There was some stroking, some sucking, and when the mood was right, a condom slipped over me and there was some serious fucking. I never told Byron though. For some reason, this was one thing I couldn't discuss with him. Which is odd, because I almost always told him about my female conquests.

Byron didn't have conquests to tell me about. He'd go off for the evening, often not coming home until morning. But whatever he did or didn't do, stayed with him. Looking back, I realize now how lonely he was. His family had packed up and moved to California shortly after we started university. He didn't make friends easily. He didn't party and he didn't sleep around. I think I was feeling sorry for him, but when it came pledge time for the football fraternity, I asked him to join me. He did. I don't know how he studied with all the

drinking and loud music going on, but his grades didn't falter. In fact, he probably had more time for studying now that he no longer shared a room. I know I sure liked it. I had almost a constant stream of sleepover guests for all of my sophomore year.

During our junior year, we made it to the Orange Bowl and took tenth for the year. Our goal for next year was the Rose Bowl and first. It was about March of that year that I woke up one morning and wondered what the hell I was doing. There was some girl sprawled over my chest, cuddled up against me. I didn't know her name. Thinking back, the sex hadn't been that good. In fact, the last few months, none of the easy, nameless one-night stands had been very satisfying. Perhaps I was growing up. Perhaps I was bored. That night, I met up with a guy; the third I'd ever been with, thinking that variety is what I needed. It didn't work.

For the rest of that year, I stayed alone. I reintroduced my right hand to my penis and spent more time studying, hanging out with friends, and basically not trying to nail anything on two legs with a pulse. Byron and I ended up sharing a lot of dinners together. Dinner was the only time when Byron broke away from his studies. He worked so hard to overcome his dyslexia. There was special training to help, but if he was the slightest bit stressed or tired, it would set him back. One night, when his midterms were going to be killing him, I sat and read his notes back to him. He needed to not have to read. He was so grateful. I found in Byron something I didn't have before: companionship.

During the summer break before our senior year, I met Jenny. I decided to stay on campus so I could take a lighter class load during the season. Jenny was this bright, smart woman. She was confident and strong. Basically, I felt something in that moment, something that I had never felt before. We went out, to the movies of all things. That night, when I took her home, I didn't even try to come inside her place. We just kissed. It wasn't until we had been seeing each other for almost a month before we slept together. There was something special about it. For once, my mind wasn't focused, I wasn't thinking. All I did was feel, physically and emotionally. For someone who had spent his life being callow and popular, this was earth shattering. Without even thinking, I asked her to marry me. When she said yes, I spent the next two weeks with the biggest grin on my face.

At the beginning of August, we started training for the upcoming football season. Byron came back from his summer with his

parents in California, tanned and smiling, gripping me up in a big bear hug, lifting me off the ground. He always greeted me like that, whenever we had been separated for a while. We spent the first few minutes, while suiting up, telling each other what had happened over the summer. I was still in that bubbly excited mode and told him about Jenny and how we planned on getting married.

Byron paused in tying his shoes. I looked up at him. He smiled at me, something less than his full-wattage smile. "Congratulations, Luke."

We didn't have much time to discuss it. In fact, we really never brought it up again. We went out to practice. We played hard, working with the new players and shoring up the holes left by the now departed seniors from last season. By the time we had our first game, I was totally focused on football. Any spare time at all went to Jenny.

By Thanksgiving, I was more often than not at Jenny's place. It was the perfect setup but for one thing. I missed Byron. Over the years, he had become my best friend, the most trusted person, and my confidant. Over the weeks between August and Thanksgiving, the three of us had gotten together a few times for dinner. But it wasn't the same. Jenny and I were wonderful together; we clicked, just as Byron and I clicked together. But the three of us didn't click. They were polite to each other. It hurt. I wanted the two people I cared for most to care for each other. I didn't want to give up one in order to have the other.

The season went just as predicted; we were going to the Rose Bowl. We were tied for first, but that could easily be swayed by a good victory. Byron left as soon as finals were over. Pasadena is close to where his parents lived. The parade before the game was beautiful as always. We were behind by five with only a few seconds left to play. A field goal wouldn't do it. Byron and I had worked out a play in high school, although we never got a chance to use it. This was the time.

We set up, Byron holding the ball, me standing behind him. I called the play. Byron snapped the ball perfectly into my hands. The roar of the fans faded. Time slowed to nothing. Byron fended off the three who came for me, knocking them to the ground. It was a simple play. I tossed the ball to Byron and he leapt over two fallen players and didn't stop running until he had crossed the line. Goal. We won.

When the game was over, the showers taken, and the rounds with the press, I realized that I didn't want to board the bus for the flight home. I was too pumped, too wired, and much too disinterested in waiting at home for classes to start again and Jenny to return from Wisconsin. Rushing to do it, I found Byron and asked if I could bunk with him until it was time to go back to Seattle. He enthusiastically agreed and we set off down the coast a bit to Huntington Beach. His parents were there and greeted us to a victory dinner and a bit of champagne. Byron and I were both beat and shortly after the last toast was drunk, I hit the sack. Byron stayed up a little longer because his parents were leaving early the next morning for Mexico and a little twenty-fifth anniversary celebration.

The next day, I slept in late, until almost noon. Because this wasn't my home, I threw on some shorts before heading down for some coffee. I found Byron sitting at the kitchen table, drinking a cup and staring off into space with a silly smile on his lips. I almost didn't want to interrupt him. It had been far too long since I had seen him smile. But my need for coffee won out. "Reliving that play, By?"

Byron turned his startled eyes to me and gaped at my mostly naked appearance. He seemed to stare at my chest. I looked down, wondering if I had blanket creases on it. Nope, same old chest with the over-responsive nipples that always seemed to be standing at attention. I brushed a piece of lint out of the hair trail around my belly button, the only spot with hair from crotch to chin, and looked back at Byron. Color tinted his cheeks and he looked away. "Good morning, Luke."

I walked over to the coffee pot and reached up in the cabinet to get a mug; my morning wood banged into the counter. So that was what Byron was staring at. We had seen each other naked practically every day since we were freshmen in high school. My half naked body shouldn't have sparked that kind of response from Byron, but it did. I knew he was gay, but he'd never shown the slightest bit of interest in me before. Of course, he had no idea that I had explored my bi side either. As the first slugs of caffeine hit my system, I turned around to face Byron. He was still blushing and I could tell that he'd been looking at my ass. A little curl of excitement began to build in my belly.

I stood there and thought about it for perhaps a few seconds then decided that I kind of liked the idea that Byron was attracted to

me. The man stood almost a foot taller than me, but I had always found his gentle smile, warm eyes, and yes, his hairy body, attractive. I decided I would let things progress in its own pace and left to shower. Okay, so I left the bathroom door open while I showered. Yes, I left the bathroom and walked the halls naked. I was playing with fire, but my cock stood half-hard from the moment I noticed Byron checking me out.

You're probably wondering about Jenny. To be truthful, I didn't think about her one bit from the moment I woke up. That simple moment in the kitchen, when I realized that my best friend was attracted to me, made every other thought fly out of my head. Playing coy wasn't my style. I don't even think Byron came upstairs. Once I'd made up my mind, I was going to see it through. I slipped on a pair of simple briefs and walked back downstairs.

I found Byron leaning practically in half washing the coffee mugs. His ass was sticking out. That's all the invitation I needed as I walked up behind him, clamped my arms around his chest, and rubbed my mostly hard prick into his ass. Byron jumped up, sloshing water and suds onto his shirt and my arms. He turned around and I only stepped back enough to be able to tilt my head so I could look at his face.

"Wh-What are you doing?"

I grinned at him, letting my inner-Devil out. "We have two options: I can fuck you here on the floor, or we can take pity on my knees and go upstairs."

Byron stuttered and made fish faces for a few seconds. God he was cute. Why did I never notice it before? "But... But you're straight!"

I chuckled. "Both sides of the coin spend with me." He actually grinned, full wattage. He was mine. "So what'll it be, By?"

Byron let his own devil out to play. "What would you say if told you I don't give a shit about my knees and I want to fuck YOU right here?"

The thought made my pulse speed up and my cock twitch. I had never been a receiver... God, what a bad pun. But the idea had me intrigued. "How about we save that for round two?"

Byron swallowed hard and leaned down to kiss me. I didn't really kiss guys, I fucked them or even sucked their dicks, but kissing was kind of intimate. But this was good. This felt good, the pressure of his lips against mine and the soft moan he made when I opened my mouth and flicked his lip with my tongue. I groaned when Byron moved his hands down my back, into my underwear, and grabbed my ass, pulling me against him. My cock crushed against his thigh, I could feel his hard on against my belly. I pulled away to look at him. "Are you sure you don't want to go upstairs?"

Byron's eyes were glazed and he had to shake his head before he could speak. "I'm going upstairs, but I don't want you to change your mind on the way up."

My voice choked out. "I won't be changing my mind, By."

His breath came in pants against my face, his eyes searching, searing me with their intensity. I had never seen Byron look like this before. It was both thrilling and daunting. I wondered what he was thinking but had no chance to find out. His body arched against mine and he dragged me towards the stairs.

We made a mad dash towards his bedroom, me ripping off his clothes, laughing as he hopped to take off his shoes with his jeans around his ankles. When I pulled his T-shirt off him, I couldn't help but stare at his chest. The man was a walking carpet of dark, crinkly fur. He was still struggling with his shoes. My hand reached out and touched against his abdomen, just below his solar plexus. His whole body seemed to shake from my touch. I ran my fingers up, through the dense pelt until I reached his neck. I looked up into his eyes, feeling him pant down at me.

"You've never touched me before, Luke." The wonder in his eyes made me realize he was right. I sort of chuckled when I thought about it.

"You were always wearing a shirt, By. Unless we were in the showers, you always had clothes on."

Byron toed off his shoes and stepped out of his pants. We stood facing each other, both of us in our very tented briefs. "I'm not wearing anything now."

I chuckled and jumped up, wrapping my legs around Byron's

waist and my arms around his neck. "Then what are we waiting for?"

He playfully bit at my nose. "Not a thing."

The next few seconds were a blur of motion as Byron landed on his king size bed with me pinned under him, my arms and legs still wrapped around him. He stared into my eyes, grinning. Then the grin started to fade and his breathing grew ragged. I could feel my smile start to go away too, this was serious. I wanted to roll us over, take control. But Byron had other thoughts on his mind. He grabbed my hands from around his neck and lifted them above my head, pinning them in one of his huge hands. He used that arm to lever himself up and then perused me with his eyes.

When his eyes once again met mine, he lowered his body against me and began a long, slow, torturous assault on my body with his hands, lips and tongue. Every square inch of my skin that he brushed with some part of his became electrified. I had never spent so long with the basics of foreplay before. Looking into Byron's eyes though, the raw need and longing in them, made me stay my body and let him explore me. After a few minutes, I realized that I had never been cherished before, and to my chagrin, realized I hadn't done much cherishing of my partners either. My body strummed with pleasure and I was surprised at how close I was to the edge, just from his innocent, simple exploration.

He spent countless minutes on my chest, laving my nipples. He found endless delight in my belly button. I had never considered my fingers as particularly erotic, but having Byron suck on each one made my whole body shake. As he moved lower on my body, I felt how thick and hard he was as he slid his rigid flesh against my leg. I was so close to the edge, whimpering and keening in moans of absolute pleasure, that when Byron flicked me with his tongue, it took all of my willpower not to cum. My body arched off the bed entirely when he engulfed my rigid cock in his mouth and sucked once, tentatively. I lost my battle with control, crying out as I pulsed into his mouth over and over again.

Byron crawled up my body, kissing and flicking his tongue against my skin, causing small aftershocks to burst out and make my body tremble. When he was facing me, he smacked his lips a few times, savoring what he had tasted. I felt my heat flush with embarrassment. He giggled, which he hardly ever did, then lowered and took my lips, sharing my flavor with me.

When he pulled back to look at me, with a silly grin on his face, I couldn't help it and laughed. "Um... sorry?"

His chuckle was deep and throaty. "For what?"

I rolled my eyes and felt my face heat even more. "Would you believe that that's never happened to me before?"

His smile was full of compassion and warmth. "Yeah, I would. But that's okay, Luke."

I was confused. "What do you mean?"

He shifted so that he straddled my thigh. I felt his thick cock, not so hard anymore and a seeping wetness that immediately made me hard again. "So I'm not the only one with a hair trigger today?"

His grin was embarrassed and sweet. "No. Definitely not."

Even though his admission made me feel better about blasting off so quickly, the whole experience left me shaken. In all my varied sexual encounters, I had always been in charge. Byron's taking of control, although more pleasurable than I could ever say, left me kind of feeling lost and disoriented. I quickly remedied that by rolling him to his back, yanking his soaking briefs from him, and lifting his legs up, so I could play with his ass, getting him ready for what was to come.

After mere moments, Byron was gaping open and I was moving my tongue inside him, tasting his musky flavor. I replaced my mouth with my fingers, prying him open, twisting and testing him. Within a couple more minutes, Byron was ready. I raised my body up, skimming against his belly with my hands, nipping at his skin with my lips and teeth. When I got to his face, he was trembling.

"What's wrong, By?"

He shrugged his shoulders and looked away. "Why do you think something's wrong?"

I grabbed his chin and turned him to face me. "You're shaking, By."

His face tinted bright red. "I've never done this before."

Shock flooded me and I could feel my eyebrows arch. "But... You've been with guys before? Dated, haven't you?"

He looked uncomfortable. "Sure, I dated. I even fooled around a bit. But nothing like this. Not even close."

I lowered my forehead to his. "Do you want to stop?"

He shook his head under mine. "No. I'm just nervous."

I lowered and took his lips with mine. After we parted, I looked deeply in his eyes, never having realized until then how badly I wanted this. "Don't be nervous, By. I won't hurt you."

He ran his hands down my back, cupping my ass, causing me to arch my body against his. "I know, Luke."

Byron reached out with his long arm to his bedside table, opened the drawer, and handed me a box of condoms. I recognized them immediately, as a gag gift I had given him for his birthday in August. They were flavored and colored to be of a 'festive' nature. I started laughing but ripped the package open and grabbed one. It turned out to be bright purple and grape flavored. I handed it to him and told him to put it on me. As the rubber unrolled along my length, I shuddered as he clumsily squeezed me to get it on me. When it was done, I moved between his legs and pressed against him gently, so he could get used to my feel.

After some serious stroking along the length of his crack, his whimpers grew louder and I began to tease his hole a bit, pressing against him, and then withdrawing. Byron must have become impatient with me because he grabbed my hips and pulled me deep inside him. I shuddered and cried out from the feel of his body grasping me, milking against me as he made room for my invasion. When his body had finished adjusting to me, I began to move. Slow, long strokes at first, building quickly to short, hard ones that were causing Byron to gasp and me to moan loudly. The end was coming upon me, and this being his first time, I wanted Byron to trip with me. I reached out and fisted his long, thick cock, stroking it in time to my hips. It amazed me, the feel of his uncut length in my palm. It was something akin to rubbing silk against a column of steel. He felt so good in my hand that I almost lost the rhythm of my thrusting and

simply concentrated on his own pleasure. I continued to pound into him.

I kept a stranglehold on my own release, thinking of anything but sex to hold off the end, the wonderful, pulsing, spiraling sensations building inside me. When I felt Byron thicken and pulse in my hand, and watched his release catch in his body hair, I let my control go, only to explode in a release so intense, I nearly blacked out from it. My body quaked and shook as I came hard, filling the latex surrounding me, crying out my pleasure, staring into Byron's eyes, and seeing something there that I didn't understand, but could feel deep inside me.

After the world began to right itself again, I collapsed against Byron, only to have him wrap his arms around me and again treat me like a treasure, a prize, and a truly wonderful gift that had to be appreciated. He did it with soft murmurs and gentle kisses pressed against my damp skin. Within moments I was asleep, slipping into a slumber so deep and content, I had never felt its equal before. When we awoke, some unknown time later, I found myself wrapped around Byron's body, holding him just as fiercely as he had held me. A gentle, shy kiss was my hello. A deep, hungry kiss was my reply back.

The next two days were spent exploring this untapped attraction, this incredible connection. My best friend had become my lover. At the time, I realized that this was more than I had ever known before. It was more passionate, more satisfying, and more rewarding than anything else I had previously experienced. On January 5th, we had to go home and return to our lives. As we left his parent's house, I began to realize that this idyll had been just that, a moment out of time.

On the plane ride home, although we sat close together, I couldn't have been further away mentally. Thoughts of Jenny filled my mind and for the first time in my life, I began to feel guilt. My commitments had always meant a great deal to me, I didn't make them unless I planned to keep them, and I had made one to her. Like I had said before, everything always came easy to me, and things that didn't, I gave up as being unimportant. This situation, I could already tell, wasn't going to be easy to solve.

By the time we arrived in Seattle, Byron had started to withdraw from me. His eyes looked sad and guarded. After trying to engage me in conversation during the flight and my mostly ignoring

him, I could tell that Byron had started going back into his shell. The truth was, I had no idea what he had gotten from the past few days. We grabbed our bags and shared a cab back to campus. Once there, Byron bounded up the stairs to his room. I followed more slowly, trying to decide what it was I really wanted.

I went to my bedroom and unpacked, all the while thinking hard on my dilemma. After nearly an hour, I decided I couldn't make a decision until I knew what Byron was feeling. I walked down the hall and knocked on his door. When he opened to let me in, I recognized what I was seeing. His expression was the same that first day of school, all those years ago: shy, quiet, and protected.

"Hey, By."

He could never not smile when I called him By. It was his nickname that I had given him. "Hi, Luke."

I opened my mouth to flat out ask him, but my vocal cords froze. I couldn't ask. I was more shocked than anything. So I scrambled to find something, anything to say. "We never got that chance to switch, did we?" I tried to put some bravado into it, but I doubt it was successful. For the first time in my life, I knew what diffidence felt like.

Byron simply shook his head and chuckled. "Forget about it, Luke. It doesn't matter."

It was what I wanted, wasn't it? Then why did I feel like he had just shredded my heart? "By, don't be that way."

He laughed, but there was little humor in it. "Luke. We took some time and got to know each other better. But that time is over. We had fun. Let's just remember that. Okay?"

I felt him slipping away; somehow I knew that if I fucked this up, our friendship would be forever altered. "I don't want the fun to end. I'm not sure what I want yet, but I know I don't want it to be over."

I heard Byron do something I had hardly ever heard before. He cursed, loudly. Then he grabbed me up and wrapped his arms around me, dropping his forehead to mine. "Damn it, Luke. I'm trying to be noble here."

I raised my head and kissed him. "Don't be."

After some more kissing, he pulled me towards his bed, but I balked. "My bed's bigger. Let's go."

We made our way down the hall, going into my room and peeling clothes as we went. I landed on the bed with Byron following me, pressing me into the mattress. His heavier weight and hairy body were welcome and comforting against me. Without thinking, my legs wrapped up against his hips as I tilted up to kiss him again. I reached over into my bedside table and grabbed a condom, laughing because it wasn't purple or green. Byron looked down at me, grinning.

I rolled us over, so I was straddling his hips, tearing open the condom packet and rolling it down him. Grabbing my jerk off lube stash, I drenched his latex covered cock and smeared some against my hole, fingering myself lightly before raising to take him inside me. My cock was throbbing, so hard it was almost bursting. As I slid down his shaft, I felt a tearing pain that went away almost before I could gasp and sank down to the hilt. Byron moaned heavily and flexed the thick, long tube of flesh inside me, brushing my button and I cried out from it, cumming instantly against his belly, watching as my thick essence drenched his belly, catching in the thick fur.

I was still trembling, staring into Byron's eyes, which were filled with wonder. I lowered my hands to brace against his thick, meaty chest, fisting the hair and grinding his nipples under my palms when I heard a gasp from behind me. I whirled around to see Jenny standing in the doorway, shock evident in her eyes. Frozen in place, I watched as her eyes filled with tears. She blinked hard three times, and then fled.

My desire fled and my cock deflated. Shock and remorse filled me. I didn't know what to do, until I heard a sob as she ran for the stairs. It made me move. I stood and grabbed my jeans, slipping into them and heading for the door. Something made me look back to Byron. He had sat up and his face was turned from me. I watched as he ripped the condom off. I didn't stay any longer and ran after Jenny.

When I got back the following morning, all I wanted to do was sleep, but that was impossible, since it was the first day of classes. I faked my way through them and then crashed the moment I got back. I had spent the entire night talking to Jenny, telling her how I felt and

why she had walked in on what she had seen. I was as honest as I knew how to be, letting her know about my past, who I had been with and that the moment with Byron was something that neither of us had been aware of. Basically, after several hours of groveling, our relationship was strained, but still intact. The wedding would still be in June. Of course, I hadn't thought once about Byron or his feelings in all this.

To say that Byron and I hardly saw each other that week would be an understatement. We didn't see each other once. The NFL Draft was coming up soon, plus all my studies, basically turned me into a hermit. I barely had time for Jenny, let alone my best friend. When the draft announcements were being announced, I was shocked to find out that Byron wasn't there. After searching for him for almost three hours, I found him in the library. It was the first time I'd seen him since the night we came home from California. He hadn't shaved in a while and his clothes looked slept in.

I walked up to his chair and stood by for a few moments, watching him. "Hello, By."

He looked up at me with red-rimmed eyes, either from lack of sleep or too much reading. "Luke."

I knelt down so I could look him in the eye. "What about the draft? Why'd you withdraw your name?"

He chuckled a bit, but like that night when we were caught, there was no humor in it. "I don't want to play football for the rest of my life, Luke."

"But we're a team, By."

His smile was so sad. "There is no guarantee that we'd end up together on the same team. Besides, I want to be a vet, and I don't want to wait until after my football career is over."

I felt my best friend slipping away from me, faster than I could handle. "But, By..."

He reached out and cupped my face with his big hand; tenderness swamping his gaze. "You'll do well without me."

I lowered my face; I couldn't face his warm gaze. After a few

moments, he tilted my head up to look at him. "I'm still best man at your wedding right?"

I tried to smile, but failed. "There's no one else I'd have stand up for me."

He moved forward and kissed the tip of my nose, his eyes dark and stormy with some emotion I couldn't recognize. "I'll be there, always. Whenever you really need me, I'll be there for you."

My smile was sad, but true. "Promise?"

Byron only nodded at me. After a few more silent moments, I stood and left him to his studies. I was drafted first round. The rest of the school year went by in a rush of excitement and wedding plans. It took time, but Jenny and I eventually put the whole incident behind us. Well, honestly, I think she pretended to. I know I was still having a hard time forgetting it.

On June 16th, Jenny and I were married, with Byron standing as my best man. I had two weeks to honeymoon before reporting to training. As we were getting ready to leave, just before the final toasts, I saw Jenny and Byron talking. The words seemed to get heated for a moment, but then they both split and walked away. A few minutes later, Byron called for attention and toasted us.

"I'm not very good at these things, but I couldn't just hide and not say something. My best friend got married today. I'm gonna miss you both. May you have many happy days to come." His eyes filled with tears and whatever else he was going to say he either wouldn't or couldn't. "To the bride and groom."

I watched as he downed his glass of champagne. I took a sip of my own, feeling in the pit of my stomach that something had truly changed in the last few moments. As to what, I had no clue though. Jenny and I left a few minutes later and began our honeymoon. When we got back, Jenny searched for a house close to the university so she could continue her studies and I went off for training camp.

The first season, we did okay. The team had a winning season and we got eliminated in the first round of the playoffs. I was gone for pretty much six to eight months out of the year. I should have noticed what was wrong earlier, but I was blind. Jenny dropped out after the winter quarter, because she wanted to spend more time with me. The second

season, we made it to the Super Bowl but lost. Jenny started spending money like mad. During the third season, we won the Super Bowl and my contract was renewed for an obscene amount of money. Jenny was happy, although I can't really say that I was.

Our relationship wasn't that much more than when we first started going out. We had sex. That was the one thing we did well together. But we had so little to talk about. Before the start of the fourth season, we were like two strangers living in the same house, occasionally sleeping together. It was right after the second game of my fourth professional season that I found out about the affair. The entire time, I hadn't heard one word from Byron. When I had downtime or during the off-season, I'd call him and we'd talk, but he never initiated it. My best friend was slipping away, and I now needed him more than ever.

In the final regular season game of my fourth season, after snapping the ball, the center got crunched and three guys came after me. The first I eluded. The second grabbed me and I landed, hard. My back popped and caused me to lose my breath. When the third guy landed on the two of us, I heard my back crack. After the refs called time, I realized I couldn't move. All I remember for the next two hours was watching the view I had from flat on my back on a stretcher, first in the locker room, then in the hospital.

When all was said and done, the pop dislocated my back and the crack was my spinal cord being severed. There was a surgery to repair the broken vertebra, but nothing else could be done. It wasn't until the swelling had gone down that they knew the extent of my paralysis. Through all of this, I was numb to it all. This couldn't be happening to me. It was with a supreme sense of detachment that I recuperated.

After nine days, I could start feeling a little lower down my back. There was that sharp tingling feeling you get when your foot is asleep and it was mid-thigh. Hope blossomed inside me, that perhaps I wouldn't be confined to the damn wheelchair I was in. Perhaps it was wrong and I could walk again, run again, and play again. Two weeks later, my hope was smashed. The tingling subsided at mid-thigh. From that point and down in both legs, I was nerve dead. My feet and knees were useless.

Jenny sat by me, while the doctors told me the news. I kept the tears at bay the entire time the doctor was there, knowing that I

only had to be strong until he left, because Jenny could handle it. After the doctor left, I turned to my wife and reached out my hand to her. She didn't take it.

"I don't think I can do this, Luke."

The lump in my throat only got bigger, making my voice hoarse and scratchy. "What?"

"This isn't the right time, but I can't do this any longer. I'm so sorry, but I want a divorce."

To say that I lost my mind a bit at that moment would be an understatement. All I really know was that I screamed and yelled at Jenny for a good ten minutes and then threw things at her. Eventually, the hospital staff came and sedated me. Whether I was sedated or not, my life was a world of sleeping and fitful periods of wakefulness that seemed to be filled in shades of gray. After rehab was done, and my divorce final, I found myself alone, living in a condo in Seattle that was handicap accessible.

The divorce decree as well as my contract payout left me with about six million dollars to my name, but I was still alone. After three months of living in Seattle, on my own, I lost the will to leave my home. Dishes piled up in the sink. Laundry wasn't a concern; I'd wear the same clothes over and over again. To say I was depressed would be an understatement. I stopped going to therapy, physical or mental. I just didn't care anymore. My every waking thought was about how unfair my life was. 'Why me' was an almost constant refrain that would run through my head over and over again.

I wouldn't answer my phone, not wanting to talk to anybody, but when the phone calls stopped coming, I got even more depressed. Deep down, I knew I was doing this to myself. I was powerless to stop the spiral into darkness though. My mind was my worst enemy, but I wouldn't let anyone try and distract me. It was in the middle of April, when the skies started clearing and the temperature rising, sitting on my balcony, and watching the boats in Eliot Bay float by, when Byron found me.

In my heart, I was so happy to see him, but my mind wasn't operating right. "What the hell are you doing here?"

He smiled his small, shy smile at me, which made me angry.

"Your mom gave me a key." He smiled at me; the spark of sadness in his eyes was strong and made me angry, hating his pity. "I'm keeping my promise."

For a moment, I couldn't figure out what he meant, and then I remembered his promise in the library. "Where were you last year when I found out my wife was cheating on me? Why weren't you at the hospital? Where was your promise then?" His smile faded a bit, just around the eyes. "I didn't know Jenny cheated on you. I'm sorry about that." He walked around me, to lean on the balcony railing. "As to why I wasn't at the hospital... I was keeping another promise I made."

My anger was seething. Watching him, standing there, so perfect, so tall and powerful, made me so jealous I could hardly breathe. "What promise?"

He looked anywhere but in my eyes. "The promise I made to your wife."

Now I was jealous, angry, and confused. "What promise did you make to Jenny?"

He looked in my eyes then, letting me see that it hurt to say what he was going to say. "She made me promise to never see you or talk to you again unless you called me."

What little vestiges of the love I had once felt for Jenny died right then. Of all the people and things I had given up for her, my best friend shouldn't have been one of them. The sacrifices I didn't mind, but she had no right to ask that of others. "Why would you possibly agree to something like that?"

He cocked his mouth in a half-smile. "She was worried about the competition."

Self-pity washed away everything else I was feeling. "She's taken everything away from me now."

Byron leaned over me, pinning me to my chair, and I didn't like the feeling. "You have a lot, Luke. More than a lot of people have. You're alive. You have money, a roof over your head, and people who love and care about you."

Scorn filled my voice, I was horrified at how bitter I was, but it was there nonetheless. "Fat lot of good that does me."

Byron grabbed a glass that I had been sipping scotch out of and threw it against the wall, startling me. "Everything has come so fucking easy for you in your life! When have you ever had to struggle? When did you ever have to try? The first obstacle that comes up and you turn tail and cower like this? How dare you!" He started pacing back and forth in front of me, more furious than I had ever seen him. "You're still alive Luke! You could have died, or been much more paralyzed than you are. Are you grateful? No!"

My fear at his tirade turned into boiling, seething anger. "When you've lost everything that ever mattered to you, then you can lecture me!"

He turned on me, molten fury boiling in his eyes. "When I've lost everything that ever mattered to me?" With that he closed the space between us, grabbed my shoulders, and then kissed me for all he was worth. For the first time since the accident, what had remained flaccid and unresponsive stood up and begged for attention. My mind blanked and all I could feel was his lips against mine, his taste on my tongue, and the scent of him filling me, all of me.

Before I knew it, he had released me. "Don't go near the glass." He started to walk back into the apartment. "I'll be back in a few minutes." Then he was gone.

I sat in confusion for several minutes, wondering what had just happened. My mind and body sang because Byron was back in my life. I had missed him so much, and now that he had left, even if only temporarily, I realized just how deep a hole in my heart there was that he had been a part of. I loved the big guy. He was my best friend, confidant, and yes, for a brief time, lover. I wouldn't say I was in love with him, but without him in my life, it had certainly been a hell of a lot emptier.

Within the hour, Byron was back. Wordlessly, he searched for a broom and dustpan, and then swept up the broken glass. He went to dump the shards and saw the mess that the kitchen was in. All he did was roll up his sleeves and start working. I felt suddenly embarrassed at my slovenly living habits and wheeled myself into my bedroom. With a passion that few could ever know, I detested the shower contraption that I was forced to use, but use it I did. Once cleaned, I

donned fresh clothes and wheeled myself back into the living room to find Byron cooking something in a spic and span kitchen. I wasn't even sure what kind of food I had in my house. I normally ordered anything that would deliver. I looked down at my body, noticing that the muscles in my legs had shrunk and that I had started gaining a spare tire around my middle. Shame filled me. Oh I was still pissed at the world, but I had a new dose of reality thrown into the mix to temper it.

Byron served lunch at the dining room table and sat down and ate quietly. When I had finished everything off my plate, he took it from me and got me some more. When he sat down, he looked in my eyes. "I did give up everything."

My fork halfway to my mouth, I stared at him. "What?"

He chuckled, which was actually more like a snort. "You."

The word hung there in silence for several minutes. Shock had me drop my fork to the plate in which I didn't even hear the clatter. After several long minutes, Byron took a drink from his water glass then looked out the window, out to the bay. "I love you Luke. I have since we were freshmen in high school. It killed me when you told me about Jenny. It devastated me when you ran after her after she walked in on us making love." He looked back at me, directly into my eyes and I could see the shiny moisture, barely clinging to his lids. "You've always been everything to me."

I looked down at my plate, feeling my stomach roil. It hit me then. Everything. All the pain, the hurt, the betrayal, the failure, the fear, all of it hit me. I broke down in tears, gut wrenching, body-wracking sobs that went on and on. I was only vaguely aware when Byron wheeled me to the couch and picked me up in his strong arms and held me. The sun had lowered several degrees in the sky when I finally calmed down. Byron held me the whole time.

At that moment, I realized that I had been given a choice that night. I could have stayed with Byron, or I could have run after Jenny. I ran after her. Was it the right choice? I'll never know. It didn't change anything though. The one person in the entire world who had always, and I do mean always, been there for me I had hurt, crushed into dust.

I looked into Byron's eyes and saw that he had been crying too.

Whether tears of commiseration or of pain, I don't know. "I'm sorry Luke. I didn't tell you that to upset you." He wiped a tear off my cheek. "I just wanted you to know, that in some small way, I do understand. Even if the situations are totally opposite, I do understand."

After my crying jag, I was physically and emotionally exhausted. Byron helped me to bed and then left, with a promise to return the next day. Over the next several weeks, Byron helped me clean and organize my condo, helped me get back into physical therapy and even to see a therapist. I learned the Byron had indeed gotten his veterinary degree and was working as an intern at an animal hospital in Seattle. Everyday after work, he'd stop by my place. He would stay for dinner, which we shared chores doing, then leave. The visits were friendly, almost playful, but each night as he left, I couldn't help wishing it were more than that. Like that night all those years ago, when it came to Byron, I didn't know what to do. After his confession about his feelings, I couldn't ask for more. For once, I didn't know what to do at all.

I spent several of my therapy sessions working out my anger with Jenny and my feelings of anger over the accident. With time, I began to accept that my life wasn't over, just changed. But when we started talking about Byron, I had to learn all about myself, from the very beginning choices of my life, all over again. Byron wasn't easy. He wasn't something that I could easily conquer. After several sessions, I realized that I gave up on Jenny. I didn't put the time and energy into it, because it didn't come easy for me. But with Byron, I had a new chance, a chance to start fresh. The realization hit me, that even though I knew all along how Byron felt, he wasn't easy to deal with. Being with him wouldn't be easy, so I dropped it, just like every other challenge. The big shocker came when in one of my last sessions, I came to realize how much I truly loved Byron, body and soul, and had, for quite some time.

That night, after therapy and dinner, Byron and I sat and talked by the fire. It was now November, and our friendship still ended after dinner. I wanted more. I needed more. Subtle hints seemed to fly right over his head. I had left several buttons open on my shirt. My jeans were extra tight. I licked my lips and touched him as often as I could. After an hour, I realized like that time in California, subtle doesn't work for me.

"Byron? Why won't you kiss me?"

Okay, so my timing sucked, because Byron had just sipped from his glass and ended up spraying it into the fire. "What?"

Shaking inside, but letting every ounce of bravado I had try to shine through, I slid over to him on the couch, touching his cheek with my hand. "I want to go to bed with you, By."

His smile was wistful, sad even. "You haven't called me By since the accident."

I chuckled, more surprised than anything. "I hadn't realized it."

Byron grew serious though. "I don't think it would be a good idea if we had sex Luke."

He was afraid. I couldn't blame him for it. I cupped his face with both my hands so I could look directly in his eyes, letting all my sincerity shine through. "I don't want to fuck you. I want to make love to you, By."

His voice was trembling, as was his entire body. "Why now?"

Fear kept me from speaking aloud what I wanted to say. "We never got to finish that night." I cocked a grin at him, but I saw his features fall, the hope drain from his eyes.

"I don't think so, Luke."

I panicked. I wanted the pain to go away. "God damn it! This is so fucking hard." I lowered my forehead to his, willing him to hear me out, willing him to believe me. "I'm fighting here, By. I don't want a fuck. I don't want to be lovers. I want everything." I looked in his eyes, seeing hope return there. "I want it to be messy and complicated. I don't want it to be easy. Because there is no such thing as easy when it comes to this."

He grinned at me, his full-wattage, one hundred percent happy grin. "What is this, Luke?"

I swallowed so hard, it almost echoed off the walls. "Love, By." I looked in his eyes and saw his tear up, but he blinked it back admirably. "I love you, By. It took me years to realize it and a nasty accident to fix my screw ups, but I'm here. Now. If you want me."

He kissed me quick, a light peck of his lips that only made me hunger for more. "Was that so hard?"

I laughed at his teasing glance. "You bet your ass it was." Then I sobered. "But I wouldn't trade it for anything."

With that, Byron let out a rebel yell then picked me up off the couch and carried me to the bed. He lay me down and slowly peeled off all my clothes, worshiping my body as he went, cherishing it, like he did that first time in California. But rather than be uncomfortable like last time, I reveled in it.

About where my body goes numb from the accident, is a ring of nerves that don't quite work right. At times, they can be ultra-sensitive. Byron found that spot on my thighs as he was exploring my body with his tongue and strummed against that spot until I was moaning, keening, begging for release. With a look of utmost love and tenderness, Byron raised his big, larger than life body over mine, and slowly took possession of me, completing something that had been interrupted almost six years before.

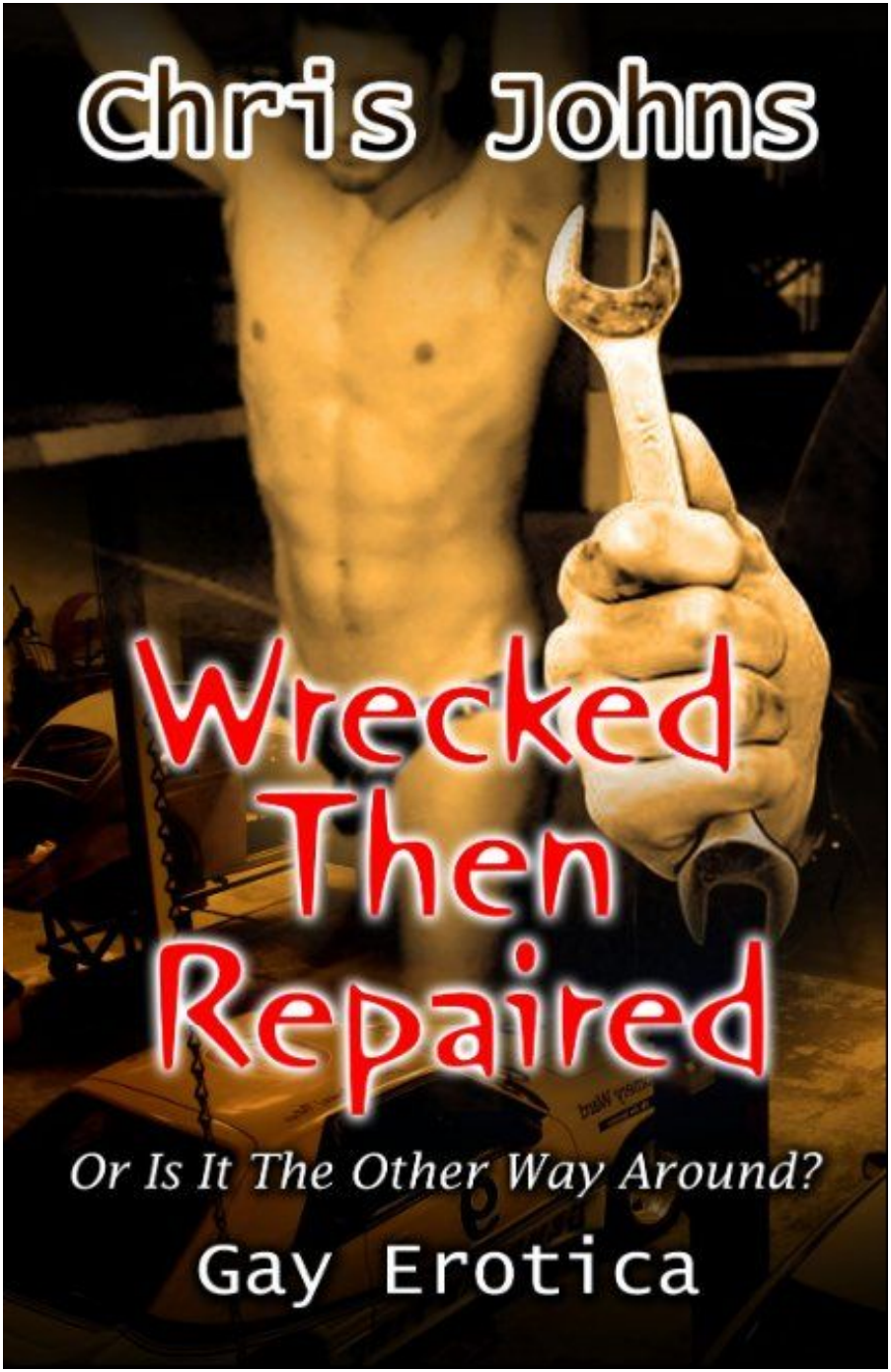
As he pressed into me, I squirmed for a moment, but quickly adjusted, taking him in deep. Like last time, the moment his thick, veined head brushed my trigger, I climaxed, quaking with release, painting Byron's torso with my pleasure. His arms bracketed my face as he leaned over me, his height allowing him to arch and pull my body, kiss me, and rub all that forested carpet of fur against me. As we both climbed higher, him to his first, me to my second release, we growled and moaned, gasped and cried out our pleasure. And when the pleasure became too much, had me teetering on the edge, Byron smiled at me again, that same, wonderful, reserved just for me smiles, and we both exploded, crying out our love and joy at once.

We took our time coming back to reality, panting and breathing heavy against the other. After a while, our bodies quickened again and this time, Byron was determined that I take control. It took some maneuvering to find the right position, but it worked out fine. Having no sensation in my knees or feet, I couldn't easily brace myself on them. I could wrench my ankle or slip off my knees and never know that I had been in trouble. After a few frustrated minutes of searching for something comfortable, I asked Byron to let me lie on my back and have him ride me. He refused. Eventually, we found the right spot, the right way, and we spent many minutes reveling in what

we were sharing.

I won't share the details; looking back, I realize it kind of looked like a comedy of errors. But that's the beauty of being with someone who loves you as you love them. There are no mistakes. There is patience and joy, love and commitment, peace and wonderment. It's all there. Is it easy? Hell no. But like I've learned, the best things in life never are.

The End


Chris Johns
Wrecked Then Repaired
Or Is It The Other Way Around?
Gay Erotica

Part 1

Nick walked across the car park and what he saw made his heart sink. While he had been in the store someone had hit his new car. The offside wing was badly dented. Close up he realised the damage was probably a couple of thousand dollars' worth. His dad would kill him. He only carried third party insurance so he would have to pay for it himself. Great, he had about $400 to his name.

While he was looking at it another guy came up alongside him.

"Just happened?"

Nick looked at him, it was one of his college class.

"Yeah, no one here to take the blame. My old man is going to kill me if I go home with it like this."

"I know a little repair shop on the South side they might even do it while you wait if you can spare a few hours."

Nick was eager to know details.

"Ok, it's run by a couple of West Indian guys. They're about the same age as us, but they are good according to a friend of mine."

Nick got the details and headed straight for them.

Darren and Kennie looked at the damage and then talked in a patois so that Nick wouldn't understand.

"If we are careful, Kennie, we can pull that out and just fill the hole, a touch up paint and it will be as good as new, couple of hours tops."

"I agree, quote him $1500, see what happens."

They turned to Nick and told him.

"We can do it while you wait but it will cost you $1500."

Nick's face dropped.

"Oh shit, I've only got $400 and if I go home with it like this my old man will kill me."

Darren grinned and had another chat with Kennie.

“We can have some fun here mate, go along with me.”

Back to English.

“Look, we'll do it for the $400 on one condition.”

Nick was ecstatic, “Sure anything.”

“Ok, here's the deal. We are curious about white boys. If you let us have a bit of fun we'll do it afterwards.”

“What kind of fun?”

Nick was wary but knew he had little choice.

“Any kind we like. You do everything we say for an hour and we do the car. If you balk at all it's $1500, if you are 100% co-operative we may do it for free.”

Nick thought, 'fuck it, for free gets me spending money for the rest of the month.'

“Ok.”

“Us guys tend to wear boxers but we know a lot of you whites like briefs, so, we want you to take off your shirt and then drop your shorts.”

Nick balked. “$1500,” Kennie said.

He sighed, pulled his polo over his head and dropped it before unbuttoning his shorts, pulling the zip down and letting them drop. He looked around quickly as he realised he could be seen from the street.

“Please guys, close the doors.”

Darren jumped in quick, “No more dissent if we do?”

A very quick no from Nick and Darren walked over to close the doors.

“Ok, now step out of your shorts, take your trainers off as well and put them in your car.”

There was a tarpaulin on the open part of the garage floor that had been pulled off one of the cars. Darren pointed to it and Nick stood in the centre of it, now clad in just a neat pair of very small briefs.

Darren moved up close to Nick and felt his briefs by stroking his butt. Nick jumped, but Darren just moved with him and

stroked again. This time he didn't move but asked what was going on.

"Just keep still unless you are told to move, remember we are going to save you a lot of money and lot of trouble so don't piss us off."

Kennie stood in front of Nick then and felt the front.

"These are real neat briefs Kennie, want to have a better look?"

"Yeah I guess."

"Put your hands on top of your head Boy and keep them there."

The two boys pulled Nick's briefs down quickly, revealing to Darren a cute butt and to Kennie a package that surprised him. Nick had a good sized cock, soft and erect, now it was about four inches long, circumcised, and lying neatly over a more than adequate ball sac.

"Nice," was the immediate comment from both of them as they lifted Nick's feet and removed the briefs completing the strip. Nick blushed scarlet and covered his genitals.

"Hands on head, and if you move again without us telling you to, all deals are off."

Nick resigned himself then to some more embarrassment.

It was very quick coming. Darren took hold of his cock and stroked it, then with the other hand he played with Nick's balls, quickly bringing him erect. Kennie moved round behind and stroked Nick's butt, sliding a finger down the crack to touch the anal entry. Nick gasped.

"Please guys I'm not a faggot."

"No one said you were Boy, but for more than a thousand dollars I'm sure you can pretend you are for an hour."

Nick couldn't argue with that.

"We'll be kind to you, Boy, we'll ease the embarrassment by letting you undress us as well. You can start on me."

With that, Darren kicked off his trainers and stood in front of Nick.

Nick pulled down the zip on Darren's overalls and slid them

off his shoulders. Darren stepped out of them leaving him with just his boxers. Nick took in the view and realised Darren was built like an athlete, a beautiful torso with well-developed abs and pecs. His thighs were strong and between them hung an impressive piece of man meat. When Nick dropped the boxers and saw it in the raw, he gulped. It was as long and thick soft as he was hard.

“Finish the job white boy, get it hard.”

Nick stroked it tentatively and watched it grow to an amazing length and thickness.

“I'm 7 inches', Nick thought, 'and this guy has to be another three or four inches longer than that'.

Next was Kennie, Nick carried out the same routine and was confronted with another monster, maybe not quite as big a monster but still impressive. Nick wondered if all these black guys were so well hung.

“That's good, Boy, now play with it, and my balls. Do the taste test as well, lick it like you love it and tell me.”

Nick had been blown by a boy when he was in high school so he knew what to do. He just never imagined he would do it.

Kennie stopped him after a few minutes.

“I don't want to cum in your mouth yet, Darren and I like to do it together in both ends.”

Nick gulped, looked at both cocks and shuddered. In his mouth was bad enough, but in his ass frightened him.

Darren pulled one of the workbenches out from the wall and covered it with a padded car cover. Then he took Kennie's place.

“Same again white boy, excite me.”

Nick did as he was told realising that he was quite enjoying having a cock in his mouth and playing with a set of balls. He got quite excited and his hard cock was testament to that enjoyment, not missed by the boys. A few more minutes of sucking and Darren was ready to blow a load.

“Ok Boy, up you get, go and lay your chest over the bench, spread your legs wide.”

Nick guessed what was coming.

“Please, don't do anything to my ass, I'm not a faggot.”

“$1500.” Darren said, and Nick resigned himself to take some more humiliating action.

Both boys stood looking at a hairless ass that was almost begging to be fucked, well both boys thought so.

Nick was blushing almost scarlet as he felt hands roving over his ass and particularly down his crack to touch his anus. Then came the slicked up fingers sliding round the entry until one went in. He gasped and was about to cry out in anguish when Darren hit his prostate. Nick's cock went to overdrive hard and he gasped with the sensuality of it. He had no idea there was anything in his ass to make him feel like that. When the second finger went in and started to finger fuck him he had an incredible orgasm.

“Oh fuck man, what are you doing to me?”

Darren and Kennie nearly fell over laughing.

“We've only just started giving you pleasure Boy. I'm Darren and this is Kennie, if we are going to give you the benefit of our experience we ought to know who you are as well.”

“I'm Nick, and that was amazing.”

“Well Nick, let's see if you enjoy the next bit.”

Darren gave Kennie the nod and he lubed his cock before finger fucking Nick with three fingers and lubing him at the same time. Nick was soon erect again, but went soft almost immediately when he felt Kennie's cock at his anal entry. He couldn't believe the pain as the cock head went over his sphincter. He cried out with the shock, but almost immediately the pain eased because Kennie remained still. A few minutes and Kennie felt Nick relax so he continued the entry, slowly.

“Oh man, this is one silky smooth piece of tail.”

Darren was getting very turned on watching his mate ream out this white boy so he went round the front and slid his cock over Nick's gums.

“Use your hands as well Nick and really excite me.”

Nick realised, to his embarrassment that he was thoroughly enjoying this. A cock in each end was amazing. He wondered why he had never tried it before. No hang ups about realising he might be gay. He was a very mature nineteen-year-old, confident, strong and popular. He didn't think that would change even if his friends did discover his sexuality so he relaxed and enjoyed himself. Well

he did until he heard more voices and turned his head to see four more black boys walk in. He was almost in shock as they stood round watching Kennie fucking him and Darren being blown.

“Keep it cool Nick and you'll be ok.” Darren stroked Nick's face and shoulders as he talked calmly to him.

He couldn't move so what was the point of worrying.

Kennie had a mighty orgasm planting what felt like a gallon of sperm deep inside Nick, followed a few minutes later by Darren doing the same thing in Nick's mouth.

“Swallow it all Nick, like a good boy.”

Nick did, still sporting a raging hard on.

Kennie and Darren's four friends grabbed Nick then and laid him out on the bench on his back revealing to all, this well-buffed white boy sporting a seven- inch hard on.

“Oh fuck Nick, what are you doing here?”

Nick looked into the eyes of Eddie Carpenter, one of the guys in his lecture group at college.

Nick wanted to die. Blushing like crazy he dropped his eyes, he couldn't look at his class mate, it was just too embarrassing.

“A long story Eddie,” he mumbled.

The other boys were a little taken back but one of the other new boys said, “I don't care if he is your mate Eddie, I'm still going to have a piece of his tail.”

Eddie shrugged, ran his hand over Nick's torso and said to him.

“You are one very hot boy Nick, but I won't touch you today.”

“Thanks Eddie, I'll explain later.”

“I'm going guys. I won't embarrass my class mate anymore.”

With no restrictions and Nick completely subservient now the three new boys had a good feel all over the front of his body, particularly his cock and balls. They turned him over, spread him wide and gave him a good finger fucking, one at a time.

“I want to fuck that white pussy Kennie, just like you were doing when I came in.”

“Yeah well I'm sure we've got time to all enjoy a piece of white pussy. Let Darren have his fuck and then he and I will get Nick's car sorted ready for when you are finished with him.”

Darren had Nick's legs spread wide and pulled back before he slid into him, watched by the others.

Darren talked while he fucked Nick slowly hoping it would make him last longer.

“This is the best piece of pussy I've ever had gripping my cock, this boy is a natural. Anytime you want motor repairs done Nick I'll be more than happy to trade your ass for them.”

Everyone laughed and Nick didn't know whether he ought to thank Darren.

The fuck was amazing and once again Nick ejaculated without touching himself. The other three were rock hard just watching this pretty white boy lying on his back with his cute butt in the air, legs spread wide so that they all had a good view of a pretty boy pussy and his neat set of cock and balls.

“Not the biggest cock I've ever seen, but I guess it isn't bad for a white boy, and being a pussy I don't suppose he'll get the chance to use it anyway.”

That made Nick blush, ok he wasn't the best rigged guy he'd ever seen but he wasn't that small.

Darren made him feel much better with his next comment.

“Well under the right circumstances I think his cock might feel pretty neat surrounded by my lips, or even my ass.”

Everybody laughed because they knew Darren was a cock hound. They waited until Darren had finished and then the other three had blowjobs and fucks to orgasm. They were gentle with him because he really did look like a little boy, by any standards he was cute. All finished and they allowed Nick to use the boys’ shower.

All cleaned and dressed Nick looked acutely embarrassed when he came out of the wash room and wouldn't look at any of the five black boys. Darren picked up on it and came over to him, lifted his chin and when Nick looked at him he leant in and kissed him on the lips.

“Please don't feel embarrassed or ashamed Nick. I know what we did to you was wicked, but believe me we all thought you were fantastic. I've never had gay sex this good in my life, you're a

star and if you are gay your boyfriend when you get one is going to be one very lucky man."

Nick tried to smile but he ended up crying. Darren hugged him and all of them were amazed when they heard Nick's next rendering.

"I've never had any kind of gay sex before, apart from a guy giving me a blowjob a couple of years ago, but this was incredible. I think I enjoyed it all, you were all gentle with me and the orgasms were amazing."

Every body laughed then and as Nick made his way to his car they all slapped him on the back and told him he was the best.

The car looked perfect and as he drove off the boys waved and smiled.

"Christ, I hope he gets bashed again, I could do with that every day."

Darren was laughing as he said it to cover up the fact that he meant it. He was gay but knew that to the others it was just sex.

Part 2

Nick drove home thinking about the last few hours. It was incredible, the sex gave him so many intense orgasms he wondered if he would ever be that turned on again. He also realised he had loved it apart from the embarrassment of the audience, but even the new bunch of guys had been considerate and made the sex incredibly erotic.

Lying on his bed later he wondered what he was going to say to Eddie Carpenter. He had another day to think about it before he decided to tell Eddie the truth leaving out the fact that he had enjoyed it.

Monday morning Nick was a little apprehensive and that got worse as the lecture before lunch loomed and he knew he would see Eddie. Lecture ok but Eddie caught him outside.

“Want to join me for lunch Nick and fill me in on the Saturday afternoon scene.”

Nick blushed almost crimson. “Ok Eddie, let's grab a sandwich and go out into the grounds away from everyone.”

He started the story from the time he found the dent in his car wing and told it exactly as it was all the way to the end leaving out nothing except for the fact that he had loved it. Eddie touched Nick's cheek when he finished, to get his attention.

“I was out with all those guys on Saturday night Nick. They all reckon you gave them the best sex they have ever had and if they were truly gay instead of just sex hounds they would love to have you as their boyfriend. Darren says he is serious. If you ever need bodywork repairs done to a car again he'll swap labour for sex.”

Nick wanted to die. Eddie noticed how upset Nick was and wrapped an arm round him.

“I think you're a terrific guy Nick. I know we're not friends but I'd like that to change. I would have loved to stay and make love to you like the boys did but I already liked you enough to not want to embarrass you with my presence.”

Nick was surprised.

“Are you serious Eddie?”

Eddie hoped he hadn't given himself away, but he looked directly into Nick's eyes as he replied.

“Yes Nick, I'm serious, you are a bloody sexy looking guy, besides being a nice one.”

This wasn't what he expected to hear.

“Are you gay Eddie?”

Eddie blushed, visible through his dark skin.

“I think I could be with you.”

Nick was silent for sometime before biting the bullet.

“Want to find out?”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah seriously, because I need to find out as well and I think you're a nice guy.”

“When?”

“What time do you finish lectures?”

“Now, I have a free afternoon.”

“So do I. Want to come home with me and see what happens?”

Eddie couldn't believe his luck, he was serious about wanting to have sex with this guy, but he knew already that he was gay.

Walking to the car park Nick kept taking sidelong glances at Eddie. He was quite slim for a black guy, but Nick knew he was well put together. He had short curly hair, quite fine features and a neatly trimmed short beard. From the bulge in his shorts he guessed that Eddie would be similar to all the guys that had fucked him on Saturday. Age wise he was a little unusual in that he looked older than his years, most of the black guys he had met looked younger. Nick liked that he was soft spoken and always dressed smart. Much later Nick would realise that most gay guys appeared to take more care of their bodies and their appearance than their straight counterparts.

Eddie liked the spacious house and grounds that Nick called

home, particularly Nick's bedroom, which was big, with a double bed instead of the expected single.

“Dad won't be home before seven, he never is and Mum is always late on Monday's because of her Bridge Club, so we have all the time in the world. Let's get out of these clothes and see what happens next.”

Eddie giggled, “Wow, not wasting any time are you?”

“Nope, if we are going to find out our sexual orientation I want to make sure we have all the time we need to be certain.”

They stripped quickly before standing facing one another and scoping each other.

“Oh fuck Eddie, that cock looks enormous.”

Nick was looking at the biggest cock he had ever set eyes on. It was rock hard and at least a foot long, not too thick so Nick thought that wouldn't be a problem, the length was what worried him.

“I've only ever been fucked Eddie so I don't know if I would like to do that. If you are going to fuck me with that you will be careful won't you?”

“We can try both ways Nick, and of course I'll be careful with you. Have you got any lube?”

Nick looked vacant, making Eddie laugh. He went to his backpack and pulled out a small bottle of Wet Light.

“This stuff makes entry a lot easier.”

“How come you have that in your pack?”

Eddie realised he had made a fuck up. He hung his head.

“I'm sorry Nick, I already know I'm gay, I've done this before.”

Nick was stunned for a minute while he thought about it, then he grinned.

“I guess we're both little liars. I didn't tell you. Saturday was my first gay experience and I thought it was bloody marvellous. I've never had such intense orgasms in my life. I guess all we are going to do today then is find out if we enjoy making love to each other. Please help me be good Eddie. I really do want to make it special for you.”

Eddie couldn't believe his luck. He moved in close to Nick and kissed him. Gently at first, and then feeling the response, more urgently until the two of them were almost eating each other's mouths.

Nick couldn't remember ever being this hard, and Eddie was the same. A foot of man meat standing up straight was quite a sight. Nick thought he might worship that phallus for a long time.

“Let me make love to you first Nick and then if you want you can make love to me. I'm an anal virgin the same as you were on Saturday, but I so want to please you, you can take my cherry willingly.”

Another kiss and Nick stepped back a little.

“Let's just see how it goes, I think I might want to be a slave to that cock.”

They both laughed, happy laughter that took them to bed.

Eddie knew what turned him on and did the same to Nick hoping he felt the same. Being able to look at and stroke the whole of Nick's body was monumentally thrilling and although his cock was only average Eddie still thought it was the most wonderful sight he had ever seen. It lay along Nick's abdomen with a neat set of balls beneath it. He had only looked at it briefly in the garage, but now he could take his time, looking and stroking, playing with the balls, it was, for him, magic.

“I don't think I'll ever get tired of looking and stroking this Nick, you are so gorgeous you take my breath away.”

Nick soaked up the praise; Eddie was saying all the right things turning Nick on in the best possible way. They played with each other, 69ed and just pleasured their lovers. It wasn't until Eddie spread Nick very wide, bent his legs and slid a couple of pillows under his lower back that he gasped. The view of Nick's hairless butt hole brought tears to his eyes.

“Oh Nick, I am sure I will cum before I even get my cock inside, your anus is perfect.”

That comment didn't stop him diving in and tasting it.

'Oh God, is this for real,' Eddie thought as he licked and kissed the perfect little anus. He used his hands to stretch it more and tried to bury his tongue in it. The sensations running through both of their bodies were certain to make this action short. Eddie couldn't wait. He eased a couple of fingers in to Nick, having

slicked them up first. At the same time he was lubing his cock, and then Nick's love tunnel. He entered him gently and blew a load while only buried cock head deep.

“I'm sorry Nick, I'm so sorry. I promise I'll do better next time.”

Nick couldn't believe he was this sexy for the gorgeous black stud poised above him.

“Don't you dare pull out, bury some more of that man meat in me, I'll massage it with my gluts.”

Eddie's eyes shot open in wonder at the obvious lust ringing in Nick's words, so he did. Nick didn't need to work his gluts, Eddie never even started to go soft. What he did do was give Nick several incredibly intense orgasms as he fucked him slowly for ages.

“I'm sorry Nick, I can't hold on anymore.”

With that Eddie deposited the biggest load he thought he had ever produced and Nick joined him. The intensity of both boys’ last orgasms brought tears to their eyes.

Proof of Eddie's feelings for Nick showed then. He continued gently fucking Nick as he went soft, and only pulled out when it was too soft to go back in. He rolled sideways and pulled Nick close into his side before kissing him gently all over his face and neck. They stayed in the same position alongside each other for ages before either felt he could move again. Nick was first. He rolled on top of Eddie, planted a very definite, 'I love you' kiss on his lips and whispered, “Do it again Eddie, keep doing it until I scream for mercy.”

Eddie's eyes shot open wide and when he saw the laughter in Nick's, he rolled him onto his back and told him.

“Ok, but when I go in this time I'm not pulling out until Monday morning.”

“Ooh, yes please.” Nick had an afterthought and couldn't keep it to himself.

“That means you'll have to pee in me as well, is that alright?”

That sobered them both up.

“Seriously Nick, would you let me if I wanted to?”

“I'm not sure Eddie, I don't think I would mind, it would

only be like an enema really, wouldn't it?"

"Probably. What about in your mouth if we 69ed to orgasm and then I wanted to pee?"

Nick thought about it. "I don't know that seems a little kinky."

"Yeah, I guess, but we turn each other on so much, it could happen by accident."

"Mmm, I guess we'll just have to see. I don't think it would freak me but I might not like the taste enough to take more than a mouth full."

They looked at each other again and grinned.

"I can't believe we are talking dirty to each other after only one fuck. I daren't think what we will be discussing or doing by the time we leave college."

"You think we'll still be doing it to each other then?"

Nick looked quite shyly at Eddie as he replied.

"I hope so, what you have just done to me was amazing, I don't think I'll ever get tired of it. You could make me love you quite easily if you do that to me very often. You are so gentle Eddie, I never expected that."

"What about the boys on Saturday, weren't they gentle as well?"

Nick thought about it, "Yes, I guess they were, but not like you."

"I think it must be you. We all wanted to please you. I think Darren is like me, totally gay. The others just wanted sex, but even so, they were gentle with you and I know they aren't like that normally, a little rape and pillage is more their style."

Nick thought that was a bit of a fabrication until he gave it a little more consideration. 'Did he really bring out a good side to these sexy black guys? That idea pleased him.

"In that case maybe I'll ding my car again next week."

Eddie looked shocked until Nick laughed.

"Only joking," and then wickedly adding, "Well, only a little."

"I'm going to get you for that. I'll drag you down to the

garage and we'll use you as we like for a whole weekend, you'll be our cum dump and piss pot for two days straight."

"Oooh, lovely, you will fuck me a lot as well, won't you?"

Things were getting silly so Nick jumped out of bed and pulled Eddie with him.

"Come on, or my parents will be home soon and we'll still be covered in cum."

They stripped the bed and carried the cum-covered sheets down to the laundry room.

"Wash and dry and I'll have them back on my bed without my parents noticing."

Nick took a picture of Eddie when he answered his phone as they were shoving the yucky sheets into the washing machine. He was still overawed by the size of Eddie's cock. Completely flaccid it was huge. Erect it looked dangerous, but had given him the most incredible orgasms he had ever experienced, making Saturday's ones pale into insignificance

Back to Nick's room and a quick shower.

Clean, dressed, bedroom windows open to clear the smell of sex and both boys were sat in the kitchen with snacks when Nick's mother came in.

"Hi Mum, this is Eddie Carpenter, we finished lectures early today so we've just been chilling out."

"Hi Mrs. Adams, nice to meet you."

Eddie stood up and put out his hand, Karen Adams took it hesitantly making Nick blush. Was his mother racist? He had never brought home a black friend before, but he had several in high school.

"Thank you Eddie, likewise."

They all chatted for a few minutes and Nick watched his mother carefully. When she left they wandered back to Nick's bedroom and actually settled down to do some studying. Nick was then watching Eddie to see if he had picked up on his mother's hesitation.

"You don't have many black friends do you Nick?"

Nicked blushed, "No Lover Man, I'm sorry, that obvious to you as well?"

Eddie nodded.

“It doesn't make any difference to the way I feel about you. She'll just have to get used to it because I hope you are going to spend a lot of time with me here and everywhere else.”

“You mean that Nick, I'm not just here as a good fuck am I?”

Nick realised he was looking at a not very sure young man now.

“Is that important to you then Eddie?”

Eddie looked sad and then looked down before mumbling.

“Yes, because I think I might be falling in love with you.”

Nick was overjoyed. He felt the same thing, Eddie was just as nice as mum's apple pie and he really did have special feelings for him, even though this was their first close contact. He remembered how Eddie had stroked his torso gently, looked with longing at his body, but then left the garage rather than embarrass him.

“Too quick Eddie.”

“No Nick, I've been watching you since the beginning of the semester. I wanted to be your friend from the start but we moved in different circles.”

Nick was overjoyed and teared up as he took Eddie in his arms.

“I feel the same way. I'm a little in love with you as well. I'm sure that will very quickly become a lot in love with you. You are so gentle and considerate, how could I not love you.”

They were in a very deep passionate kiss when Mrs. Adams opened the door.

“What on earth are you doing Nickolas?”

Nick blushed scarlet and wanted to die. Eddie wanted to dive out of the window and run. Instead, they just jumped apart and looked at Nick's mother. He found his voice eventually.

“I'm sorry Mum, but Eddie and I are lovers, I guess that makes me gay.”

“Don't be stupid, of course you aren't gay. We'll sort this out when your father gets home. Meanwhile, I'd like this young man to leave.”

She walked out and the two boys just looked at each other before, to Eddie's way of thinking, Nick did the most extraordinary thing. He grabbed his lover and resumed the kiss.

“I don't care what Mum and Dad say or do Eddie, you are now, and are going to be in the future, my lover. I won't give you up whatever they say.”

Eddie was blown away by this commitment, he needed to get away and think about this.

“I love you as well Nick, let's leave this and talk again in the morning before lectures.”

Nick nodded and escorted Eddie out, taking him home before returning to face his mother. He looked at the place Eddie lived and realised he was from a poor background. The college they went to was a necessity for Eddie, he could never have afforded to go away to college, but for Nick it was his first choice.

Home again and his mother looked at him stony faced.

“I think you had better go to your room until your father gets in Nickolas, I'm extremely disappointed in you.”

Nick went and realised he wasn't worried what his parents said or thought. College fees were paid for; his father was one of these weird people that paid everything in advance. He would need to find somewhere to live and he'd have to get a job. If worst came to the worst he would sell his car to help support himself until he graduated, but whatever happened he would not give up Eddie.

He heard his father come in and sat at his desk just staring at his blank computer screen with his mind in the same state. He was brought back to the present by his father stood in his bedroom door way and looking like thunder.

“My study Nickolas, now.”

With his mind made up about his actions Nick walked confidently into his father's study and sat in an armchair in front of the desk.

“This isn't a social call Nickolas, stand up in front of my desk and explain what your mother has just told me.”

“I don't know what mother has told you, I wasn't there, but I assume she told you she caught me kissing a black boy and telling her he was my lover because I am gay.”

“First of all, don't get smart with me, you're not too old for a

bloody good hiding."

"Come on Dad, I'm sorry Mum had to find out the way she did but I am gay and Eddie is my lover. Nothing you can say is going to change that."

"I wouldn't be so sure of that young man. First you can strip, you are behaving like a little boy with your stupid comments, so you might as well be punished like you were when you were small."

Nick couldn't believe his father was for real. Should he refuse and walk, or hope that a spanking would be all and he could resume his life. The humiliation would be pretty bad, but he thought he could handle the spanking so he did as he was told.

His father came round the desk, sat in an arm chair and made Nick stand to attention in front of him. Nick blushed, his father's eyes were only a little higher than his groin.

"Hmm, that's a little larger than the last time I saw it in this position. Now, tell me you are not going to be using that again on a boy, and more specifically neither you or that black boy are going to have any more carnal knowledge of each other."

"Sorry Dad, I can't do that. I have realised that I love Nick, and I'm going to keep on loving him."

"In that case, across my knees."

Nick did, feeling stupid, what nineteen-year-old got spanked like a little boy, naked?

Twenty hard swats made Nick very sore, but he wouldn't cry out.

Stood in front of his father again he was shocked at the next comment.

"I want you to pack whatever you want to take with you and be out of this house in not more than an hour. I will not have a pervert under my roof. When you are ready to give up this abomination you may return."

Nick's eyes were blazing.

"So much for love, pretty transient for you isn't it Dad. My way or the highway. Well I'll take the highway."

He packed clothes into his travel luggage, CDs and anything else he could into his back pack, computer and college stuff into his

computer case and took them down to the car. He was leaving with the last load when his father stopped him and said, “You can leave the car.”

“Fuck you, the car's mine.”

He brushed past his father and drove away from the only home he had ever known.

Malcolm Adams smiled, “Now let's see if he really has the courage of his convictions or if he is one of those little wimpy faggots.”

Part 3

Nick parked up on the edge of the woods in a secluded area; he would be ok here for the night. He could drop the passenger seat down and stretch out. The weather was still warm so he would sleep in a set of sweats. He telephoned Eddie and told him the score.

“I'm ok Lover, I'll see you in college and explain what I'm doing.”

He dug out some college work and used his computer for a couple of hours. 'Must remember to plug this in at college so I have a full battery every night,' was his thought as he wrapped it all up.

Nick realised he was hungry after that but decided to go without until breakfast, then he would pig out in the college cafeteria, cheaper than eating outside. He would have to do that for all meals, but he now also needed to think about a job and somewhere to live.

All of that came tumbling out when Nick told Eddie the next day.

“I have about $400 to my name Eddie and before that goes I need a job, and then I can think about accommodation.”

Eddie was already working on that one but he needed to talk to Darren first.

That talk took place after lectures finished. Nick was a little disappointed that his Lover took off so quickly without a word but was surprised and happy when he looked up from his studies in the college library to see a grinning Eddie in front of him.

“Accommodation problem solved.”

Nick looked surprised, “How, where?”

Eddie giggled, “You can only take it if you promise to be monogamous with me.”

“Ha, ha, you know I will be if you want. Seriously Eddie, we've never talked about that, and quite frankly it doesn't worry me either way. Whatever you want, I love you and that isn't going to

change whether you go to bed with other guys or not. As long as you aren't devious about it."

"Good, I won't be and as long as you tell me that Darren or Kennie, or both have reamed out your butt I won't mind either."

Nick looked bemused. "Why, would I be having sex with either of those again?"

"Because Darren and Kennie have a large unused store room above the garage. There is a shower and toilet up there as well. If you want to clear it up and furnish it you can have it, all you have to do is give them something for electricity, and keep a low profile because they aren't legally allowed to use it for accommodation. They will let you keep your car in the garage when they aren't working but after dark no lights must show from your room, so blackout curtains."

Nick pulled his lover into an incredible thank you kiss.

"We can start cleaning it up after lectures tomorrow and I have a sleeping bag you can use tonight and until we can get you some furniture."

Nick couldn't believe how much effort three black boys put in to house him. Furniture was quite old, but serviceable and he even had a small gas stove and enough utensils to cook basic meals. All that in under 48 hours. He had tears in his eyes when they proudly showed him round on the day that it was ready

"I don't know what to say guys. I can't believe you've gone to all this trouble for a little white boy."

Darren grinned, "Oh I don't know, not so little if I remember it correctly."

A few seconds for the innuendo to sink in and all of them burst out laughing.

The good things just kept coming. Within a few days the boys found out that Nick was majoring in finance, so they got him to do their books.

"It's only a couple of hours a week, Nick, but we pay a book keeper 25 bucks an hour to do ours. You can take over if you like and we'll pay you, or more precisely not charge you for electricity and water."

"Thanks guys. I don't know why you are being so good to me but I promise one day I'll pay you back."

The final piece of good luck was a small business in town that couldn't afford a full time employee, but wanted someone competent for data entry about ten hours a week and the hours were flexible. Nick applied, showed he was fast and accurate and got the job. A white collar job at a good hourly rate and he was set. Within weeks he had bought more stuff for his little apartment, including some nice scatter rugs for the floor that changed the whole look of the place. A refrigerator upgrade so that he had room for more food and drink. Then he had the pleasure of inviting Darren and Kennie to join him for a drink after work one day.

“I don't even know where to begin thanking you guys. I never thought that getting my butt reamed out a few weeks ago would lead to me finding a lover and a new home, and more happiness than I thought possible.”

“We go back a long way with Eddie.” Darren stated, “He was always the clever one, and guided us when we left school. He helped us set up this place and by making us go on courses brought our technical ability up so that we can do first class work. You look after him and we'll see you alright, but if you play with his emotions we'll hurt you.”

Nick was pleased Eddie had such good friends and couldn't help tearing up again as he replied.

“You have no idea how much I love him, I'll never hurt him. You don't think I walked out of a luxurious home and life style on a whim do you? I don't care how tough it gets I'm never going home unless my parents accept Eddie as another son.”

The boys looked at each other and then pounced on Nick, burying him in kisses and Kennie saying, “I suppose that means there's no chance of a quick fuck then?”

The tears then were with laughter.

Nick got serious when they were all settled down again.

“Eddie and I talked about that some days ago. I'm flexible, and I thought what you guys did to me was fantastic. If you want my tail again you have to sort it out with Eddie, threesomes, full blown orgies, I don't mind, but only with Eddie's approval and preferably presence.”

The boys looked at each other and grinned again.

“We'll work on it Nick, you have a very sexy body, I could handle playing with it again.”

Nick didn't think any more about that conversation, he was happy in his new world. He had a man that he loved, he was studying for his dream and he had a bunch of black friends that he never expected as well as his white friends, many of whom he had been with since kindergarten. Of course they all thought it was a bit weird that he was living in a room above a garage and he was increasingly seen with black friends. The truth came out by someone making an anonymous phone call.

The call was from Nick's Dad to one of Nick's old school friends.

“Nick Adams is gay and being fucked by the big black buck he runs with.”

That was round the college in no time and all of Nick's friends were amazed, when confronted he had simply said it was true.

Eddie slept over most nights now but he started having problems because his parents were antagonistic towards him over his friendship with Nick. They would probably go ballistic if they found out the truth.

Another anonymous phone call sealed the fate of the two lovers.

Eddie came up to the love nest in tears one evening, “Someone told my parents I'm gay and have a white boy for a lover. They've thrown me out, Nick. What am I going to do? My job can't pay all my tuition fees and keep me. I'm going to have to drop out and get a proper job.”

“No, you aren't. You move in here and we will work something out. I'll get another job. We'll find a way for you to graduate.”

“I love you so much, but I don't see how we can do it.”

“I feel the same, but I'm not giving you up, and I'm not letting you drop out.”

Another semester went by and it was obvious where Nick and Eddie were making savings. They both lost weight because food had to come last. Eddie's first bout of sickness because he was undernourished sealed the fate of Nick's car. He loved it, his Dad had bought it for him as a graduation present from high school, but he loved Eddie much more so the car went. He took it to the dealer who sold it to him and was surprised at how high the trade in value

was.

Eddie's next load of tuition fees were paid and Nick made sure he ate loads of high protein food and then settled in to a balanced diet, but he was eating little, realising they still had a ways to go so he wouldn't squander the money.

“You have to eat more, Nick, or you are going to be the next one to get ill.”

“I'm ok, leave me alone.”

Nick had snapped that out and Eddie realised he was seriously stressed at having to work so hard to keep this relationship on an even keel.

“I don't care what you say Nick, I'm dropping out at the end of this semester. I'll finish my degree at community college studying when I have time from my job.”

Nick broke down.

“I love you so much, and none of this would have happened if you hadn't reciprocated. I can't let you drop out Eddie. This is the chance for you to have a good life. I'll never forgive myself if I ruin that for you.”

Eddie wouldn't budge and Nick stressed out so much that he collapsed. The doctor at admissions insisted on calling Nick's parents so the first time Eddie saw Mr. Adams was across Nick's hospital bed.

“So I presume you're the reason for my Son's breakdown.”

Eddie nodded. “My parents threw me out for loving your son and I need to drop out so that Nick can start eating again. He's killing himself trying to save money to pay my tuition fees.”

“I wouldn't worry about that if I were you, enjoy the free ride, then you'll have your degree even if Nick is permanently damaged from starving himself and worrying about you.”

Eddie couldn't believe this man was for real. He looked at him trying to fathom him out and then just shook his head.

“That is such a disgusting thing to say I can't believe I heard it from his own father. You don't deserve one percent of the love he has to give. I'll love him forever and do everything I can to see him well again.”

Eddie stomped out of Nick's room before he hit his father.

When Nick woke he was surprised to see his father by his bedside.

“Where's Eddie, you haven't sent him away, have you?”

That was good enough for Adams Snr.

“No, I haven't sent him away Son. Now you just rest, get all that nutritious food down you so that we can take you home and look after you.”

“I'm not coming home with you Dad, I'm going to be with Eddie. We are going to work this out somehow, he has to have his degree. It's my fault his parents threw him out, they're as bigoted as you.”

“Wouldn't it be easier to come home and let your mother and I look after you and see you through college?”

“Of course it would, but I won't do it without Eddie.”

“You've grown strong, Nickolas, I expected you to come running home within a few weeks and it has been more than six months yet you still won't give up this life and be normal.”

Nick laughed. “What's not normal about my life? I'm studying for a degree, I'm in a stable relationship with someone that I love deeply. I would be happy if it weren't for interfering parents. Why did you and Mum have me if you weren't going to accept me for who I am as I grow up?”

Mr. Adams blanched at that because that was precisely what he and his wife had done. They couldn't see past the gayness to understand that they had a son to be proud of, honest and determined, clever and caring, loving and loyal. He sat down and took his son's hand.

“You're correct Son. Will you let me try to make it up to you?”

“How Dad, I don't know what to do any more. I love Eddie so much, I can't let him down now.”

That confession was too much, he turned away from his father and burst into tears.

Adams Snr. left his son and went to look for this black boy that had stolen his heart.

Eddie was pacing up and down in the waiting room when Malcolm touched his shoulder.

“Go and take care of your lover, he is breaking his heart because he can't think of a way to keep you in college. Tell him that your college fees will be paid to the end of your course. Nick's car will be at the garage where you live when he comes out of here. Tell him to load it with all your personal gear and come home. I will have his room converted to take the two of you.”

With that he turned and left. Eddie was open mouthed with shock, had he just heard that right? He and Nick could go to Nick's home to live.

When Eddie told Nick, he almost totalled again, the shock was too much.

“I don't understand, Eddie, he was so anti when he threw me out, and I'm sure my mother's a racist.”

“Let's not worry about it. We can wait and see if he is serious. There will be a note from admin telling me the state of my fees if there is a change.”

Nick calmed down and then slept again with Eddie close by holding his hand. He had Eddie, everything would turn out right as long as that was true.

Part 4

Nick was in hospital for a week, mainly to build him up from his undernourished state. Whenever food was served to him, there was a full meal for Eddie as well. When he went back to the garage Darren joshed him and said, “When are you going to remove this old wreck and let us get some work done? And the fridge and cupboards in your flat are overflowing with food, so how about inviting us for a meal?”

The old wreck was Nick's car, all gleaming with its new coat of polish, encased in a dustsheet. Eddie couldn't believe the kitchenette. It was as Darren had said.

When Nick came out of hospital he already knew that Eddie's fees were paid, he had a car with a full tank of petrol and the new insurance document and registration papers on the seat. There was enough food to feed them for weeks.

“It has to be dad, Eddie, but I don't understand. I'm going to see him.”

“Let me come with you, just in case.”

Nick looked at his lover and laughed, “Why, do you think he'll lock me up so that I can't see you?”

Eddie blushed, “I don't know Nick, this is just so weird. Why has he allowed both of us to get so ill if he genuinely wants to help?”

So, they went together.

Malcolm Adams welcomed them and wasn't at all surprised that Nick was stiff as he hugged him. Eddie nearly fell over when he got the same hug.

“Eddie, you've met my wife, why don't you join her in the kitchen for a snack while I talk to my son?”

Remembering his last contact with Mrs. Adams, he was very wary, of course. Nick noticed it.

“I'll be in the study, Lover, any problems we can leave, just

come and find me."

Malcolm realised he had a lot of ground to make up with his son when Nick's comment showed he didn't trust his parents yet.

"Sit down son and don't interrupt until I'm finished.

"I was fully accepting of your gayness when I found out. Like your mother though, I'm afraid I had a racist moment. I thought the boy might well be a gold digger because I had never known you to have black friends before. I was sure that you would be back here within a few days without your boyfriend. The time went by and I had a private detective keep an intermittent eye on you. I was amazed how yours and Eddie's black friends rallied round. Those two boys in the garage have been incredibly generous. They are all from the poorer end of society but they have all been so giving and caring towards you two. The load you were carrying though was too much even for their generosity and I watched as you made yourself ill caring for your lover. I was sure that the bond between you couldn't be strong enough for you to keep it together. When you went into hospital, I knew that I had been very wrong. Before that I had made things worse by telling Eddie's parents. I wanted to turn the screw to make sure both of you felt the same way about each other.

"I'm sorry Nickolas, what I did was wrong, and if you'll let me I want to make it up to both of you. I love you very much son, and I'm so proud of the way you have worked to protect that young man out there with your mother. I'm sure you are going to want to discuss this with Eddie before you make a decision so I have told Darren and Kennie to bill me for your accommodation, and I have restarted your allowance, increased so that you have enough to take care of Eddie as well. I suggest you give notice at all your jobs so that the two of you can concentrate on your studies. When you are ready, if you are ever ready after my shameful behaviour, we would like you to come home. Take Eddie up to your room and show him what we have done and then you can leave when you are ready. Whatever decision you make, your mother and I will live with it."

Nick was too shocked to reply. He looked at his father and wondered if this was more manoeuvring to try to break up his relationship with Eddie. He had to get away and talk to Eddie about it. He left the study without a word, found Eddie in the kitchen talking with his mother, apparently completely at ease.

"Eddie, come with me, I want to show you something."

Both boys were goggle eyed at Nick's bedroom. A wall had

been knocked down to take in another bedroom and the resulting space had been turned into a bedsit almost. Queen sized bed, lounge area with two computer stations, a dressing room and of course, his previous en- suite. All new furniture, carpets and curtains, and all high quality suitable for college men completed the makeover.

“Mmm, I could live with this Nick.”

“I could as well Lover, but we need to talk. Let's get out of here.”

They made a direct exit and Nick felt guilty as he saw his mother in tears. He had completely ignored her. He felt ashamed as they piled into his car. Did she really deserve that? He answered his own question, jumped back out of the car, ran back to the house and took his mother in his arms.

“I'm sorry Mum. This is all so much for me to take in. I'll call as soon as Eddie and I have had a chance to talk.”

“He's very welcome here son, I'm sorry for the way I treated you both. I was just so shocked.”

“That's ok Mum, we'll work it out.”

Back to his car and they drove back to the garage.

Darren was looking smug as they walked in.

“So, when are you leaving us to go live in your mansion?”

Nick shot back at him. “What makes you think we are going to move? Maybe we like it here without any adult interference and only two nosy black boys to worry us.”

Everybody creased up at that before Kennie took over and asked seriously.

“No joking, are you moving out?”

“We don't know Kennie, we have to talk about it. Things are moving a little fast for me.”

Understanding nods and Eddie headed for the stairs with Nick close behind.

“Well, Lover, before we make a decision you need to know what my dad said.”

Eddie was mouth agape with shock at the end.

“You mean he deliberately outed me to my family just to

make sure you loved me enough to stick with me and I loved you enough to give up college so that I could earn a living and make sure you finished college."

"That about sums it up I guess."

"Devious conniving bastard, but he must love you an awful lot Nick to go to that amount of trouble. He must realise that he could lose you for good even though he will make our lives easier now."

"I hadn't thought of it like that. What are we going to do then Eddie, can you forgive him for causing you to lose your family, and do you want to live in our mansion?"

Eddie grinned, "Oh yeah, but only if you have a great swimming pool."

"Huh, dad was right, you are a gold digger, only interested in me for the material things I can give you."

"Ok, it's true, but also because you have a great ass."

Too much, serious was out the door, silly came in.

"Well, if it's so great why aren't you getting it ready to be used? It is after all nearly two weeks since you've had it."

Less than ten minutes later Eddie was easing over a very relaxed sphincter watching a pair of happy eyes.

"Sorry, no foreplay today."

"I should think not, I needed to feel that monster inside me."

It didn't take long for two happy young men to realise that while they had each other life would be good, and could only get better.

Settled into their old sofa cuddling, Nick gave his thought to Eddie.

"We ought to stay here for a few days to let the dust settle and think about what we want to do. We can go to dinner with mum and dad a couple of times if you like, see how you like it."

"And if I'm not comfortable?"

"Then we stay here."

"You're serious, you'd give all that up, permanently, just so that you could be with me?"

“What do you think I've been doing for the last six months?”

“Yeah, but permanently.”

“Ok, have you heard me complaining about what I'm missing?”

“No, and you have nearly died for me so I guess you do love me a little bit, well maybe a lot if you include my cock.”

“Huh, funny man. So are we going to play it my way?”

“Yeah, ok.”

The boys went to dinner twice that week and Eddie was made welcome. Both mum and dad gradually relaxed with him.

“Dad, can we come up and swim at the weekend, and would it be alright to bring Darren and Kennie from the garage?”

For Nick, this was the cruncher. Would his parents accept these black friends the same as they had done his white ones.

“I don't see why not Son.”

“It will probably be Sunday, Dad, because if they have a lot of work on the boys open the garage on Saturday's as well.”

“Still not a problem, I'll be playing golf Sunday morning and your mother will be at church, but if you call to confirm I'm sure lunch could be laid on as well.”

Eddie and Nick looked at each other, and smiled.

Sunday morning, Darren and Kennie came to the garage and left with Nick and Eddie in Nick's car. They were delighted when they saw where they were going to spend their day. Nick checked the fridge at the pool bar.

“There's plenty of food and drink in the fridge guys, just help yourselves. Let's get changed.”

They walked into a small changing and shower room that was neat. Nick gulped as they changed. All three were wearing Speedos that left very little to the imagination. His mother would flip he was sure, but he said nothing.

“We can slip swim shorts on when your old lady gets back from church.”

Too much for Nick, he creased up with laughter.

“Don't worry, she'll know I'm a cock hound if she sees what

you're all packing."

More laughter and there were four happy young men cavorting round the pool when Mrs. Adams arrived home and watched discretely. Even from the distance she was at, she realised the black boys were almost indecently large in the groin area. 'So it is true what they say', was her thought. When she was sure there was nothing wrong with what the boys were doing she made a large jug of lime cordial and suitably cold she took it down to the pool.

"Nickolas, you might find this refreshing. Elsa is here so you can have lunch by the pool or come to the house. Just give her a call on the house phone to let her know when and where you want it. I think your father would like you all to stay for dinner tonight as well and he says not to worry about your clothes, we'll be very informal. He just wants your company and to talk to the two garage boys."

"They are Darren and Kennie, Mum."

Mrs. Adams blushed, "Yes Dear, I'm sorry I didn't know their names."

She went back to the house and Eddie eased the tension.

"She's trying Nick, give her a chance, it's a big change for her."

Nick nodded and looked with love at his soul mate.

"I know, anyone for coolade?"

They played some more games after that and were getting a little raunchy playing grabass and ending up with erect cocks.

Elsa brought lunch down so they behaved themselves for a while.

"I don't suppose you guys want to sunbathe so shall we go in, there is a good games room in the basement."

That was received enthusiastically so they showered. Once they were all naked Darren instigated an attack on Nick, and before he knew it he had Darren reaming him out on the shower floor, and Kennie in his mouth. Eddie was nibbling his ear, kissing him and playing with his cock. Three great orgasms and then Eddie slid in to take Darren's place, not lasting very long.

"I love you so much I can almost cum just watching you enjoy sex with these guys."

Nick grinned as they finished showering.

“I guess that sorts our decision about outside sex Lover. I think perhaps we should plan an orgy once every week in the bedsit, then Darren and Kennie will have an excuse to keep it available if we move back here.”

Darren was over the moon, once a week getting at this piece of white tail would be heaven. Plus the fact that he really did like this white boy who had proved his love for Eddie.

Things got better at dinner, Malcolm discussed with Darren and Kennie the idea of taking a lease on the property next door to their garage and installing a state of the art spray shed. He told them how it could be financed and that he would be prepared to put up 50% of the money and with that sort of financing the banks would be more than willing to put up the other 50%.

“Why would you want to do that Mr. Adams?”

“Easy, I'm a business man, I invest my money where I think it will give me a good return. You will almost certainly have to set up a corporation, you will then issue shares and my 50% will buy shares rather than have you pay me back. You have no debt at the moment, you do good work and you have an expanding business. I will happily show you how to operate more efficiently and Nick, I am sure will keep an eye on your books. That will help him get hands on experience of the finance involved running a real business. I would of course keep a watching brief and when you are ready to have meetings of your senior people I would be delighted to be included to make sure we are all on the same page.”

All four boys were speechless.

“I realise this is very sudden but believe me I know as much about your business as you do, and I know it is worth the investment.”

Darren and Kennie were reeling and all Darren could say was thank you, they would think about it.

For all four boys it was a very happy conclusion to a super relaxing day. They drove back to the garage all deep in thought.

“Nick, we have to think about this and then talk to you and Eddie.”

“No problem, I'll be in early tomorrow, I only have morning lectures and so does Eddie. Conference in the director's suite at 1400 shall we say.”

They all laughed as they went their separate ways.

Part 5A

The next day Nick and Eddie turned up at the garage, surprised to see the other three boys that had been at the first sex game.

“We are pretty certain you two will soon be living back in luxury, we also know from talking with Eddie, Nick, that you are not averse to expanding your sexual horizons by being a little kinky, so today we are going to let you see what kinky is like, and then we'll have our meeting.”

Nick looked at all the others and then at Eddie.

“Remember the conversation we had the first day we made love at your house?”

Nick nodded, a lot of that conversation was concerned with pissing in mouth and ass.

“Well we thought it would be a good idea to find out your limitations today. We're going to use pee, a little cp, multiple sucking and spit roasting with you the centre of attention. If you agree Darren is going to be the master and you must obey every command. You will only speak when spoken to and you will call everyone, Sir. Not interested? We'll settle down to discuss your father's proposals.”

Nick looked at these six boys again and then grinned.

“Ok, I know you won't really hurt me or do anything too disgusting so go ahead. You have a sex slave for the next two hours and then we need to get down to work.”

Some very broad grins before Darren said. “Ok, there is no backing out, whatever happens you see this through to the end. You confirm that's ok by getting naked, Slave.”

Nick had forgotten how embarrassing it was to be naked while everyone around you is clothed. It became even more embarrassing and humiliating when they talked to each other, not necessarily about him, but when they did it was as if he wasn't there. What made it worse was that they were in his and Eddie's

bedsit with all the furniture moved to the edges and a sawhorse brought in from the workshop. He noticed it had been padded and restraints fitted to each leg. There were two bowls in the corner that the boys used to catch oil when they drained engine sumps.

What he didn't know was that the boys had discussed everything before he arrived, consulting Eddie to make sure they weren't overstepping the limits.

“We are planning to ignore him, Eddie, except to issue instructions. We'll just be using his body. You say we can use cp and piss in his mouth and ass, right?”

“Yeah, but nothing over the top. He was a little curious about pissing and we've never tried cp, it would be handy to know if he gets turned on by punishment.”

“Ok. I'll talk to Rafe, Warren and Jules to see if they would like a second go at our little love bug.”

They both laughed and that was it.

Stood naked in the middle of the floor Darren showed Nick all the slave positions and then pointed to a spot in the middle of the lounge and simply said, “Display.”

Two of the boys moved in and started stroking him, gently and erotically so that he started to bone up. They stroked all the way down to his knees before working back up and concentrating on his ass and groin.

“He's got such soft skin Darren, I suppose all rich white boys feel like this, I don't suppose he's ever done any labour in his life. Daddy has servants so that his darling pussy boy doesn't need to get his hands dirty.”

Nick was blushing, why were they being insulting to him?

“Suck my fingers boy.”

Nick looked, that was Warren and sucking someone else's fingers was humiliating.

“Make them really wet because that's all the lubrication they are getting before sliding into your ass.”

Nick did as he was told and then was ordered to spread. He bent forward, used his hands to pull his butt cheeks apart and gasped as all three fingers were slid in straight away.

“He's being fucked by a proper man so his boy cunt could

take three no problem."

More humiliation as Warren finger fucked him while the others just talked with an occasional hand moving over him stroking his skin and his groin area.

"He doesn't have any hair on his ass, shall we make the front as hairless?"

That was Rafe stood in front of him and grinning. Nick rebelled at that.

"No, I don't want my pubes cut."

Kennie jumped in then and putting his face close to Nick's, almost snarled. "What didn't you understand about not talking. Get him over the punishment bench."

Nick couldn't understand what was going on. He thought this would just be another great romp like last time. He was secured over the sawhorse and Kennie piped up again.

"We need his legs spread. Get the broom handle and secure his legs to each end with the handle tied to the legs of the horse."

Was that ever erotic for everyone except Nick.

"Someone fill his mouth with cock so that we don't hear him squeal like a pig when I pound his ass."

So Darren was going to be the punisher, Nick thought. Rafe slid his cock over Nick's gums.

"Now give me a first class blowjob." Rafe was grinning.

The first slaps landed then.

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK.

The first three landed in quick succession making Nick gasp. Not too hard, but they did make his ass tingle. Then Darren stroked each cheek for a minute before sliding a finger down his crack and entering him, fucking him with the one finger for a minute before,

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK.

Then a cock slid over his sphincter and he was fucked slowly for maybe five minutes before whoever it was pulled out and Darren returned.

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK.

"Jules, take Warren's place and let your cock get re-

acquainted with our pussy's pussy."

'Jules has been getting some practice,' Nick thought, 'this is so good.'

Jules was rotating his hips as he slid in and out of Nick's welcoming ass. He orgasmed very quickly and pulled out straight away.

"Kennie, Eddie, use your hands to stretch his ass, let Jules' cum run out."

Nick wanted to cry, how humiliating was that as all the others applauded.

"Look at all that cum, Christ, Jules, have you been saving it up?"

"Nah, it's just that our little slut has a pussy to die for."

Jules slid back in before he went too soft, and just held his position until he could pee. He emptied his bladder into Nick who was embarrassed knowing that everyone else was aware of what was going on, but the reality was that it felt warm and comfortable.

"Keep your sphincter closed tight slave. Rafe, hurry up and cum in his mouth, he's going to need a bathroom when he's got rid of Jules' piss and cum."

His legs were released and he was told to squat over the bowl placed under him, and get rid of all the piss, after Rafe had cum in his mouth. Nick was gutted, he couldn't believe the humiliation.

"Now take the bowl to the bathroom, empty it, wash your ass and then come back here."

Nick thought about the action so far and sniggered. Nothing wrong with the sex, he had sucked a nice cock and enjoyed the sperm. Jules had fucked him deliciously and the piss enema had been interesting. So, the humiliation was just the boys taking advantage of the slave. Pubes still intact so he could keep smiling.

"Ah, look at our pussy boy, he's smiling, he must be enjoying being put in his place. Perhaps slavery should be his proper place in life. We could certainly use a fuck and suck slut. Let's find out if he is any good as a toilet. Suck position slave, here."

While he had been in the bathroom they had spread a tarpaulin over the centre of the floor and Darren was pointing at it. In position and Nick looked briefly at all six of the boys. They were

all naked now and leering at him.

“Who wants a piss? “

Everyone except Jules said yes.

“Ok our slave is going to rate you all for taste so only one mouthful each to start with.”

Nick gulped at that, wanted to say something and then remembered. The last spanking hadn't really hurt, more erotic than painful, but another lot would probably start to hurt, and would his protests make any difference?

Eddie stepped up first, slid a couple of inches of his cock into Nick's mouth.

“Grip it tight Slave, this is the one you need to get used to because I'll probably be using you as my urinal in future.”

Nick was shocked by that statement and had a mouthful of piss before he knew it.

“Savour it Slut, at the end we'll ask you to evaluate everyone's contribution.”

Eddies didn't actually taste too bad. The smell wasn't very nice but the taste was salty and a little bitter. Darren and Kennie followed on and again it wasn't too bad.

Warren had been briefed. 'don't stop, see what he does.'

Nick was prepared for one mouthful. When the stream continued he choked a little before continuing to swallow, looking up at Warren with a shocked expression, but he took it all. There was no obvious reaction so Darren gave the nod and Rafe just pissed all over Nicks head and body.

“Open your mouth slut, there is still some more for your insides.”

Nick opened his mouth and took another couple of mouthfuls. All finished and the boys stood in front of him. Darren stooped down to be on the same level as Nick.

“Now slut, tell us your verdict on each ones piss.”

They were amazed, quite lucidly Nick told them.

“Eddie, Darren and Kennie, were all a little salty and slightly bitter. Warren and Rafe were much stronger with a smell and taste of ammonia.”

All finished and he got up and almost flew to the bathroom where he threw up and burst into tears. Eddie found him curled up on the floor just coming together. The tears had stopped and he was just gulping in huge quantities of air.

Eddie helped him clean up, clean his teeth and swill down a pint of water. He looked straight at Eddie when he was fully composed.

“I'm ready to continue now.”

Eddie was amazed. “I don't think anybody is going to make you do anything else.”

“Of course they are. We are exploring my limits. I don't want to take anymore piss today, except maybe yours, because I love you. I know they are racking up the humiliation to test my resolve. So let's get on with it.”

Eddie gave Darren the nod as they came out of the bathroom.

“Ok slut, on your back in the centre of the floor. We need to refill your stomach so six loads of cum should help that.”

Humiliating or not, seeing those six cocks being jacked off above him was enormously erotic and before any of them had cum in his mouth he was erect.

Each one of the boys knelt as he came to the point of orgasm so that he could shoot straight into Nick's mouth. Even so there was still plenty all over his face when the last one had finished.

“Scoop up the residue slut.”

While they watched him do that, Nick listened to the brief.

“Ok guys, we are going to have him doggy fashion with head and shoulders on the ground. You each get a two minute fuck and two slaps of the butt. When I say spank him I mean spank him. When you aren't fucking him you can do anything else you like as long as you don't interrupt the fucking.”

It must have taken an hour for all of them to get to the point of cumming, and Nick had a sore ass. The boys all adopted different styles to fuck him for two minutes and those who weren't fucking him were exciting his nipples and playing with his cock and balls. He was getting sore, inside and out, but he couldn't stop cumming. The stimulation was sending him rocketing round outer space.

Eventually he felt the sperm rocketing into his insides as one by one the boys gave up holding it and let loose with incredible orgasms.

All sated at last and Nick just collapsed on the floor. Exhausted by the action and wondering how he had managed so many orgasms.

Sometime later he was carried to the bathroom, pampered in a shower, dried and carried to his bed where Eddie spoke soft words of love to him while Darren and Mickie used an Aloe Vera cream on his bottom inside and out. By the time they were finished Nick couldn't believe how good he felt. Eddie rolled him over and spoke to him.

“How do you feel Lover?”

“I want to go home, I never want to see any of you ever again.”

Darren, Kennie and Eddie looked devastated.

“We love you Nick, please forgive us if we went over the top.”

Nick grinned. “You were horrible to me. All that humiliation, was it really necessary?”

Darren answered that one. “Yes, we had to test your limits, not just for the sex, but also to see if embarrassment and humiliation would make you wimp out.”

“Mmm, well it didn't, and for your information Eddie, I don't think I want any more piss, and I'm not hot on cp either, will you just be content to fuck me silly and get the best blowjobs I know how?”

Eddie relaxed, sighed a huge sigh and replied. “Anything you want Nick, I love you so much.”

“In that case let's get down to business, and tell those other three reprobates when you see them again. I'm going to get them.”

Part 5

Nick busied himself making snacks and getting drinks while they all settled down.

Then he jumped in first. He had given his father's proposal a lot of thought and made notes.

“Here is my thinking, guys. We find out the cost of leasing next door. The cost of conversion and all the new equipment you will need. Feed in a percentage to take care of expenses while you get off the ground with the new facility. Think about training new staff, and cost involved. Take 50% of that and find out what interest rate the banks will want to service the loan, then we can check your books for present turnover to make sure you can cover all your outgoings. Then you will be able to make a decision about whether to take advantage of my dad's offer.”

The boys looked stunned.

“Ok, it's a lot of work. We can do most of it and then engage a quantity surveyor just to check our figures.”

Darren was the first one to think it through and speak.

“Let's do it. Provided you and Eddie will help and advise, Nick.”

“Of course we will.”

“You say that now, but if we go ahead we are going to need most of this area for stores, so you might not have enough space to live.”

Nick looked at Eddie before replying.

“Let's worry about that when the time comes.”

The next few weeks just flew by. Nick didn't have time to think anymore about moving home. College, study, the data entry job, (Nick decided to keep that one in fairness to the boss who had looked after him), contacting realty agents concerning the property next door, specialist installers for the spray shop and equipment. The list seemed endless. Then they had to sit down and work on a business plan. All done and the next step was Darren and Kenny

taking their audited accounts, business plan and accounting details for the new set up to their bank manager to see what could be borrowed and at what rate of interest. The end of the semester came before it was all finished and Nick and Eddie started going to dinner with Nick's parents again.

“We're sorry we've neglected you the last few weeks, but it's your fault, Dad,” laughing as he said it to take the sting out. “Because we have spent all our free time working on the plans for Darren and Kennie's extended business. We should have the plans already to present to you in the next couple of weeks.”

Parents were pleased, Nick and Eddie were pleased to be given the chance to prepare something like this and Darren and Kennie were delighted to think they were going to be serious businessmen with a business angel to guide them in the form of Nick's dad.

Nick's parents warmed to Eddie when they realised what a thoroughly nice person he was, and importantly, how happy he made their son. Yes, they would always be disappointed he was gay, but he was making them proud the way he was studying at college, the loyalty he showed to friends and his boss. The energy and aptitude he appeared to have to put into the garage business. Malcolm checked all the figures they came up with, looked over the business plan and gave his verdict at dinner one night.

“I can't fault your figures and business plan, Nick. It is almost text book perfect. We don't want those two boys to go too much in debt so I am going to suggest that you stick with you present borrowing figures but let me guarantee another 100 thousand as a contingency fund.”

Eddie's jaw dropped, 'how the fuck much money did Nick's dad have', was his thought.

“How soon are you going to start this project, Son?”

“The boys have delivery times on all the equipment, Dad, and the specialists will be available then. We have managed a deferred payment schedule so we probably won't have to use any bank money until we are almost ready to advertise the new services. We want another hydraulic lift for the main garage as well to accommodate the extra servicing we expect to do as the body shop generates more business. Eddie and I have friends in college doing media and marketing degrees and we have used them to do a plan for that side so we won't be incurring any expenses apart from the actual advertising. What we have seen so far is pretty dynamic,

we think it will generate a lot of business."

"A lot of we's here, how deeply are you involved?"

Nick laughed. "Up to our eyeballs I think. Darren and Kenny take all my advice without query. Eddie works with them as well. I think that until they are generating a load of money we will be the administration and general management business side of operations while Darren and Kennie run the technical side. They will need to think about a permanent general management team then."

"So you will be losing your accommodation quite soon. Where are you and Eddie going to live?"

Nick blushed. He knew what his mother and father wanted.

"We aren't sure yet, Dad. There will still be enough room for us to put a bed but not much else."

"Our offer is still open Son. Your mother and I would very much like you both to come home."

Nick could see the longing and love in his mother's eyes. She had been almost too much showing Eddie that he was a welcome addition to the family, it seemed silly to slum it when they could live in luxury. He looked at Eddie who gave him a nod.

"The week after next would be a good time Lover, don't you think. The new equipment could go straight into the storeroom until it's needed, and it would give us the time to make the unwanted space into a small conference room. A table and six chairs in there with a small filing cabinet would probably be enough for ages."

The parents beamed, "I think your mother would like that Nickolas so I guess, Eddie, you had better start calling us Mum and Dad."

Eddie teared up, after a rough start with his lover's family he was getting more acceptance and affection than he ever dreamed of from this rich white family. He had tried to get his own family to accept his sexuality but they wouldn't even talk to him. He knew Nick's dad had ratted on him but he thought his sexuality would have come out eventually so no extra damage had been done, it had just happened earlier than expected.

The summer vacation appeared to fly by. The new spray shop was finished. Darren and Kennie had faced the situation and used the old spray station to install the second hydraulic lift. Nick had been wicked and used some of the extra income he had been

saving to have a makeover done on the front of the enlarged premises and paid for an eye-catching sign that couldn't be missed.

“I'll be taking the money out of petty cash soon, or maybe buy shares in the business. We should have the front concreted as soon as possible so that we have good parking for client's cars.”

The move into the Adams family home had been accomplished with no trauma and Eddie found himself a full member of this generous and loving family. Transport was never a problem because the two boys were almost joined at the hip so Nick's car was always enough.

Darren and Kennie were reeling under the action, but business was already climbing, even while all the conversion work was going on. Another young West Indian mechanical wizard had joined them to help with servicing and all other mechanical work. Meeting their bank repayments hadn't even started because of some clever deferred payment plans that Nick had negotiated. Then they had to go back to college. Nick gave up the data processing job because the garage needed all of their free time. He also monitored income and expenditure like an old mother hen. Every Sunday morning they sat down in the little conference room and went over the figures. Nick had insisted on payment before collection so they had no bad debts making cash flow very positive.

Only a couple of weeks into the new semester and Darren brought up the subject of Nick and Eddie's hours.

“Kennie and I have discussed this, Nick. We would like you or Eddie to set up a payroll system for us. We need to put Swagger on salary to pay all his social security commitments, the same for Kennie and me, not that we take out any more than living expenses. We have also decided that you two should be on salary for the amount of work you are putting in.”

Nick and Eddie protested vehemently but Darren won.

“Without you two we would be where we were six months ago, now look at us, in debt up to our eyeballs.”

Everybody laughed.

“Seriously Nick, you know better than us how well the business is doing, you have to be paid, it's not fair for you to work for nothing.”

Nick thought about this and went to talk to his dad about it.

“If we set up a corporation proper, Dad, and issue shares we

could take shares instead of money couldn't we so that the boys don't have to deplete the cash reserves."

Malcolm looked at his son and smiled.

"Double benefit there right?"

Nick looked bemused.

"Come on Son you can't have missed it. You take shares instead of money, as the company becomes more profitable the share value increases so you get more money."

Nick blushed, "I hadn't thought that far Dad, I was just trying to save the boys money now."

The upshot was that Nick put it to Darren and Kenny and told them he and Eddie would refund some of the shares if they took off in value.

"No you bloody won't. If we are successful it will be down to you and Eddie in good part so you deserve the reward, and you are gambling on us succeeding, if we fail you dip out."

The set up was completed with a lot of help from Malcolm. Darren and Kennie kept 60% of the stock. Malcolm took his chunk based on valuation and using the same valuation Eddie and Nick were paid in shares.

Nick and Eddie were into their last year before getting their degrees. Darren and Kennie had built on the back of both properties to make room for offices and a new conference room as the old one became more and more necessary for stock. A secretary/ receptionist was taken on and she very quickly organised a filing system that dovetailed into Nick's working practice.

"I'm going to go for the Bar, Nick. I think the boys will need an attorney in the near future so I'll specialise in company law, your MBA will be invaluable, so we can continue to help the boys."

Nick knew he would have to think about a proper job soon, and Darren and Kennie would need a general manager. The problem would be finding one who would work for a low initial salary, about the same as he would be getting as a new graduate. But the boys couldn't afford much more. Also, whoever took the job would have to give it his all because the business was still in its infancy. He explained all this to Darren and Kennie who went away to talk about it.

"If we offer it to Nick straight away he'll refuse to take the

money. Let's advertise the job and co-opt Eddie to make sure Nick sees the advert. We'll get a proper agency to interview him and tell them Nick is to get the job regardless of who else applies. He needn't know it's us until he has agreed to take the position."

Kennie laughed, "Devious bastard, you reward Nick at the same time as you get Malcolm's input for free because Nick will consult him."

Darren grinned, "Never thought of that."

The plan worked, when Nick saw who his new employers were he grinned as well.

"Ok, you crafty bastards, you win, but don't blame me if I bankrupt you. You need an experienced manager."

"Yes Nick, you're right. One who knows this company inside out and has had nearly two years of running it successfully."

Successful was what it was. Nick was 25 when he declared at a board meeting that the company needed to expand.

Part 6

The shock of Nick's announcement took some time to settle. The others had not thought in terms of doing anything like that.

“I have done some investigation and there is another garage across town I would like Darren and Kennie to look at. The purchase price is well within our means. I have researched conversion costs to bring it up to our standards as well and it all looks very positive. I suggest that if we go ahead we design the new one to be our headquarters so that from the start we have the necessary offices for a corporation to work from. The biggest single advantage is the tax situation. If we don't spend some money the IRS will have it, and if we do spend we will get tax breaks that will help our bottom line considerably.”

Nick, as always had run the whole plan past his father who had approved it.

“You're doing very well son. The company has grown better than it would have done under an experienced General Manager, and now you have the experience I can see it growing even bigger. This new set up could really take off for you. Once you have it in place, why not look at franchising your system and looking for a dealership as well. A dealership would get you a load of company supplied testing equipment and a spares supply, so make sure if you go that route you remember to have a huge stores area.”

Malcolm laughed. “Henry Ford, read this and weep, my son the automotive tycoon.”

Nick laughed with him, not taking his father's comments seriously.

Kennie and Darren looked, agreed the idea and Nick started negotiations, organised funding and left Eddie to sort out the legal side.

The staff at the garage now included two of the boys who had been in on Nick's first sex session, the first employee, the wizard mechanic, who was a few years older than the others and two girls who made up the admin and payroll staff. Eddie was on retainer as the legal rep while he worked for a partnership full time.

Malcolm had ceded all his shares to Nick so that he was now the third largest shareholder in the company with Eddie being fourth. Both boys had taken shares instead of money when they could afford to and Darren and Kennie had been generous to Nick with share options as they saw the company grow.

Darren had never brought up the sex angle again after their last romp but had always lusted after Nick. Now he thought one last spectacular fling could be justified if he could persuade Eddie to let it happen.

The new development went ahead and began to look like a showpiece.

Almost a year after the start the new location was ready for the big move.

Eddie had approved involving Nick in an orgy because from their discussions alone he knew that although they had been monogamous for years, Nick would love a repeat of their first session.

“I love you more each year Eddie, and you have the most gorgeous cock that has ever penetrated me but I still get an itch to do what we did seven years ago.”

He laughed then and continued. “The seven year itch, I guess.”

They had both laughed but Eddie had remembered it and both boys, for some unknown reason had never mentioned the humiliating session just before they moved back home.

The last board meeting to be held in the old conference room was attended only by the male employees, no Malcolm and no secretary. Nick queried it.

“That was my decision Nick. We've decided to terminate your employment.”

Nick looked stunned. Before he could speak Darren continued.

“We will however reverse that decision if, in a couple of hours, everyone here present decides that they would like you to remain. Your complete co-operation will ensure a positive outcome.”

Everyone was smiling and Nick slumped in his chair looking round at everyone until he came to Eddie, who was sat with a huge

grin spread across his face.

“This sounds like the setup I fell into seven years ago. I accept your decision and I'll clear my office immediately and be off the premises in half an hour.”

There was consternation in the room because no one had expected that.

Darren jumped in, “We weren't serious Nick, we just wanted to play.”

Nick's turn to grin. “Really, well I'll withdraw my acceptance and remain but only if you all do what I say for the next two hours.”

Hoist on their own petards would sum up what they all felt very neatly.

Darren agreed the terms on behalf of the remainder of the staff.

“Good, the first thing is that I want a workhorse in here with one of the quilted car covers, next, I want a large bottle or tube of lubricant and a pack of wet wipes, a couple of towels and the pillows from the linen cupboard and my camera which is in my office. Then you can all get naked.

Nick sat back down and watched all the activity with a broad grin on his face. He just knew he was going to enjoy some of the best sex he had ever had during the next two hours, and more if that was how it worked out.

When they were all naked, Monty, the new sprayer put on a mask like the Lone Ranger, “I'm an ass bandit so I need to be masked.”

Everybody laughed and Nick got down on his knees ready to blow him. His cock was nearly as long as Eddie and looked so tasty.

“Take lots of photos Eddie, I'm going to have a rogues gallery in my new office, I'll keep it covered if you are all good boys otherwise it will be on full display.”

The first one was a spectacular shot of Monty's monster with Nick ready to blow it.

“I'm going to suck this to orgasm and then when he's ready again, Monty can fuck me with this beauty. Darren, get Eddie up on the table and fuck him, then reverse so that you feel Eddie's 12 inches. The rest of you play with each other until I'm ready for

you."

Nick loved the feel of Monty's cock, it was almost as exciting as Eddie's, but not quite as fat or as long. How could he be so lucky he thought as he slurped happily on another black monster. All these guys had pulled their weight to make the company successful, they had all accepted Nick's leadership without question, even Darren and Kennie had always deferred to him. The company's success was due to their efforts equally as much as his.

His first mouthful of cum and Nick took a breather to watch some of the other action. He noticed Swagger the master mechanic and decided to fuck him on the table. It looked amazing as he slid in over a very receptive sphincter. The photo that Nick treasured the most from that session was taken from his left side looking down on his cock entering Swagger in the missionary position with Swagger spread wide.

The others all stopped what they were doing to watch and Eddie took another photo. That one was instant erection material. He was the only one of them who insisted on a condom.

"Not because of you Boss, but I haven't had a blood test for sometime so I'm not 100% sure I'm ok."

Nick thought that was very responsible of him and warmed to this man that was the oldest employee, but an incredible talent as a mechanic.

Darren was the next one that Nick decided to take after Swagger, but his photo gallery pic was not from the orgy but one he had taken at the house one day when they were fooling around. It was taken on the sandy path that led through the shrubbery and was a bit of a dare because Nick knew his parents were in the garden somewhere. His mother would have had a fit if she had seen the big naked black man with his gorgeous cock on display.

Darren was special so Nick took a long time to make love to him instead of just fucking him. Also he knew that apart from Eddie, Darren was the only other truly gay member of the crew. The others were just sex hounds.

The sucking and fucking appeared to take on a will of its own. Nick stopped choreographing it and just took any one he fancied to either blow or fuck, or the reverse. Eddie fucked him for so long and gave him so many orgasms he could hardly move.

Probably the nicest fuck of the session was Kennie. He had always been the quiet one, always bowing to Nick's or Darren's

opinions. He asked if he could fuck Nick. Gently and carefully he slid his monster into Nick before leaning forward and whispering.

“I'm not gay Nick, but I'm going to kiss you to show you how much I love you for what you have done for Darren and me.”

Nick teared up, this guy was unbelievable. His kiss was as gentle as a whisper, but conveyed in gallons his meaning.

“I love all you guys, I don't know what I did to deserve you all but I'm going to keep on doing it to make sure you never feel any different.”

Kennie grinned then and gave Nick the best fuck of the day, he was spewing cum everywhere when he realised that Kennie had a fully articulated cock, it drove him crazy until he was too wasted from orgasms to get hard again.

The first full board meeting two days later was in the new location where Nick was so pleased to announce that he and Eddie had started negotiations with a major motor manufacturer to take on a dealership.

The next three years saw the company expand rapidly using a mixture of bank money and investment from Malcolm. At the end of that time a full stock market listing was sort and the four principals, Nick, Eddie, Darren, and Kennie became multi millionaires on paper. Darren and Kennie were, by common consent left with the largest number of shares, Nick next and then Eddie. Employees had been given shares as bonuses and a large number were taken up in the floatation.

Malcolm remained on the board as a nonvoting consultant, always ready to advise his son and propose schemes to further expand the company and increase its efficiency.

When Nick and Eddie started to talk about buying their own house Malcolm stepped in.

“Your mother and I don't need this huge house Son. We thought we might buy the penthouse suite in that new construction in town. It's over 4,000 square feet, more than enough for us, so why don't you and Eddie keep this house.”

Nick was almost too shocked to speak.

“Oh Dad, we couldn't, you and Mum have developed this house for more years than I've lived, it's as perfect as a house can be, you can't walk away from it.”

Malcolm laughed, “We aren't going to, we're just going to give the responsibility for looking after it to you and Eddie. We'll be here to check up on you frequently I'm sure.”

I guess even at thirty years old it's possible to revert to little boy mode in front of your dad. Nick had tears running down his cheeks as he took his father into a bear hug.

“I love you Dad, I promise we'll look after the old place for you.”

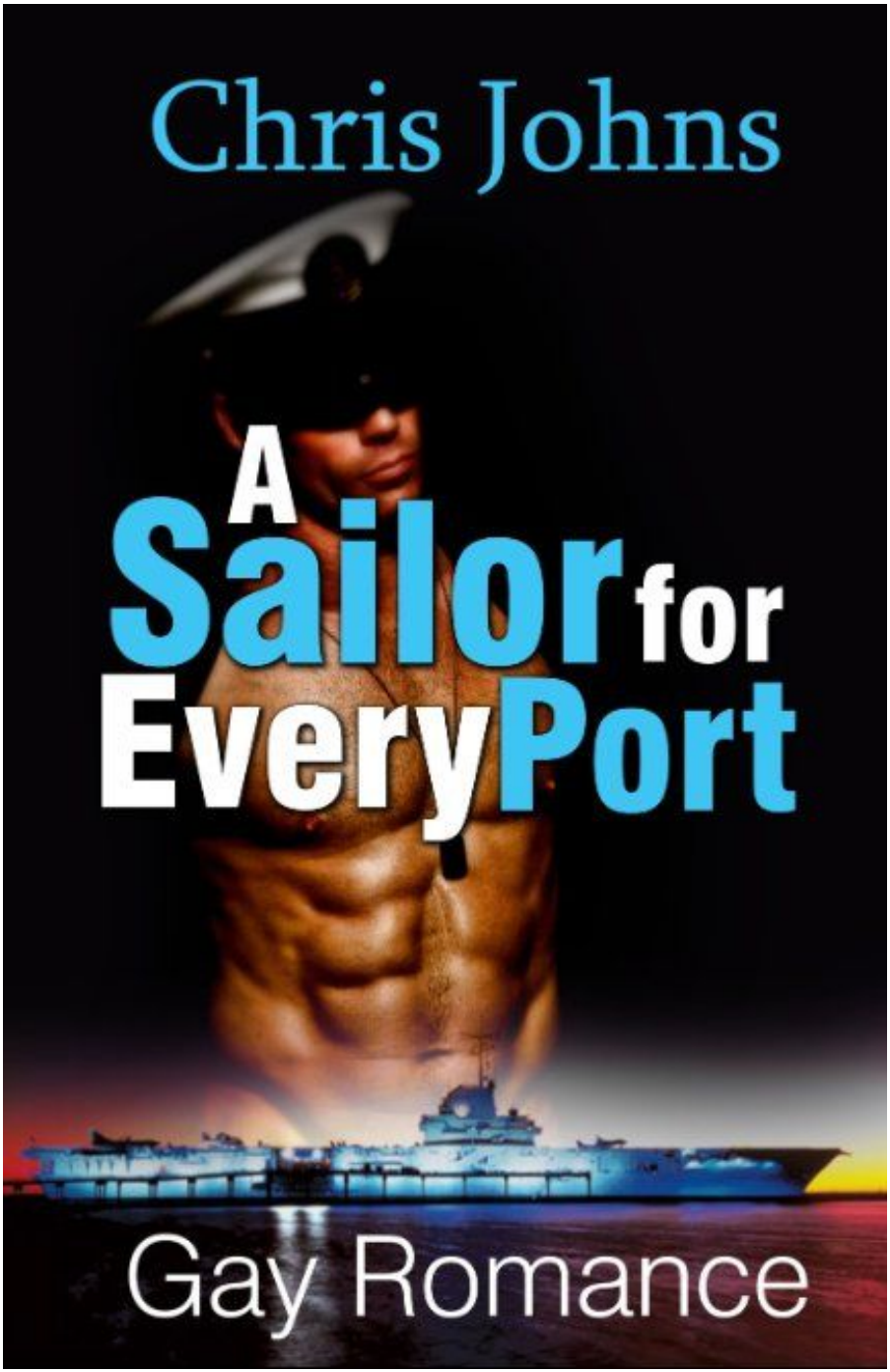
When Nick told Eddie they were soon deep into planning the makeover that would modernise the inside of the house but leave the grounds untouched. The grounds were show house perfect, and who in their right mind would want to do anything with the huge kidney shaped pool and the beautifully sculpted grounds around it. The only thing done outside was to replace the BBQ with a more modern, but equally huge one.

Kennie got married and set up home in the same area as Nick and Eddie, with his new wife and Darren, of course.

Darren never found his perfect boyfriend. Not surprising really as his idols were Nick and Eddie, and there wasn't a man living that could measure up to them as a pair. They knew and as they got older the only person who impinged on Nick and Eddie's monogamous life was Darren. Their threesomes were wonderful fun sex, but both Eddie and Nick allowed their partner to go one on one with their oldest friend.

Paradise could not have been better for these four men who had come together because of a freak car accident years before.

The End


Chris Johns
A Sailor for Every Port
Gay Romance

Part 1
I Join Up

I made it. Against the odds I had persuaded my parents to sign the papers and I was in. I had wanted it since I was eighteen but being a brilliant student had nearly sunk me.

I suppose I had better start at the beginning instead of talking in riddles.

Johnny Johnson was in my year at Grammar School. He had approached me one day when I was eighteen and asked me to become a Sea Cadet. I did, and thought it was great, particularly the sailing. Johnny and I became friends but it was only when we were chilling out at his house one day that I realised his agenda. We were fooling around and we ended up wrestling. I'm only a little chap and was overcome easily. With one arm twisted up my back and his legs pinning my other arm I was helpless.

“You lose, I win and claim my forfeits.”

“We didn't agree any forfeits, Johnny.”

“I know Kit, but you can't do anything about it so I am going to claim all your clothes as my winnings.”

“What do you mean?”

“Watch me.”

With that, he started to take my clothes off. He undid the buttons of my shirt and continued down, undoing my belt and the buttons of my fly.

“No, stop Johnny, I don't want you to take my clothes off.”

“Sorry Kit, you lost so I am going to do what I like.”

With that he turned me onto my tummy slid my shirt off

and pulled my trousers and underpants down below my buttocks. Turning me over again, he finished the job, leaving me naked except for my socks. I was shocked when he then started to play with my penis.

“Stop Johnny, don't do that.”

“You have a lovely body Kit and I want to see how beautiful your cock is when it is hard.”

I struggled but his hand felt so good that I wasn't trying to get free with any sort of conviction, and, I was hard, very quickly.

“There, you like that, don't you?”

“No, but my cock obviously does, but stop it now Johnny, this isn't funny.”

I had reached puberty early and my cock had grown much longer and thicker than my peers. Johnny loved it but didn't mention its size, I think he was embarrassed.

“Sorry Kit it wouldn't be fair to leave you hard so I'll get rid of it for you.”

Without any more being said Johnny slicked up his hand with spit and gave me a fantastic hand job. I orgasmed violently, leaving no doubt by my noise that I had enjoyed that. I felt embarrassed but Johnny released my hands and folded me in his arms.

“You are awesome, Kit, I would like to do that to you every day.”

“In your dreams.”

Nothing more was said, but I did think about what Johnny had done and realised I liked it. At sailing, Johnny had a younger crew the same as I did, but I noticed he was always touching his crew. My crew noticed as well and looked at me often with a question in his eyes but never on his lips.

The next time Johnny and I were together at his house he told me.

“I am going to take your clothes off again Kit and play with your cock. This time though I am going to take it in my mouth and make you cum much better than last time. You can fight me if you like or you can let me do it and both of us can enjoy it.”

I shrugged and let him do it.

“Lie on the bed Kit with your legs spread wide and your hands behind your head.”

I did because there seemed little point in protesting, he could make me do anything he wanted. I watched him get undressed as well and kneel between my legs. He was very hard but despite his physical size, his cock was much smaller than mine was. With no hesitation, he took my still flaccid cock in his mouth and that felt incredible. I was completely erect in moments. Next came my balls, he had slicked his fingers and slid them over my ball sac making me gasp with the sensitivity of it. He bent my legs next, started rubbing my perineum, and just touched the entrance to my anus. The touch was amazing and jolted me. The next time his touch was firmer and I gasped but I couldn't say anything it was too sensual. He released my cock sat up and looked me in my eyes.

“Do you like that Kit?”

I whispered an affirmative reply.

“Relax, it will get better.”

He slicked up three fingers and returned to sucking my cock and playing with my balls. With his other hand I felt his fingers worrying my anus and it felt fantastic. He pushed against my anus quite hard and I felt his finger penetrate me. I bucked against this invasion, but not very hard, I was experiencing a sensory overload. He pushed all the way in and hit my prostate gland. I orgasmed immediately and Johnny took my sperm in his mouth.

“Mmm, you taste sweet, Kit.”

He played with me again, added another finger to the first, and started to finger fuck me. My cock was hard again almost instantly because he kept hitting my prostate. When he added the third finger I wanted to object but I was in heaven my senses were

on overload, I had never experienced anything like it. Johnny pushed my legs further up and back.

“Hold your legs there Kit.”

I did, not realising what he intended. He slid closer to me and I felt his cock touching my bottom. I wriggled but his head touched my rosebud and he pushed hard. I felt it pass over my sphincter and I screamed with the pain. Johnny kept still for a few minutes and when the pain decreased he fed me the remainder of his cock. It felt amazing and the sensitivity of it made me orgasm again. Johnny started to fuck me then and it was heavenly. He was very gentle and when he came, I could feel the power of his orgasm. My own senses were reeling and it was ages before I calmed down enough to understand what had happened.

“You fucked me Johnny, how could you? That was disgusting.”

“Look at you Kit, you are covered in your own cum. You must have enjoyed it to orgasm that many times.”

“I don't know, only queers enjoy being butt fucked, I don't want to be queer.”

“Let's see what happens, Kit.”

What happened was that Johnny fucked me frequently and I loved it. We sucked each other to orgasm frequently as well and I loved the sweetness of his cum.

One Monday at school when I had not seen Johnny over the weekend, he met me on one of our breaks.

“You will never guess what I did over the weekend.”

“No but I bet you are going to tell me.”

“I fucked my crewman.”

“I don't believe you Johnny, there is no way little Trevor would let you do that.”

“Yes there is, he was begging for it. I have been sucking him

and finger fucking him for ages, even before you and I got it on. He was more reluctant than you were. Now it's your turn to get your crewman into it."

"No way man, it's ok with you but I'm not involving Bobby in it."

"We'll see. I have organised for all of us to meet at my house on Wednesday afternoon. No school that day, local elections."

I had my first fuck then and it was amazing. Trevor turned out to be a real cock slut. When he saw the size of mine, he wanted it inside him. Bobby was open-mouthed watching it and nearly fainted when Johnny took him in his mouth. It was quite an afternoon. I don't know how many times I came but I fucked Trevor twice, sucked Bobby off in a 69er while Johnny fucked me, it was truly amazing.

I had nearly two years of this fantastic sex eventually fucking Bobby and letting him fuck me.

The sailing was terrific with me taking honours frequently. I was determined after my exams. to join up but my parents wanted me to do my advanced certificates and go on to university.

We didn't have much money but my Dad told me I would be the first person in our family to go to university. I didn't want to, I wanted to be a Navy Engineer and do lots of sailing. I won in the end and joined up to go to Navy College for four years to study Marine Engineering.

I loved it from day one. For the first four weeks it was induction. Lots of marching and physical exercise and of course my beloved sailing. Although I was the same age as the others in my class I was small, only five feet seven inches, but I had a great body. My abs were incredible because of all the sitting up and back I had to do when racing my dinghies, probably several hundred sit ups every race, the rest of me developed because of my programme to keep fit. I was popular with the physical education staff because I was so keen and so fit.

The parade gunners were another story, they were bullies and I took the brunt of their bullying because I was small. That actually helped my fitness because I was always running round the

parade ground with a rifle held above my head as a punishment. When they realised I didn't count that as a punishment, they found something nastier.

It happened in my fourth week.

“Not good enough again today Mr. Sherwood, report to the armoury after your final period.”

“Yes Sir.” Was all I could say. I knew that the main reason they bullied me was because I looked too young and in seven or eight years time I would be a chief, and they would still be petty officers.

The armoury wasn't a proper one. The only thing kept in it was the training rifles for us youngsters. The gunners had moved in some furniture and turned it into a sort of recreation room. They had a mess table and some chairs and sofas.

I didn't know what to expect when I knocked and entered after final lessons for the day. No one else had reported here for punishment. There were four leading gunners and two petty officer gunners there when I walked in. The senior of them walked behind me and locked the door.

“Don't want to be disturbed while we punish you boy do we?”

I had no idea what he meant so I agreed.

“Er, no Sir.”

“You are continually under performing on the parade ground Sherwood so we think you need some proper punishment.”

I knew that wasn't true but I couldn't argue.

“What punishment was meted out to you at school for poor performance?”

“We used to be caned Sir.”

“Well we are going to do the same. Strip.”

I looked aghast at the gunner.

“What Sir?”

“Strip, take your clothes off. “

“We were caned clothed Sir.”

“Well you aren't going to be here. Let me help you. First, take off your cap.”

I did.

“Now your jacket.”

Shoes, tie, and shirt followed.

“Now your trousers.”

“But Sir.”

“Do it Sherwood or I will have you up on a charge, refusing to obey a superior officer.”

So I did.

The Navy issued us with what nowadays we call boxers but in those days they were such an awful shape we used to call them passion killers so, for two reasons, I wore tight white briefs, for comfort and to hold in my substantial penis, even when soft it was very obvious in the passion killers.

With just my briefs on, the gunners could all make out that I was more than adequately hung.

“Your underpants now Sherwood, let's see your crown jewels.”

I was mortified but did as I was told. As soon as I had them off, I covered my genitals with my hands.

“Attention Sherwood.”

The senior gunner pulled up a chair to within about three

feet of me and using his swagger stick lifted my cock up.

“What do you call this Mr. Sherwood?”

I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to say until I was asked the question again.

“It's my penis, Sir.”

“Are you sure Mr. Sherwood? It looks to me like you stole it from a real man.”

I blushed, and blushed even more when one of the other gunners said.

“It can't get any bigger when it's hard Tom, he just stays long when flaccid.”

Tom lifted it further and kind of stroked the underside with his stick pushing it against my belly. At eighteen years old, my cock needed virtually no stimulation so very quickly I was completely erect.

“Oh Christ Tom I was wrong! That thing is a monster.”

“How long is it boy?”

“I don't know Sir.”

“Anyone got a tape measure? I have to measure this one.”

They had and Tom gasped after he had the figures.

“This little bugger has ten and a half inches and it's seven inches round.”

“Well we can soon get rid of that. Let's punish him and send him on his way.”

They had me lie on the table on my tummy and four of them grabbed a limb each and stretched me wide. Tom then used his swagger stick to deliver six strokes. They hurt but I didn't cry.

“Stand up boy.”

I did and they could see my distress and my resolve not to cry, my cock was back to flaccid.

“Get dressed boy and pray you are better on the parade ground tomorrow because punishment will get worse if we have to call you in again.”

I was very unhappy with that statement.

* * *

The next day was great, the Gym was terrific and the Physical Training Instructors were full of praise for my performance.

“We could use you in the gymnastics team, young Sherwood.”

That was from the senior instructor.

“Thank you Sir, I would like that but not if it interferes with my sailing.”

“Hmm, you will have to leave that one with me. Perhaps we can work something out.”

I felt so good. Academics were the same. All of our instructors were Lieutenants with degrees in things like Engineering, Maths, and the Sciences. They were full of praise for me. The only blot on my day was parade training last period.

“Not good enough, Sherwood,” was the Parade Gunner's comment.

It was the first time that I knew I was being picked on. I had done as well as everyone else. Wrong thing to do I was to realise later, but I protested.

“I'm sorry Sir, but I am sure I have done as well as everyone else.”

“You are now a parade expert Sherwood, are you?”

“No Sir, but I know I am no worse than anyone else.”

“Well perhaps we had better discuss it after this period. Report to me in the armoury.”

The two Petty Officer Gunners were the only ones there on this occasion.

“Come in Sherwood, lock the door.”

“Now, whether you were as good as the rest of your class or not is immaterial. You argued with a superior officer and should be charged with insubordination. I am going to offer you a choice. You take my punishment or the Captain's.”

For me there was no choice. I wanted a clean disciplinary sheet when I joined the fleet because I was ambitious.

“Your punishment, Sir.”

I saw him look at the other Gunner with a smirk on his face.

“Very well boy, strip.”

I knew the routine and was naked, stood at attention in front of him in double quick time.

“Stand at ease boy, --- now spread your legs wider and put your hands behind your head.”

I did but was shocked with his next action. He took my cock in his hand and started to play with it. I blushed furiously, tried to step back, but was stopped by his other hand on my bottom.

“Sir, that is not right.”

“You have accepted my punishment boy and that will be anything I consider right.”

When I was hard, he continued stroking my penis, made his other hand slippery with spit and started to fondle my balls as well. I was beginning to lose it I was so turned on so he made me climb up on the mess table on my knees with my legs spread and my head resting on my arms.

“Push your bottom back boy.”

I did but jumped forward again very quickly when he touched my bum.

“Keep still or you are going to feel some serious pain.”

He resumed stroking my bottom and eventually started to run his fingers down my crack to my rose bud. A finger entered me and I started to cry.

“Please don't do that Sir. That is disgusting.”

“Be quiet boy, it feels as though you have had fingers up there before.”

I said nothing, I didn't want him to know I had been fucked a zillion times. His finger was doing fantastic things inside me and by the time he added the third one my pre-cum was almost a continuous stream, but I was still crying I felt so humiliated.

“Roll onto your back boy and swing your legs over your head spread wide.”

I was mortified. One of the Petty Officers was finger fucking me and the other one wanked me to orgasm. I then received ten very hard slaps on my butt by the hands of the gunners.

Back in my dormitory, my mates wanted to know what happened. It was obvious I had been crying so I had to tell them I had been spanked but I didn't tell them the rest.

My best friend was Nigel and he comforted me.

“I don't think they are allowed to administer corporal punishment, Kit. You could report them.”

“No one will believe me, Nig. I'm just a first term grunt.”

“Well we have to do something. It's not fair the way they pick on you. You are an ace guy.”

* * *

The first four weeks were over, leave was granted and Nig and I had our first run ashore. It was great, he was a Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award winner and a Rover Scout so he was full of adventurous ideas. We explored the local area and ended up on a small grassy headland overlooking a pretty bay.

Life was always fun with Nigel and active as well. The problem was that like Johnny Johnson, Nigel was much bigger and stronger than I was so when we roughhoused he always won. This afternoon was no different and after a few minutes of wrestling, I was the one unable to move. I was no pushover but I just wasn't big enough or strong enough. He had incapacitated me in such a way that the elbow of his right arm was in my groin. Moving it around a bit he had me hard as iron.

“Come on Nig, that's enough, let me go now.”

“Mmm, I don't know, this feels interesting under my arm. I wonder if I should explore further.”

“Hey, the gunners are bad enough without you joining them.”

As soon as I said it I wanted to bite my tongue.

Nig looked shocked and then curious.

“What do you mean about the gunners, tell me Kit?”

“No forget it, it's nothing.”

“I'm not forgetting it Kit. Tell me or I debag you and then do unspeakable things to your private parts.”

“Don't, Nig. I can't tell you.”

“Yes you can. I'm your best friend here, you can tell me anything.”

I decided to tell him, everything. I cried with embarrassment as I unfolded the tale of my two punishment sessions in the armoury. He was open mouthed with shock at the end of it.

“Jesus, Kit. That is so humiliating.”

Nothing else was said and we returned to the ship in time for supper.

Our new routine started on the Monday and left us with only one parade ground session a week. Our days were split into three, Academics, Workshop and Sport. Just one-day's sport session was devoted to the parade ground and weapons training.

The first session was weapons training in which I excelled. The gunners could find nothing to complain about because everything was based on competitiveness. The second part was complex parade ground drills. With such a first class brain, I handled the drills no problem but the gunners criticised me. Nigel was incensed.

“Chris Sherwood was the best on the parade ground, Sir. It's most unfair to keep picking on him.”

“Oh so you're now an expert, Brown. Take yourself round the parade ground three times with your rifle over your head. Sherwood, the armoury. Class dismissed.”

As soon as I was in the armoury, I had to strip. The gunners forgot the door and Nigel. When he opened the door to return his rifle, he saw me stood naked with the gunners sat all round me.

“Er, I'm returning my rifle, Sir.”

“Get out, Brown.”

Nig went, but not before he had given me a good once over inspection with his eyes.

“You are getting too big for your boots, Sherwood, so I think we need to up your punishment and humiliation. On all fours, spread your legs and lift your head.”

The youngest gunnery instructor pulled his shirt off, dropped his trousers and pants, and now totally naked knelt before me and made me suck him.

“Use your hands as well, Sherwood, I want the best blowjob ever from you.”

He was beautifully equipped and I had no problem with sucking him. One of the other gunners went behind me and started finger fucking me. He stretched me so wide it hurt and I started to cry with the pain. When the gunner in my mouth had cum I was able to voice my feelings.

“Sir that hurts so much, please don't stretch me any more.”

I received a hard slap on my butt and was told to keep quiet. Another gunner stripped and face fucked me quite violently and shot most of his sperm over my face, rubbing it in and then making me lick his hand clean. The next bit was destructive. I received twenty cuts with a swagger stick. I was screaming at the end of it.

As the punishment finished the door opened and Nigel came in with the Officer of the Day and the Master at Arms. They could see immediately what had been going on. The young gunner was still naked and the gunner who had beaten me was still stood over me with his swagger stick in hand and a very tented pair of uniform trousers showing his arousal quite clearly. My arse was a mess.

For me, the court martial of all the gunners was a source of huge embarrassment. I had to tell the court everything that went on in my three punishment sessions. It was held partly in camera so Nigel was the only one from my course who heard the details.

Prison and dishonourable discharge was the verdict on all of them and no parade training for a week for us while they drafted in some new parade staff.

Everyone was curious but Nigel and I would tell them nothing more than that the gunners had been abusing me.

The next semi traumatic happening in my life was in the place I least expected anything to happen, the Gym.

I was accepted into the Gymnastics team on the understanding that my Sailing came first.

When the time approached for our first match the

Gymnastics Physical Training Instructor, (P.T.I.) pulled me out of a training session.

“Right young Sherwood, we need to fit you out for competition. Let's go down to the kit room.”

Once there he told me to strip to my jock.

“I don't wear a jock strap, Sir.”

“Well how do you support yourself when exercising?”

“I wear my underwear, Sir.”

“Well that's not acceptable. You know you aren't supposed to wear your normal clothes for gym.”

“Yes Sir, but I don't own a jock strap.”

“Ok Kit, what size are you?” His voice had softened and I realised he was very young to be a P.T.I. and he was also very nice, no harsh words from him or anything like that.

“Small, Sir.”

“Ok, slip out of your clothes and we'll dress you from the skin up.”

I was so embarrassed getting naked in front of this very young buffed and good-looking P.T.I. but he was very diplomatic and just passed me a jockstrap from the storage bin without looking back at me.

When I had it on, he turned round and dropped down in front of me.

“I'm just going to adjust this Kit before we try your display shorts.”

He pulled the straps around a bit and because his face was only a couple of feet from my crutch and he was touching my skin I started to bone up. He moved back a little and just watched my cock grow to full erection, open mouthed.

“Christ Kit, that is amazing. There is no way we are going to be able to hide that in your tight shorts. Try this pair and let's look. ”

I slid the tight shorts over my jock strap and the P.T.I. sat back and laughed.

“I'm sorry Kit, I was just imagining what would be said if you performed in that state. The shorts are right but if you get a hard on in competition we are going to be in trouble. That is an amazing piece of equipment.”

I was blushing but my instructor was making it so easy to join him in his merriment of my cock size. We were both giggling like kids when he next spoke.

“Kit, you are a very special guy. Will you call me Tim when we are away from authority?”

“I'd like that Tim.”

“So what do we do with that thing between your legs?”

I thought about it a bit and decided to bite the bullet.

“Just before I start competing Tim, I will have to slip into a toilet and have a wank.”

“That is what I was going to suggest but I didn't want to embarrass you. There is however one problem with that idea. Your first exercise you have your hands bandaged for. Can you still wank like that?”

“Oh shit, I don't know.”

“Embarrassing Kit but would you like to try if I bandage you up?”

I thought he meant in private so I said no problem. He bandaged my hands and then said.

“I'll get rid of your shorts.”

He did and my jockstrap. I was stood there naked and hard.

“Oh God Kit, you are beautiful and that cock is to die for.”

I was truly flattered. Tim was a gorgeous guy. I said I would do it and started to wank.

“It's not working, Tim.”

He took over, looking me in the eyes all the time. He felt so good and it showed in the speed with which I orgasmed.

“Oh crikey Tim that was amazing.”

He leant forward and kissed me very gently on the lips.

“I want to make love to you Kit, you are so beautiful.”

I was flattered by Tim's attention but didn't think it was warranted. I was five foot seven and 140 lbs. I was dark haired with deep blue eyes, I suppose you would say I had elfin features which made me look younger than I was. The body was in good shape and the butt was tight. My package was too big for my little frame so even soft it was obvious, that was why I wore tighty whities, not that we called them that in those days, they were Y fronts.

“Thank you Tim, I would like you to.”

“We could go to prison if we were caught Kit but I would risk it to do it.”

“Nigel Brown is my best friend here, when we have our long weekend in two weeks time I can't go home, it's too far, so I am going home with him. He will understand if I want to slip away to spend time with you. You just have to find somewhere for us to make love, Tim.”

Nothing more was said, I competed in Gymnastics with Tim as my mentor. He gave me several wonderful hand jobs and I went ashore with Nigel again.

That was another landmark. We ended up on the same headland as before and Nigel dominated me.

“I have seen you naked Kit but I want to see you naked and

hard.”

“Oh come on Nig, are you going kinky for me as well.”

“Honestly Kit, yes. You don't appear to have any idea how beautiful and sexy you are. You have so much between your legs that no one can have any doubt that you are seriously rigged and I would love to fuck you until I can't get hard any more.”

Nigel was special so what could I say.

“Ok Nig, for the next half an hour you can do anything you like to me.”

Nigel undressed me completely and then himself. He played with my penis, licked it a few times and then concentrated on my butt. He had me on my tummy with my legs spread and he stroked me and kissed my cheeks and the bits in between for ages before lubing fingers to start stretching me. I came up on my knees and started begging him to fuck me.

Part 2
First Naval Penetration

“Please Nig feed me your cock. I want you to breed me.”

He did, easing into me gently. He was quite small which was disappointing I was definitely turned on to take a monster. His screwing motion was very thrilling though and I came several times before he did as well. While we were cuddling afterwards Nigel cried and told me how much he loved me. I was amazed.

My life was getting complicated. My best friend and my favourite P.T.I. were in love with me and wanted to get their cocks inside me.

“Nig, when we go on our long weekend, Tim wants to have some time with me. He is in love with me as well as you. I like both of you very much but I'm not in love with either of you, I just love sex. Will you be very upset if I go off with him for a little while?”

“Mum and Dad aren't going to be at home on Sunday and Monday Kit, Tim can stay over on the Sunday night if you like and you can sleep with either or both of us. Please let me have you to myself on Friday and Saturday.”

“Hey Nig that's great, of course you can have me Friday and Saturday. I'm sure Tim will love to stay on Sunday and travel back with us on Monday.”

Next Gymnastics training I engineered it that Tim had to go down to the store and I volunteered to help him.

“Tim, Nigel Brown says you can spend Sunday and Monday with us and sleep overnight. We may end up with threesomes. Nigel loves me and I think he will be upset if I stay with you even though he has said he won't.”

“Kit as long as I can make love to you, the whole world can watch.”

“Can we charge an entry fee then, Tim?”

He looked at me and we both creased up with laughter.

“You tart, I bet you would as well.”

He grabbed me and planted a deep kiss on my lips.

“I love you little man.”

“Don't Tim, let's go back.”

* * *

Friday lunch time we all departed for the long weekend. Tim had Nigel's address and arranged to be with us Sunday morning. Train to Exeter, change to a local line for Crediton. Nig's parents were great.

“We've put a camp bed in your room, Nigel. We thought you and Chris would like to sleep in the same room.”

Nig and I looked at each other and just smiled.

There were no showers in Nig's parent's house so we shared a bath at bedtime.

“I am going to wash you Kit, kneel up while I wash your cock.”

He washed my entire front, being very sensual, bringing my nipples and my cock to full erection. I loved it.

“Turn round Kit and bend forward.”

He then repeated the exercise. He used a well-soaped finger to penetrate me and worried my prostate for a while.

“Stop Nig or I am going to cum.”

I did the same to him except that he wouldn't let me penetrate him.

“I'm not gay Kit, I just love you.”

I was gob smacked.

Nigel made love to me that night with a tenderness I couldn't believe. He sucked me and rimmed me, all very gay things.

“How could you suck me and rim me Nig if you aren't gay?”

“I don't know. All I know is that I would do anything to please you and show you how much I love you.”

He showed me again on Saturday night, it was marvellous.

I was eighteen and a half years old, the year was 1958, homosexuality was illegal and not discussed, But my best friend who was not gay had taken me to paradise with his lovemaking, confusing or what. If Tim made love to me and told me he wasn't gay I think it would have blown my mind.

The reality was much easier to take.

Tim arrived at lunchtime on Sunday just as Nig and I arrived back from the pub. We grabbed a snack and took it through to the lounge.

“Tim, how old are you?”

“I'm twenty one, Kit, why?”

“Because I want a more mature person than Nigel or me to explain something. Nig says he isn't gay, he just loves me. But he has made love to me in such a way that I find it difficult to believe a straight man could. If you do the same and tell me you aren't gay I'm going to be very confused.”

Tim laughed before replying.

“I know a few straight men that will indulge in gay sex Kit if the other person is someone they like. When I have sex with you this weekend or ever it will be because I love you and I am gay. Nigel, please keep my secret. You know if we are discovered doing the things we have been doing to Kit we will go to prison.”

“Yes, I know Tim, we learnt a little about homosexuality on my Duke of Edinburgh Course. I think I must be bi-sexual really because I sucked and rimmed Kit and I guess straight boys don't go that far. Tim, I'm not going to interfere tonight. You can have my bedroom with Kit and I will sleep in the spare room.”

“Thanks Nigel I appreciate that. I've wanted to make love to this little bombshell from the first day I saw him so it will be nice not to share him tonight.”

It was great to see Tim so relaxed with me, which had never happened before. We always had to be on our guard when we were on board ship, (our ship was a shore establishment or more correctly, a stone frigate.)

The afternoon and evening went very well. We played cards, listened to the radio and talked, mostly about our hopes and dreams. Tim wanted to go into sports management when his engagement was completed. Nig wanted to have his own electrical business and I wanted to be marine superintendent for an oil company. For the present, I just wanted Tim to make love to me. Well he did have a body and looks to die for.

We bathed together that night, very much a mirror action to my previous two nights with Nig. When we got into bed, Tim leant up on one elbow looking down on my body.

“You are truly beautiful Kit, and I am going to take a long time exploring your body.”

“Yes please Tim, I want you to make love to me, I want to feel you inside me.”

He started with my face, kissing my eyes, nose, ears, cheekbones and eventually my lips. Everything he did was done so gently it was like a whisper, it barely disturbed me, but it was so sensual I was erect in moments.

Next came the hands, like his lips, soft and gentle, over my chest, tweaking each nipple as his fingers roamed over them, at the same time nuzzling my neck with his lips. The hand slid lower gently rubbing my belly and scooting over my pubic hair, back and forth, just touching the base of my cock with his fingertips and the topside of my cock with the back of his hand.

The lips and tongue came next. The teeth were used on my nipples, making me jump and moan with the sensitivity of it. He licked out my inny belly button before running his tongue over my cock head, playing with my ball sac at the same time. Nothing in my life had prepared me for this, it felt as though Tim had electric probes on the end of each finger. I was moaning and wriggling in an ecstasy of sensations. He ran his tongue down the underside of my shaft and that was it for me, I started to orgasm, Tim missed the first jet of my sperm but took the rest in his mouth sucking me completely dry before releasing my cock.

I started to cry.

“I'm sorry Tim, I've spoilt it for you, I'm really sorry, I couldn't stop it.”

He slid back up the bed and kissed me, as always, gently.

“Shhh, you have nothing to be sorry for. I am so flattered that I can turn you on so much, so quickly.”

He slid back down, licking up my cum as he went and resumed where he left off. His left hand was roaming my torso again and his mouth started to devour my balls moving up and down my shaft at intervals. When I was rock hard again he took my glans in his mouth and swirled his tongue round it making me go ballistic.

“Oh God Tim, stop I am going to cum again.”

He pulled off me and changed his position so that he was kneeling between my legs. I was gasping and wondering what he was planning next. I hadn't touched him but I could see that his cock was like a rod of iron it was so hard, it was also a very respectable length and thickness. I knew when he entered me I would be in cock heaven but he didn't appear to be in any hurry as he started to lick the inside of my thighs. Every time he reached the top of my thighs he swabbed my ball sac while his left hand continued to caress my tummy and my nipples. When I was squirming with the pleasure of it all again he pushed my legs back further and started to lick my anal entry as well. His tongue was driving me wild. I had never known sensations like it. Tim took a break from my nether regions then and came back to my face, lots

more kisses and little words of endearment.

"I love you Kit, you are spectacularly sexy."

He then started all over again licking his way down my body nipping my nipples and moving on back down to my cock which once again he swallowed. I could feel his tongue washing the shaft before he pulled off and attacked my ball sac and perineum. After almost an hour of this Tim started to open me up with his fingers and then went back to tonguing me. He pushed it as deep into my anus as he could and then sucked. I thought he was going to suck my insides out. Quite suddenly it all stopped and he pushed my legs even further back and wider before pushing an incredible cock into me right to the hilt.

"Oh crikey Tim, that feels indescribably good. I can feel every inch of you."

Starting slowly with plenty of hip movement, he had me orgasming very quickly. And as he sped up and pushed in further and harder I had multiple orgasms. I felt him swelling inside me prior to cumming and his last few strokes were so forceful I screamed with the feeling of being totally consumed by his monster. As Tim fell forward on me, I burst into tears.

"Oh Baby have I hurt you?"

"Oh no Tim, that was just the most incredible loving I have ever experienced. You really do love me, don't you?"

"Yes Baby always."

I felt so secure in Tim's arms, I didn't think anything would ever hurt me again if I had him to protect me.

A fantastically happy and satisfied young man returned to his ship the next day.

Nig realised that I loved Tim and vice versa so he never touched me sexually again, we remained best friends and he was my protector until we went off to part two training.

Tim and I spent an awful lot of time frustrated, we could get together for sex so seldom. A quick blowjob in the equipment store

occasionally, but always worrying about being caught took the joy out of it.

We escaped for the odd weekend and Tim spent all my leaves with me. Our love deepened and so did our frustration. Eighteen months flew by and I headed for Scotland for part two training. Nigel headed to Portsmouth for his and Tim stayed where he was.

For the next two and a half years, I had sex only on leave, with Tim of course, apart from the rape by Barry.

In our part one establishment we were introduced to sprogging. It was a bit like public schools where the new boys have to do tasks for the seniors. Because our seniors were only about a year older than we were, sprogging was light and often fun. In our part two training college the age difference could be as much as three years so it all got a bit more serious. It all started about our second or third day. Boys from the senior class came wandering around our dormitories to pick their sprog for the term. One of the Petty Officer Apprentices picked me, they were like prefects. This one was in charge of a dormitory full of his own classmates.

“Hello, I'm Barry Latham. You are going to be my sprog for the term.”

I replied, “Hello, I'm Chris Sherwood but everyone calls me Kit.”

“Well everyone other than sprogs call me Barry, you will call me Petty Officer Apprentice Latham.”

“That's quite a mouthful, wouldn't Sir be easier and quicker.”

He looked at me hard to try to figure out if I was taking the piss. Which I was, I thought he was pompous.

“What a good idea sprog. Now, I hope you clean shoes and bull boots really well because that will be your main task for me.”

“Yes Sir, no problem.”

I was good at bulling parade boots so if that was all I had to

do I wouldn't mind.

I settled in happily, or as happily as I could without Tim. Barry gave me no problem because his boots were brilliant. My dormitory P.O. Apprentice was a nice guy who mothered us. His name was Paddy Murphy. He wasn't Irish at all, but with his surname, he had picked up the nickname.

One morning I was a bit tardy getting out of bed and Paddy got me out by shock treatment.

“Sherwood, stand by your bed, now.”

The 'now' was very loud and I was at attention in an instant. Problem was I slept in my passion killers because I didn't like pyjamas and I only wore my tighty whities when clothed. Passion killers didn't hide very much so my morning glory was very obvious. Paddy didn't say anything but he sure looked shocked.

The unpleasant evening that happened a few days later was because of a conversation in the senior apprentice's lounge that I pieced together sometime later.

* * *

“How are you getting on with your brood of new sprogs, Paddy?”

“No problem, Barry. They have to be the best course I have seen above or below us.”

“How so?”

“Academically they are superior, with young Sherwood top of the lot. He will probably be offered a fast track to a commission. He already has the educational qualifications. He is also rumoured to be good enough to get an Olympic trial in sailing and he is a better than average gymnast. Something else about him, Barry. He has a fucking enormous cock.”

“How do you know?”

“I made him jump out of bed the other morning and he was throwing a boner. It has to be a foot long.”

“Oh come on Paddy that is unbelievable. He isn't much bigger than that himself.”

“Ha, ha. Believe me it is.”

Barry obviously intended to find out and devised a little game to ensure he did. I was finishing off a letter to Tim when a messenger poked his head in the door and called out three names.

“Burton, Sherwood, Watkins. Report to Petty Officer Apprentice Latham dressed in gym kit.”

When we arrived, the total of my course in the senior dorm was eight. The other seven were probably the biggest guys in my term.

“We are going to play a game sprogs. Strength exercises. Each time you lose, you lose a life. Each life is an article of clothing or a forfeit. Two at a time play and when you lose you stay for the next game. We play a minimum of eight games and we stop after that when someone has to pay a forfeit.”

Names were drawn for the first game, Sherwood and Watkins. The first game was arm wrestling and I lost. The next game was proper wrestling to a fall and I lost. You guessed. I lost all eight games.

“Ok, the rest of you can leave. Sherwood, centre stage at attention.”

When everybody in my class had left, Barry told me to start retrieving my lives by taking my clothes off. Shoes and socks only counted one life per pair. I was down to my briefs and I stopped.

“That's only four Sherwood, keep going.”

“Sir, this isn't right.”

“Don't argue Sherwood, we can make your first term very unpleasant if you don't play the game.”

Implied threat worked. I took my briefs off and stood covering my groin.

“Attention Sherwood.”

I did and the whole bunch of seniors gasped with one comment being heard.

“Christ and that is soft.”

“Sherwood, we have three lives left for forfeits. For your first one, play with yourself until you are erect.”

“Sir, that isn't right.”

“We've heard that one before, do it or I will do it for you.”

I did but it took me ages I was so embarrassed. When I was hard Barry produced a ruler and laid it along the top of my cock.

“Huh, Paddy said it was a foot, it's only ten and a half.”

“Crikey Barry, I'd be happy with a lot less than that.”

While this was going on they had produced a litter that looked like a sacrificial table and I had to lie on it at attention. They hafted it up and walked me to the next dorm.

“We have a sacrifice to the god of phallus. We thought you might like to see him. Stay hard Sherwood or you are in trouble.”

So, blushing like hell I played with myself every time it started to flag. I was paraded through all four seniors' dorms like that. Back in Barry's dorm came the next piece of humiliation.

“We've seen the incredible front, for your second forfeit we are going to see the back. Stand up close to the mess table one foot away from it, legs astride and bend over until your chest is resting on it. -------- Now spread your legs wider and use your hands to pull your arse cheeks as wide as you can.

“Please Sir that is disgusting.”

“Do it Sherwood, you are beginning to piss me off.”

I did it blushing deep scarlet all over my body I thought.

Barry started stroking my back then getting lower all the time until he was stroking my arse.

“Put your hands back on the table.”

I did and felt him pulling my cheeks apart sliding his thumbs in to touch my anus.

“No, you mustn't do that Sir.”

One of the other seniors agreed.

“Barry, you are going over the top, you could be in trouble if you continue.”

No penetration but I did get a couple of hard slaps.

“Ok Sherwood on your back on the table, legs in the air and spread as wide as you can. Everyone have a good look at the rosebud, cock and balls of our little sacrifice and we'll let him go.”

I hadn't felt this humiliated since the gunners. I cried myself to sleep that night with everybody knowing that something horrible had happened to me but not daring to ask what.

A few days later I was summoned to the Chief Apprentices Cabin for twelve class. I thought that was weird because all the chief apps were away on a leadership course. Barry was there when I knocked on the door and was invited in.

“You still owe me one forfeit Sherwood and I am going to take it now. Take all your clothes off and then mine.”

I didn't like him but he did have a very sexy body and a more than adequate cock, it was of course erect.

“Now I want you to suck me to orgasm swallowing all my jism.”

I was pissed off at this further humiliation, but in all honesty I loved sucking on a pretty cock. Barry realised I was a practised exponent of the cocksucking art and decided to go to the next level.

“That was an amazing blowjob Kit. Now I am going to fuck you.”

Boy was he good. I don't know whether it was because of me or he had plenty of experience but I orgasmed several times while he fucked me doggy fashion to start with and culminated in the missionary position.

Great sex but I loved Tim and didn't want other guys having what was rightfully his.

I decided that was the last time I would allow anyone to humiliate me because of my size and the size of my cock. The next time I had Barry's parade boots to bull I made sure the layers of polish were so thick that the second he flexed his foot in them the polish would crack and hopefully chunks would fall off. They looked incredible when I took them up to him. You could literally see your face in them. My idea worked spectacularly, they just fell apart at the toes before he got to the parade ground. Result, he was in deep shit with the gunners. I got some stick but he didn't realise I had done it deliberately, so I let him know.

“I'm sorry about your boots Sir. I guess I was distracted because of my thoughts on your abuse of me. I don't suppose it will happen again unless I am abused by a sexually deviant sadist in the senior class.”

He had the good grace to blush but Paddy told me that the word had gone out to all seniors that I was not to be touched again. I of course never told Tim.

One year in the Mediterranean as a third engineer, nearly two years in the Far East climbing to first engineer and then back to England to be an instructor in Portsmouth almost the youngest chief in the Royal Navy.

I wrote to Tim every day for my year in the Med. When I returned to the U.K. he was overseas with a gymnastics display team. Letter frequency then dropped, once a week, once a month, and then nothing. I still had no sex with anyone else. I cried for my lost love often but I knew it was a hopeless situation. The chances of being in the same country together were remote, to get leave together almost no chance at all.

I applied for a commission and my papers disappeared into the system for my assessment so despite the fact that I was a Chief I remained in Petty Officers Rig waiting to be officially rated.

I moved into the mess in barracks and was allocated a large two-birth cabin. It was a conversion in the upgrade of the Petty Officers Mess so I even had an en suite bathroom.

“Your cabin mate is away with the united services ski team so you should have this cabin to yourself for a while,” I was informed by my orderly.

I did and got used to it. When I came back in from work one day and saw the bags by the other bunk I knew my peace was over. I was working away at my desk when the door opened and a voice started to say,

“Hi, I'm Tim --“

As he started to speak, I swung round in my chair and stood up. Our eyes met and I collapsed in a dead faint. I came to sometime later wrapped in Tim's arms.

I cried as I looked into those wonderful grey eyes that I hadn't seen for three years.

“Oh God, please tell me you are real.”

“I'm real Baby, are you?”

“Yes Tim I'm real. I love you, I've missed you so much. I gave up believing we would ever be together again.”

Apart from work, you would have thought we were joined at the hip. We both had three years of sexual frustration to get rid of. If I am honest, we didn't make love for the first month so much as rut like animals. As soon as we got the door locked in our cabin, we just tore our clothes off and fucked. When we couldn't get hard any more we went to eat. It was wonderful and crazy.

I went for my officer selection and was offered a five-year short service commission. Of course, I accepted and prepared to head for Dartmouth Royal Naval College for my officer training.

“You need to get fit Kit. Why don't you join me in the gym for some circuit training?”

“Yuk, I haven't been near a gym since I left training. Hell will freeze over before you get me in one again.”

I guess three years at sea had killed my fitness regimen to the point where I didn't want to know. Fortunately at my age my body shape had not suffered.

“How long have we got then Kit before you go?”

“Just over a month Tim, then I have a month's leave before changing roles.”

“I have a month as well before I have to return to the slopes, and then I am due a posting as well, hopefully in the U.K. so that we can still see each other.”

“Oh God Tim I don't think I could stand another long spell without you. I am going to do my five years and then come out and I will follow you round the world if I have to.”

Our lovemaking became desperate again. I went on leave, Tim went back to the slopes.

* * *

Dartmouth looked awesome when all my entry arrived at Kingswear Station. We carried out our induction over the next few days finishing at the gym. We lined up waiting on our new instructor. When he came in I nearly died. He saw me at the same time as I saw him and our grins were a mile wide.

“Good Morning Gentlemen, welcome to hell. I am P.T.I. Lynton, you will be expected to address me as Petty Officer Lynton or P.T.I. Lynton. Unfortunately, it is going to get very cold here because Cadet Sherwood told me hell would freeze over before I got him into a gym again.”

It was no good, neither of us could keep it together I was rolling on the floor holding my sides and Tim was holding on to the wall bars. My classmates must have thought we were mad.

“Come on Kit, what's with you and our P.T.I.?”

We were in the main dormitory after work had finished for the day.

“Ok, ok. Tim Lynton was my Gymnastics Instructor when I was eighteen and we became firm friends. We met up again when I was an engineering instructor at Pompey before coming here. He is my closest and dearest friend. End of story.”

“Kit, being serious, how will you two handle you being in the Wardroom and him being in the Petty Officers Mess?”

“With difficulty I expect. But I'm not going to be in the Navy forever and nor is Tim.”

What a fabulous nine months I had. Sailing every day, six hours of sex most Saturday's an occasional romp in the gym store and knowing Tim was near me. Our leave schedule was the same allowing us uninhibited contact.

Neither of us wanted to think about what would happen when Dartmouth ended. But end it did. I was twenty-six, had been in love since I was eighteen and had only spent about two and a half years with my lover. When my leave ended I had to go to Yorkshire for flying training and Tim went back to the College, I was inconsolable.

There followed four more months of no Tim before I commenced Helicopter Training at Helston in Cornwall. We managed a couple of weekends a month taking a hotel room midway between Dartmouth and Helston. I was getting desperate though. This was no good for my psyche, I wanted Tim with me every day and I started coming apart. My standards fell and I looked likely to be dropped from training. I cried most of the next weekend with Tim.

“I can't handle it anymore Tim. I'm going to let it go. If I fail flying training I can be a civilian in a couple of months then anywhere you get posted I will move to and get a job. Any job as long as I can be with you. Every day I can't be with you is wasted.”

“No Kit, I know you love flying, hang in there we will work

it out."

Three more weeks without Tim and I was on chop checks, a change of instructor hadn't helped, I was going down hill fast.

Another rotten trip and I was lying on my bed crying like a baby. My life was unravelling. The telephone rang and I was tempted not to answer it, but I did when it wouldn't stop ringing.

"Sub-Lieutenant Sherwood."

"Petty Officer Lynton, I wondered if you would like to join me for a drink at the pub at Mullion."

"Oh God Tim, are you serious?"

"Yes, I'm staying at the pub for a couple of days before I report to the gym at Culdrose."

"I don't believe it. I'll be there in no time."

My MG nearly flew. Tim met me in the car park.

"My room first I think."

I didn't even want sex I just wanted to hold him.

"How have you done it, you must be due another year at least at Dartmouth."

That one sentence had cost me about a gallon of tears. I loved Tim so much I was becoming a total basket case being away from him.

"You lot need a Gymnastics instructor, I volunteered. It's only a six months posting but that should suit us."

"I'll apply to live off base tomorrow then we can be together every night. Oh God Tim I was dying without you."

The boss Okayed my request, I guess he thought I would be out in a few weeks anyway. I wasn't out, I was off chop checks within a month. I passed my Instrument Rating first attempt and went onto Advanced Flying Training. Every night that neither of us

were duty I was curled up in Tim's arms and every morning that we weren't duty I woke up looking into the most beautiful grey eyes ever created. I didn't want to think beyond tomorrow, I was doing great living for today.

Portland came next, Operational Flying Training. Tim most weekends even though it was a long flog for both of us. Before I knew, it was time to join my squadron, embarked on H.M.S. Hermes, East of Suez.

“I can't Tim, another whole year without you. I'll die, I can't leave you again, not for a year. I'm going to get myself Court Martialled and thrown out. I can't go Tim, I love you so much.”

Tim took hold of me and shook me before looking at me hard and saying,

“Now you listen to me Sub Lieutenant Sherwood. You are a frontline operational pilot. You have worked your butt off for nearly two years to get this. You are going. Kit I love you more than my life but I am not going to let you throw this away. Go out there and make me proud of you. When you come back you will have a little over a year and a half to do, I will too and then we can be together forever. Don't let me down.”

I went, I got my butt shot off in Aden but made it back to base with a few holes in my tail. I also got decorated for bravery. I knew I would get any posting I wanted when I got back. Accelerated promotion to Lieutenant and I was set. Search and Rescue based at Portsmouth. Tim was still at Dartmouth waiting a new posting. We struggled to see each other but we managed a reasonable frequency. I lived for the day I could leave.

I had been in the new job for about a month when the phone rang in my office one day when I was off duty pilot.

“Lieutenant Sherwood.”

“Good afternoon Sir, this is the Chief P.T.I. I am wondering if you would help us.”

“I will if I can Chief, but what can I do for you?”

“I understand you were a better than average gymnast once

upon a time."

I laughed, "Yes Chief you got that right. Fairy tales always start, once upon a time. But how do you know that piece of information?"

"The P.T.I. Branch is quite small Sir, sporting stars that pass through our hands get known. Sir, we don't want you vaulting or demonstrating your prowess on the parallel bars but we do need an officer for our Gymnastic Team. We have a Gymnastics Instructor but we know an officer has to head all these teams. You pull more weight than a Petty Officer Sir."

"Yes, of course Chief, what do you need me to do?"

"Our new Instructor arrived yesterday Sir, he wondered if you could meet him to discuss the team's needs."

"Sure, Where and when, Chief?"

"You're off duty today so on your way back to the Wardroom perhaps you could drop in at the gym for a chat with him."

"No problem, Chief. Tell him 1630."

"Thank you Sir, he'll be in my office."

I didn't give it a thought and had no clue until I walked in to the Gym office at 1630 and showed that I was still a little boy. Tim was there and I cried.

"Please tell me this is what I think it is."

He took me in his arms and let me sob out my happiness. Twenty-seven years old and a big crybaby. Tim was thirty-two and my rock. If it were possible, I loved him more each time we met. Now we would be together forever.

For eighteen months, I worked as hard as I had ever worked. I ran my flight, the Gymnastics Team and studied for my civil Aviation Licences. But the biggest consumer of my time was Tim, every night, almost every weekend, every leave. I was in heaven. I knew when this period of our lives ended we could be together

forever. Our love for each other had continued to grow. He was my life. I couldn't even begin to imagine life without him. He was an awesome presence and an incredible lover.

I resigned my commission six months before the due date as required and applied for an Instructor course. Tim resigned to finish the same day as me.

I started as an assistant instructor at Shoreham and Tim used his savings to start a Fitness and Gymnastics Centre in Brighton. Neither of us had spent very much money since we met. Because of our love for each other we had avoided expensive runs ashore at home and abroad. Both of us had saved and invested sensibly, my only extravagance was my little MG, which I maintained myself. So, with my savings and the biggest mortgage we could afford we bought a four-story regency terraced house in Brighton that was nearly derelict.

Converting the house and redecorating it took us nearly four years but at the end of that time Tim had a successful Gym and I was deputy chief instructor, dual qualified fixed and rotary wing. (Aeroplanes and helicopters).

Hell didn't freeze over at Dartmouth and it didn't at Brighton when I started working out and helping out with gymnastics when I wasn't flying.

I'm not sure how long it was before we stopped making love every day but it was sure as hell a long time. We had so much to make up for. The absolute culmination of our love was the day we completed the house conversion. Tim invited all his colleagues and friends from the gym and I did the same from the flying school. Most knew we were gay and nobody worried about it because we were both popular with our associates. Try being totally in love and not being nice to people, pretty difficult. Neither of us was limp wristed queens so heteros weren't uncomfortable around us. Neither of us had time to drink very much so by the time we went to bed we were both still very sober.

“Kit, do you realise I have been in love with you now for seventeen years?”

“Mmm, nowhere near long enough. Do you realise that every one of those seventeen years I have loved you more each

year?”

“Huh, you're only saying that to make me feel too guilty to leave you.”

I shot up in bed and looked into Tim's eyes. Tears were pricking the back of my eyelids.

“Oh God Tim, tell me you aren't thinking of it.”

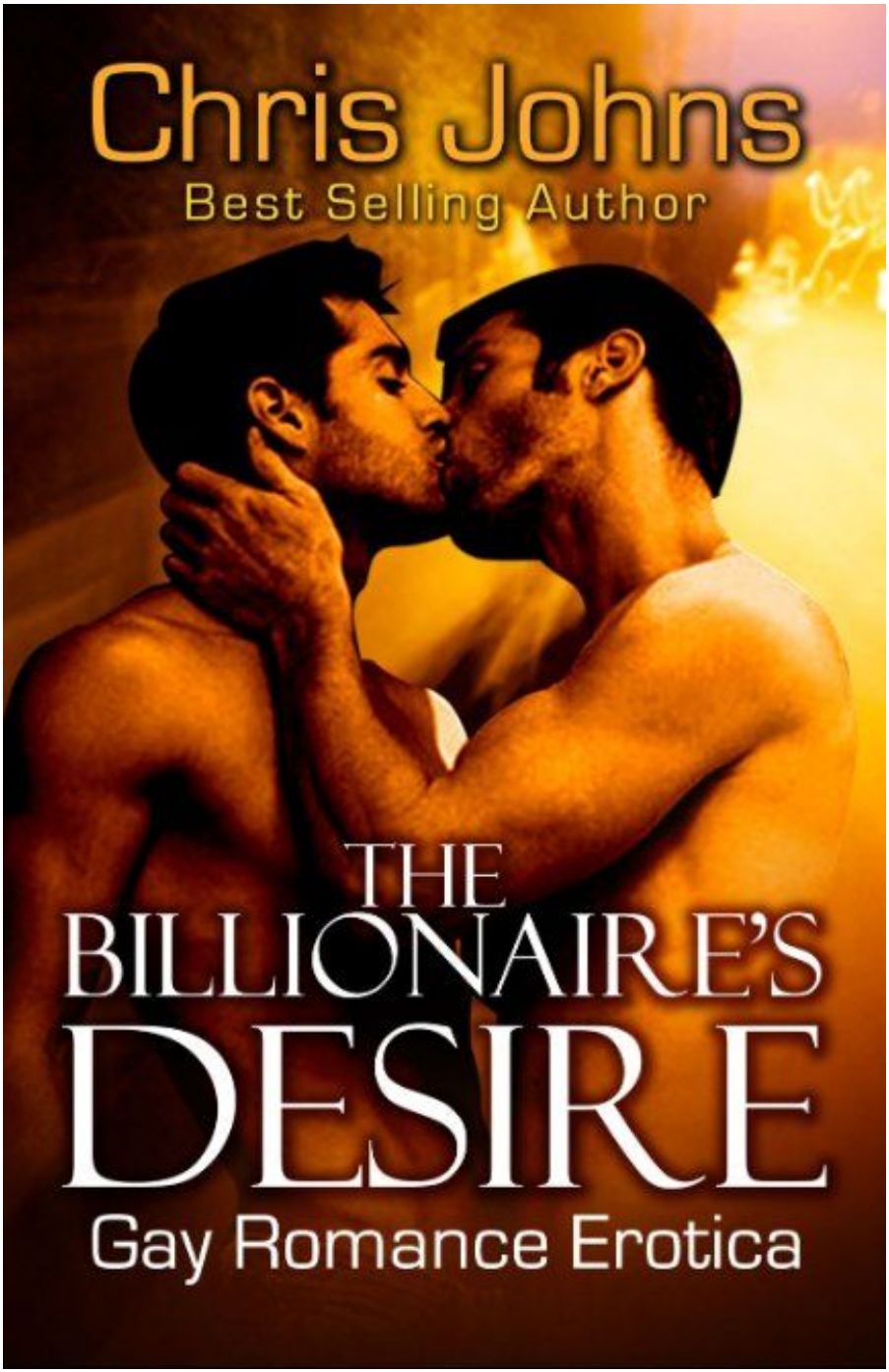
Tim looked at me, the consternation spread across my face made him realise how devastated even a hint of separation would destroy me.

“Definitely not Baby, not now, not ever. I have never had a lover other than you and I swear I have never thought about having another one. I am going to make love to you tonight, and if you have any doubts at the end of it about my love for you I will have failed. Kit you are the most beautiful, gentle, talented, exciting, awesome lover any man could wish for. My life since the day I first set eyes on you has been filled with sun light. I have never doubted for one moment that I will love you for the remainder of my life.”

The sun was shining through our bedroom window by the time Tim had finished making love to me. I was crying with the happiness that this soul mate had pumped into me during the last few hours.

Our fairy tale didn't start, 'Once upon a time', but it did end 'Happily ever after.'

The End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THE
BILLIONAIRE'S
DESIRE
Gay Romance Erotica

Prologue

Robert Maitland almost cringed as he came clear of the airport terminal building. He had forgotten how miserable and cold a February morning in England could be. Working in the Middle East and vacationing in Thailand or the Philippines had dulled his memories of England. He had come home this time because an American Attorney had been insistent that he needed to talk to him face to face on a matter of great importance. Robert could not even begin to imagine what the mystery could be.

The Cumberland Hotel at Marble Arch in London was the only one he remembered from his previous trips to England so he booked in there and arranged to meet the Attorney the next morning in the coffee shop. He spent a miserable day in the hotel not wanting to go out in the cold. He would have liked to walk along Oxford St. to his old hunting grounds and have a coffee with Alonso at Café Real but not in this temperature. Perhaps he would before scuttling back to Dubai and the sunshine.

The Attorney arrived on time and over coffee told Robert some good news.

“Do you remember your Grandfather Maitland’s younger brother Mr. Maitland?” was how the conversation started.

“Only very vaguely Mr. Jacobs. He was a bachelor who went off to the New World to seek his fortune when I was very young. Until my Grandfather died I had snippets of information about Uncle Fred. If I remember correctly he remained a bachelor and worked in the oilfields in Texas.”

“That is all correct which effectively proves your provenance as his grand nephew. Could you just confirm this for me by letting me see your passport?”

Robert went back to his room for the passport still none the wiser, except that it obviously had to do with Great Uncle Fred.

The Attorney checked the passport and then produced a sheath of papers for Robert and told him.

“When your Grand Uncle died all he specified in his will was

that his fortune should go to his eldest male relative on his side of the family. You are the oldest surviving male, Mr. Maitland. As you are aware I'm sure your father was the eldest son of your Great Uncle's eldest brother. There are no males remaining carrying the name Maitland except you and two younger cousins so it all belongs to you."

"Very interesting Mr. Jacobs, but what exactly belongs to me?"

"The figures I have current yesterday show about 2 ¼ billion dollars in oil revenues from your uncle's oil field and revenue of approximately 20 million dollars a month from the present output."

Robert nearly had a heart attack.

"This is a wind up isn't it, you can't be serious."

"Oh I am serious, Mr. Maitland, I have spent over a year researching your family to make sure you are the rightful heir."

When he had calmed down Robert contacted his own Lawyer in town and set the wheels in motion to take control of his fortune. Mr. Jacob's account amounted to nearly five million dollars, which was a monstrous sum but Robert paid it in full with a million-dollar bonus. His next action was to resign from his job in Dubai and his third action was to settle one hundred million pounds into trust funds for each of his younger cousins who he hadn't even known existed. Well he could afford to be generous. A turn of fate had made him the eldest by only a couple of years, so now at 27 years old he was as rich as Croesus.

Over the next year Robert bought a Castle in Spain, a beautiful sailing yacht and organised his life to look after his money and have fun.

But it wasn't fun. For all his money Robert was lonely. He wanted a soul mate, but all of the men he went to bed with were transient, none appealed to him as long term partners, some were obvious gold diggers, others were just too shallow and uninteresting to hold his attention for long.

This was the state of affairs when he returned to England for a meeting with his financial advisors at the end of his first year as a multi billionaire.

Chapter 1
I Find My Soul mate

I could not remember the last time I had been in London's West End at this time of day. I had picked up the first Underground train from my friend's house in the suburbs because I wanted to see London before it became totally congested. I was going to walk up Shaftesbury Avenue from Piccadilly Circus, turn left and end up at my favourite little café near Tottenham Court Road Station, have a full English breakfast, read the paper and be in my Financial Adviser's office sharp at nine.

I had lived abroad since inheriting my great uncles fortune, returning only very occasionally for business, not pleasure. England had just become so depressing. Huge increases in taxation with no discernible improvements in anything except the number of civil servants and the size of politicians bank balances. A measure of the depressing situation in the country was the number of homeless sleeping on the streets in the capital of one of the wealthiest nations in the world. Almost every shop doorway I passed had a bundle of rags in it that represented one of the lost souls of which there were thousands.

By the time I was halfway up the Avenue I had stopped looking at them, until one of them stirred as I approached and poked his head out of the bundle of rags. I thought for one moment it was a she, dirty, of course, unkempt, long black greasy hair, olive complexion, very young. When I realised it was a boy I also realised he was beautiful. The eyes, as always with me were the first things I noticed. They were the most unusual brown, but they were soft and deep surrounded by the longest lashes I had ever seen. I took in his face that although quite angular had a softness about it that stopped the angles making it severe.

I stopped and just looked at him trying to take in every inch of his beauty.

"What are you staring at?"

His question was just that, not at all antagonistic, it made me realise how rude I had been.

“I’m sorry, you surprised me.”

He looked along the Avenue and back to me with a quizzical expression.

“Why, there are hundreds of us here.

“I know, I don’t know. Please, come and have breakfast with me by way of an apology.”

“Where?”

“Just round the corner at Café Real.”

“They won’t let me in.”

“Yes they will if you are with me.”

“Ok.” Said with such a total lack of concern I was quite taken back.

As he stood and gathered up his bundle of rags to put in an old backpack I noticed that he was quite small and very slim, probably undernourished. His voice had also registered. He was North American probably part native Indian. What on earth was he doing living rough on the streets of London?

As he fell into step alongside me he looked up at me with those eyes and said,

“Why are you doing this?”

“I felt guilty staring at you the way I did. You’re American Indian aren’t you?”

“Yes, I’m a half caste, my father was American, my mother was full blooded Navajo.”

“You say was?”

“They’re dead.”

“I’m sorry.”

He just nodded.

We must have looked a weird sight as we walked into the Café. A six foot Anglo Saxon in business suit and briefcase with a five foot seven inch very dirty and raggedy American Indian.

The owner looked at us as we entered and started to say something in protest before he recognised me and then quite obviously changed what he was going to say.

“Mr. Robert, how nice to see you. It has been a long time.”

“Yes it has Alonso. Good to see you too. This young man is very dirty. Can he use the restroom to clean up a little?”

“Yes, of course.”

When he came back he was still raggedy but at least his face and hands were clean and he had pulled his hair back from his face and secured it in a ponytail. I gasped. He was even more beautiful than I first thought.

He sat opposite me with his bag under the table

“My name is Robert, what are you called?”

“Sam.”

“Ok Sam, what would you like for breakfast?”

“Can I have anything I like?”

“Yes, if it’s on the menu.”

I guess he was hungry. In the time it took me to eat an English breakfast he ate three and about a dozen slices of toast and preserves. Probably a gallon of orange juice and finally he joined me with a coffee.

“Hungry, huh.”

“Yes, I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have to be, I guessed you would be. Why are you living on the streets in London, shouldn’t you be in America?”

“A friend brought me here from Arizona but he got tired of me and just threw me out. I had no money and was too scared to go to the American Embassy for help. I guess I just got used to living rough.”

“How old are you?”

“I’m eighteen.”

“Who was this friend that abandoned you?”

Sam looked embarrassed.

“We met in Arizona and he said he would always look after me if I went to London with him. I was living rough after my parents were killed so I agreed.”

“How old was he Sam?”

Again, the embarrassed look.

“About the same age as you.”

He didn’t need to say anymore I could guess. I was gay and if I was predatory I would probably have enjoyed this boy’s body but I certainly would not have ditched him in the middle of an alien land. What a callous bastard.

“Are you gay, Sam?”

I saw steel in his eyes as he sat up straight and looked at me.

“Yes, and I’m proud of it.”

I laughed softly and replied,

“I am too, and I’m proud of it. I don’t want you to read anything into this. What I am going to say has no hidden agenda. Would you like to come with me and we will see if we can’t sort something out for you? Get you off the streets and put some proper clothes on your back.”

I knew he wouldn’t believe me but he did have the good grace to not accuse me of wanting his body.

“Why would you do that for me?”

“I don’t know really. I guess it is because you looked so out of place.”

I still didn’t see belief in his eyes. Not surprising really, it didn’t sound very convincing to me either.

“Sam, I don’t live in England, I am here on business and staying with a friend. I would genuinely like to help you before I go home. No strings attached. I am not going to take you somewhere to use your body or anything like that.”

I suppose he thought that anything was better than his present situation. The other man had abused him, not just sexually, I found out later, so I wasn’t likely to top that.

“Ok, what do you want me to do?”

“Is there anything in that backpack worth keeping?”

“Only my passport.”

“Can we throw it away and start from scratch?”

“Yeah, ok.”

I paid Alonso, he threw the backpack out for me and we

headed for the tube to take us to my business meeting. We slipped into a man's shop and I kitted Sam out with a basic outfit.

"We just need to make you semi presentable Sam or my Business Associate will freak."

My meeting was uneventful, we moved some of my investments around and Sam and I headed for Harrow and my friend's house.

Mike was at work when we arrived so I gave Sam a towel, showed him the bathroom and told him to go clean himself up and we would talk.

My comment when he walked back into the lounge was,

"Oh my God."

He looked shocked, "What's the matter?"

I shook my head,

"Nothing, I'm sorry. You are beautiful."

He blushed and I laughed.

"I'm sorry Sam, you took me completely by surprise but you are beautiful."

"Thank you Robert. Now what?"

The tone of voice made me realise I had fucked up.

"Now, nothing. I am not going to take advantage of you. I genuinely want to help you. Come and sit down let's talk."

He sat opposite me with a wary expression on his face.

"Please Sam, I don't know how bad your experiences have been but I promise you I am just out to help you not take advantage of your situation. Now what do you want to do?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought about it for months."

"Well let me make a couple of suggestions. You can let me get you a few more clothes and a case for them before I buy you an airline ticket and send you home. You can let me clothe you completely, regularise your situation here with immigration, leave you some money to give you time to sort yourself out. You can stay with me and come back to my home in Spain for as long as you like. Or anything else you think of."

"Why?"

“Because. I don’t know. I just know I want to.”

He started to cry. I was devastated. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t want to touch him in case I frightened him.

“What is it Sam, please don’t cry.”

“What do you want from me? Is it really horrible, will you hurt me very much?”

Now I had to. I took him in my arms and said.

“I don’t want anything from you and there is no way I am ever going to hurt you. I just think you are beautiful and I want to help. Absolutely no strings attached.”

He looked at me through his tears and said,

“No one has done anything for me since my parents were killed without wanting something.”

“Ok, in that case I’ll be the same. I want you to trust me, I want you to believe and I want you to stay with me at least until I go home next week.”

I smiled as I said it and he did too. First break through I hoped.

“I don’t know Robert. I really don’t know.”

“Ok, would you let me spend the afternoon spoiling you?”

Again that quizzical look. “What do you mean?”

“I have lots of money. Would you like to see how much of it we can spend on new clothes and accessories for you.”

I could see the look.

“Honestly, I’m not mad.”

I had fun. The look on his face as we purchased a stack of designer clothes for him and all the male accessories you would expect from basic toiletries to a gold dress watch and a swatch for everyday. The best part for me was being able to throw away the stuff I had bought him that morning and clothe him in really classy clothes. He looked fantastic. He was just a natural clothes horse with his slim stature.

“Is there anything else you would like Sam.”

We were outside Bally in New Bond Street where we had just purchased dress shoes for him.

“Yes please, can I show you how much I appreciate this?”

“Sure. “ I said not realising what he intended.

He threw himself into my arms and kissed me full on the lips. My turn to blush.

“Thank you Sam, that was wonderful, but I would appreciate it if you didn’t do that in public too often, you’ll get us arrested.”

I was laughing as I said it to take the sting out of it.

We took a taxi back to Mike’s. We had way too many bags to risk public transport.

Once there Sam wanted another shower so that he could put on clean underwear and dress in another set of new clothes.

“Can I put on a fashion show for you when I am clean?”

“Mmm, I think I would like that.”

His idea of a fashion show was to start at the underwear and swimwear and work up. When he walked out of the bathroom with just a tiny pair of CK briefs on I nearly died. He was gorgeous. He looked about fourteen except the bits covered by the briefs. Well barely covered by the briefs. He was better than well endowed and he had the cutest slimmest butt I had ever seen when he turned round.

“Oh Jesus Sam, go and put something else on or I will find it difficult to keep my word.”

He looked frightened.

“Sam, I’m not going to hurt you. But you are gorgeous and if you don’t cover some of it up I will want to make love to you forever.”

He grinned and put some shorts and a T-shirt on.

“The guy that threw you out has to be totally insane. You are the most beautiful young man I have ever seen. If you were mine I would treasure you forever.”

He looked, no that is inadequate. He stared with his eyes nearly popping out of his head.

“Do you mean that?”

“Absolutely.”

He looked in the mirror turning left and right, putting his tongue out, smiling, posing. I was in fits by the time he had finished and was facing me again.

“What.”

He had his legs astride hands on hips head tilted and I was creased up.

“What was all that about?”

“I wanted to see what you were seeing. I’m not beautiful, I’m not even sure I’m handsome.”

“Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, Sam, and believe me in my eyes you are stunning.”

Realising I was deadly serious he blushed and dropped his eyes.

“Thank you, Robert,” said so softly I barely heard him.

I had obviously embarrassed him because he was glowing. I needed to change the atmosphere.

“Get yourself dressed Sam ready to go out. When Mike gets home I’ll take you both out to dinner.”

I think by the time dinner was finished he believed me. Mike had also made the comment that Sam was a beautiful young man. Then, after being so careful all day I put my big foot in it.

“Yeah, I guess ready to be multiply raped tonight.”

Oh fuck how could I have been so stupid? The look on his face made me want to cry.

“Sam, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean that. It was just an expression to emphasise how drop dead gorgeous you are. I promise neither of us is going to touch you.”

He wasn’t convinced.

“Would you like me to book you into a hotel tonight and we’ll continue tomorrow.”

“You’d do that for me.”

“Yes, I was stupid to frighten you like that, it’s the least I can do.”

He searched my eyes, analysed my tone of voice and decided I was still ok.

“No, that’s ok I’ll come with you and Mike.”

Thank God, Mike had another spare bedroom. We sent Sam off to bed for a good night’s sleep only to have him return to the lounge a few minutes later.

“We didn’t buy me any PJs.”

“Shit, sorry Sam, I don’t wear them so I never thought. You’ll have to sleep naked tonight and we’ll get you some tomorrow.”

He looked very apprehensive.

“You’re ok. If I intended molesting you tonight pyjamas wouldn’t have stopped me. I promise you are safe.”

Mike looked at me after he had gone.

“What are you going to do with him Robert, he really is beautiful?”

“I know, I could eat him he is so adorable but in answer to your query. I haven’t a clue. He has no one in the States. My guess is that he didn’t complete his High School Certificate and he will get prejudice from all sides, so his future prospects are not great. I doubt his Indian relatives, if he has any will want him, he’s half-caste, and the whites won’t accept him for the same reason. I look like the best bet he has, but the last white man he trusted abandoned him penniless in an alien environment. How do I overcome that? He’ll take years to trust me and be miserable every time I say one word wrong. I’m ten years older than him and no great catch apart from my money.”

“Don’t undersell yourself. You are a well put together guy. You keep in shape. You have all your own teeth and your own hair. You are also a loving and compassionate man. You would be a great catch even with no money.”

We both laughed at that and I heard a little snigger coming from outside the lounge door. I jumped up quickly and caught Sam just creeping back to his bedroom. He had obviously heard everything we said.

“Come in here young man, I think we need to talk.”

He really did think he had blown it judging by the look on his face. Terror would describe it very well. I took him in my arms and felt the terror and the tension.

“It is very rude to listen to other peoples conversations uninvited. I think I am going to have to punish you quite severely,” I paused before completing the sentence, “By only letting you have one breakfast in the morning instead of three.”

I was sniggering as I said it and could feel him relaxing a little as he looked up into my eyes. Mine were laughing eyes and he relaxed some more.

“I’m sorry, Robert, you won’t hurt me, will you?”

“You dope, you heard me say all I want to do is eat you, of course I am not going to hurt you, ever, whatever you do. Come and sit down for a few minutes.”

He did, looking very contrite and embarrassed because he was naked.

“You know my dilemma now so you have something to think about. I have had another thought if you are worried about trusting me. If you decide you would like to try living with me, no strings. I will deposit enough money in a bank in your name to buy you a ticket anywhere in the world, plus a bit of spending money. If I throw you out you won’t be destitute again and will be able to go home. How does that sound?”

“Why, why would you do that for me?”

“Because I would like to spend a lot of my future looking at you.”

He looked bemused.

“Go to bed Sam, we’ll talk in the morning.”

I knocked on his door in the morning and got no reply so I opened it and looked at the bed. He was lying curled up like a forest fawn. He looked delightful. He had pushed his bedclothes down to his waist and I could see his lovely rounded butt under the cotton sheet and the sleek lines of his body. The feeling in my groin reminded me how much I wanted this boy. I closed the door again and went back to the kitchen to finish my coffee.

When he surfaced about ten minutes later he wandered into the kitchen in a long T-shirt and his little briefs. I nearly died. His lovely hairless legs nicely muscled and with a beautiful tan that no sun could have given him were to die for and the bulge in his briefs that pushed his T out told me he still had a partial morning wood. How I would have liked to get rid of it for him.

“Morning Robert, am I very late?”

“No you’re fine, what would you like for breakfast?”

“Can I have the same as yesterday only maybe not quite as much?”

We looked at each other and both dissolved with laughter.

“I think I might be able to manage that.” I spluttered, “Go and

get washed and dressed."

After he had eaten enough for two men I asked him if he would like to go out into the country for the day.

"We can have lunch by the Thames, you can even go swimming if you want to. I know some nice places on the river."

"Oh yes I'd like that."

"Sam, I'd also like to book you in with my doctor for a full medical, would you mind?"

"Why." That wary look back, damn it.

I touched his cheek gently as I replied.

"You have been living on the street. I would like to make sure you haven't caught anything nasty."

"Like what, AIDS for instance."

I blushed.

"Not just that Sam, everything. Whatever you decide you are going to do it will make me happier if I know you are healthy."

He wasn't sure how to take me.

"Ok I guess. It won't hurt, will it?"

I laughed, "Oh but it will. My doctor is a sadist, he will do terrible things to you."

More laughter, we were fine again. I hired a car and we drove down into the Thames Valley ending up at a riverside restaurant near Bourne End, but on the other side of the river. I had sailed there as a boy at the Upper Thames Sailing Club. It was a beautiful day so lunch on the terrace was perfect. Being mid week it was almost empty which pleased me. More and more I wanted this boy to myself.

"Let's get over the other side of the river Sam and I know a quiet spot where we can let lunch settle and then go for a swim."

An hour later with the car parked close to us on the riverbank he changed into the new swim briefs I had bought for him in town and plonked himself down on the travel rug next to me. I changed in the car and joined him. He looked me up and down when I stretched out and it made me laugh because I could see he was trying to look at me without me seeing it.

"Ok, nosy, how about you look at me all you want for a few minutes and then you lay down and let me do the same to you?"

He blushed and I sat up and gave him a hug. Lying down again I watched his eyes scan me paying particular attention to my groin area.

“Ok, want me to turn over?”

He blushed again and I wanted to eat him he looked so delightful. It was difficult to believe he was eighteen.

“Yes please.” He said. So I rolled over onto my tummy for a few minutes.

“Ok, my turn.”

I examined him minutely he was almost perfect. When he turned onto his tummy I noticed below his waist and disappearing into his costume what looked like bruising in strips. I was surprised I had missed that last night. I touched one and he jumped.

“What are these Sam?”

“Nothing,” he replied in a very strangled voice.

“They aren’t nothing, what are they?”

He turned over and looked at me with that awful fearful look that I hated.

“I’m sorry Sam. I want to know what they are.”

To have been so insistent, I think I must have had a premonition.

He rolled back over and just pulled his trunks below his butt cheeks. They were a mass of fading striped bruises. I touched them and could feel the ridges. I gasped. I knew what they were without asking. He had been beaten so hard it had ridged the muscles.

“How long ago did this other man throw you out, Sam?”

He had started to cry. “Three months ago I think.”

“And has anyone mistreated you since?”

“No.”

“Pull your trunks up Sam and turn over.”

He did but wouldn’t look at me. I took him in my arms.

“He ought to be horse whipped for doing that to you. I can’t even begin to imagine the pain of taking that level of caning. It was a cane wasn’t it?”

I felt his head nod.

“What else did he used to do to you?”

He didn’t say anything.

“Please, Sam. If he beat your bottom that hard I don’t believe he left the rest of you alone.”

In a whisper he told me.

“He used to string me up naked in the basement and use me as a punch bag. Sometimes he would use me to practice his Karate kicks. He had huge dildos and butt plugs that he would leave in me all day while he was at work. I would be tied up and left in a cupboard until he was ready to punish me again.”

He was sobbing so hard he could hardly speak and I was dying at each new revelation. He must have been terrified.

“How long did this go on for?”

“I don’t know, months I think. He started almost as soon as we arrived here in England. He was so nice to me in Arizona I trusted him.”

I cuddled him and almost cried with him.

“I swear I will never hurt you, Sam, as God is my witness. All I want to do is make you happy and see you smiling all the time.”

He looked up at me and through his tears I could see him looking for the lie in my eyes.

He snuggled back into my chest so I guess he saw what he wanted.

We swam and played in the water like a couple of kids. I felt my heart constrict every time I looked at him laughing. His long black hair covered his face half the time but the laughter rang out along the river.

The drive home was what I would call companionable. We both felt it unnecessary to keep chatting.

I knew Mike was away for two days now and told Sam we had the house to ourselves. Would he like me to hire a first run movie and order in food?

“We can watch the movie and slum it eating in front of the TV. “

“Yeah, that sounds like fun.”

We did, it was fun. We sat on the floor surrounded by half a dozen Chinese dishes which we picked at and drank a pleasant dry white wine.

Bed about eleven and I was quickly into the land of nod after a happy day. I couldn't have been in a deep sleep because I heard the door open and Sam knelt beside my bed.

"Can I sleep with you, Robert?"

What do you think I said?

"Of course Sam hop in."

I didn't expect him to be naked, but he was, we still hadn't bought him pyjamas. He snuggled into me with his head tucked under my chin, one leg thrown over mine with the thigh resting across my groin and his arm across my chest. He must have been able to feel my almost instant erection but I could feel no tension in him. I wrapped both of my arms round him and heard the gentle sigh as he adjusted his position to get completely comfortable. I could feel the tears pricking the back of my eyes. I realised I was happy and then I slept.

I woke the next morning and realised neither of us had moved but I never slept well on my back. I guess I would have to re-evaluate that one. I was still rock hard but a lot of that was my morning pee hard. I needed to go but I didn't want to disturb Sam. I never wanted to disturb Sam. Wrapped in my arms the way he was I was in heaven.

I heard the little voice that said into my chest.

"I gotta go."

I laughed. "I gotta go too."

He lifted his head, kissed me on the nose and was out of bed like a shot. I followed him and we sword fenced with our pee. He must have been comfortable with me that was such a personal thing to do. We both scoped each other out and laughed together when we realised.

"That is one very impressive and very beautiful boy cock you have there Sam."

He blushed and I kissed him on the forehead.

"Want to share a shower with me or you can go first?"

"Can we share?" He wouldn't look at me as he said it. How cute was that?

"Of course. I'll even wash your back if you like."

“Will you wash all of me, Robert?”

I looked into those beautiful brown eyes through the slightly closed lashes. They were like liquid pools of desire.

“Of course I will but are you sure?”

“Mmm, I trust you to be gentle with me.”

I gasped. I couldn’t believe what this boy was suggesting only about forty eight hours after I had first picked him up.

“Are you sure, Sam?”

He nodded and I followed him into the shower. I gently sponge washed him all over. He had a fully erect penis almost the second I touched him. He was both turned on and very horny, I guess, because without really meaning to I made him cum. I had only stroked him a couple of times with my bare hand and played with his balls with the other one. It was an amazing package. I had heard that American Indians were well rigged but never really believed it Sam changed that. I was proud of my package but it paled into insignificance against his. When we had cleaned him up he turned round and saw my eyes watering, I guess I was getting close to an emotional overload, this boy was incredible.

“What is it Robert, what have I done?”

“You have made me so happy Baby that’s what you’ve done.”

He kissed me full on the lips and that was it. I hugged him so hard I must have nearly broken his ribs.

“I’m falling in love with you Sam, I can’t believe it.”

“Thank you Robert, I truly feel safe with you.”

I guess that was better than a declaration of undying love from this abused boy.

Big breakfast again, I didn’t know where he put it all.

“Sam I have to start making plans to go home. I have some business in Madrid I have to attend to and then home to Mojacar, (pronounced mo-hac-a). Have you any idea what you would like to do?”

He looked at me a little shocked.

“I don’t know, I guess I thought you were going to be here for longer.”

“It isn’t urgent unless you would like to remain in England. We

would need to sort out your visa status and I will rent an apartment for you if you would like me to."

"What would I have to do if you rent an apartment for me?"

The tone made me want to weep. He still thought I had an angle to work even though he had said he trusted me.

"You would have to call me once a week and let me know how you were getting on and whether you needed anything."

I don't think he believed me.

"I'll think about it." And then he disappeared into his bedroom.

I did some business over the telephone, managed to get a box at the theatre to see Anything Goes, latest musical from Broadway, I loved Cole Porter's music so this was heaven for me, and I talked to someone at the American Embassy who would straighten out Sam's visa status if I needed him to.

Sam came in to see me about eleven and asked if I wanted a coffee.

"Yes please, Sam. Black, two sugars."

He sat down with me when he brought my coffee.

"What's Mojacar like, Robert?"

"It's a village in the Sierra Cabrerras in Southern Spain, but only a couple of kilometres from the sea. I think it is beautiful. I bought the Castillo that sits at the top of the village. I renovated it had the gardens all landscaped and put in state of the art communications equipment so that I could manage my money properly and still live away from places like Wall Street and the City of London."

"What do you do out there besides look after your money?"

"Oh, I swim in the pool, read a lot. Sometimes I drive down to Marbella for a few days or up to Barcelona and Citges if I want some action. I take my yacht to France and Italy if I want to or Morocco. I don't know. I just do what I feel like. I am really only now getting used to having so much money that I can do what I like."

"What would I do if I came with you?"

"Whatever you like as well. We could do things together or I would let you go where you wanted to."

"Wouldn't I have to do things for you?"

“What sort of things are you thinking of?”

“You know, sex things and all that.”

“Sam, I’m going to be 100% honest with you because I don’t want any confusion later. I am falling in love with you, much too fast for it to make any kind of sense. I want you to come with me to Spain. I mean I really want you to come with me to Spain. When we are there I hope we will become friends. When we have got to that state I hope we will become lovers. I want to make love to you already and it hurts every time I look at you. However, I promise on my Mother’s grave that I will never abuse you. I promise that I will never do anything to you with which you are unhappy. I will love you and cherish you for as long as you live with me. Whatever you want, I will honour it. Please, just come home with me.”

The tears were screaming to get out from behind my eyes. How could I love this boy so much so quickly? There were a million beautiful boys in the world. I was immensely rich, I could have any of them. Why did I want this retched little street boy so much? I answered my own question, because his beauty came from inside. He could have looked like the hunch back of Notre Dame and I would still have loved him.

“Robert, I am frightened, you can’t love me in such a short time.”

“Yes I can. Stand where I am and tell me that. Have you no idea at all about your psyche?”

“No.”

“Well I have. Even when I was poor I never begged for anything. Now I am fabulously wealthy and I am begging. Please come home with me Sam, you can set any conditions you like but please let me look after you.”

He was quite obviously shocked. No one had ever loved him like I did.

“Please, Robert, I don’t know. I can’t ingest all this it’s too overpowering.”

“I know baby. Go and have a lie down and think about it. Do whatever you like, talk to whoever you like. Whatever you want Sam, if I can give it to you I will.”

Wrong thing to do. I was overloading an eighteen-year-old abused and abandoned boy with choices. He freaked. I had finished all my business when he burst into the lounge and fell into my lap

pummelling my chest.

“You aren’t being fair. You are offering me the world which ever option I take.”

I cuddled him until he calmed down.

“Ok, I am going to take away all of the options bar one. You can come with me to Spain or you can go back on the street and risk abuse from any man that fancies you. The choice is yours.”

His look of shock made me cringe.

“You don’t mean that.”

The accusation was like a bullet in my heart.

“Yes I do. Come with me or do the other thing.”

He thought for a minute, obviously weighing up the options. How much worse could I possibly make it from what he had already tolerated? I guess he thought not much.

“I want to come with you.”

Overload, my gut twisted up making me gasp, unbelievable. I certainly couldn’t speak.

“I love you, I trust you. I know you won’t hurt me. Please take me with you.”

So I did, after we had completed his medical and a million tests. He was fine. Clean bill of health. Well nearly. He had a small amount of bruising to his kidneys and liver where Stephen had kicked him and used him as a punch bag but it was all healing ok.

Chapter 2
Heaven and Hell

Mojacar was wonderful, the vicious heat of summer was abating. The beautiful purples, browns, and gold's were spread across the mountains from the summer heat but the greens of autumn would soon appear as the rains revitalised the grass and shrubbery on the mountainside.

Sam was open-mouthed with surprise at our surroundings. On arrival I had parked the car in the castle car park and we walked up to the entrance, a mean little gate at the side. We walked in and strode about forty yards before the whole vista opened up before us. The swimming pool with the Castillo built round it. We entered via the study, which left him almost paralysed.

The huge double doors looked straight on to an enormous fireplace. The walls on three sides were floor to ceiling book cases. On the wall that we had entered by were glass cases containing on one side little lead figures, beautifully painted representing every regiment that had fought Napoleon at Waterloo. In the other one was memorabilia from all of the British coronations and jubilees from the time of Victoria to the present day.

The master bedroom was the most amazing feature in the castle. You had to use steps to get onto the bed. It was nearly nine-foot square, four-poster, and surrounded by pure white walls adorned with Assegais and Shields from the Zulu nation. I had changed nothing when I moved in, it was so breathtaking just as it was.

"One day I hope I will make love to you in this bed Sam, but until you are ready let me show you your room."

We walked across to the other wing and I showed him a double bedroom with bathroom en suite.

"This is yours Sam and I promise I will never enter this room without your consent."

I left him to unpack his things that Juan, my man, had brought up from the car.

Isabelle cooked us a typical Spanish meal that night and we sat by the pool drinking our coffee afterwards talking about our plans for

the next day. Suddenly Sam dropped to his knees in front of me.

"Please Robert, take me tonight. Do all the things you are going to do with me. Hurt me if you want to but please don't keep me in suspense."

I was almost speechless. I dragged him onto my lap and cuddled him.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"You are going to beat me and torture me aren't you? Please do it now. I have to know what punishment I can expect. I will try to be good when you do it."

By this time he was sobbing. I couldn't begin to understand what my predecessor had done to this boy. What was more important was to convince him I wasn't going to hurt him. All this 'I trust you completely' nonsense was just that, nonsense. He expected to be abused.

"Ok, you can be the recipient of all my sadistic fantasies tonight. Go and shower. Make sure you are completely clean and then come to my bedroom."

I stomped off to my bedroom and lay on the bed waiting for him. When he appeared, naked, I tried to sound stern.

"Up here alongside me. Do not move unless I tell you to."

I started at his feet, kissing them. I licked up his legs, particularly the inner thigh. I avoided his groin area and licked his belly button moving ever higher until I could nibble his nipples. He went ballistic as I brought them to erection. I nuzzled his neck, his ears and his chin. I ended with his lips. The tension in his body was centred there and I was sad. He was frightened of me. I could have wept as I kissed my way back down his body and started on his groin area. His penis was to die for. It was huge but as beautiful as the remainder of him. I licked it, I sucked his balls, I rolled them round between my fingers as I sucked him. Lifting and spreading his legs I licked and kissed his perineum and his rosebud. I eventually opened him up with my fingers until I thought he could take me without too much trouble.

I lubed both of us up and then pressed my glans against his anus. He looked into my eyes as I slipped over his sphincter muscle. He winced. I remained still. As I saw the pain ebbing I pushed in deeper, always stopping if I saw pain. Over the second barrier and I started fucking him gently, long slow strokes. I bent forward to kiss

his lips and I could feel them relaxing. I played with him. His cock was divine. I even managed to lick it while I was fucking him. I watched him slide off to Paradise while I brought us both to orgasm. It was wondrous. I fell forward supporting most of my body weight on my arms and quickly kissed him a million times, all over his face. We rolled sideways and I remained inside him. I cuddled him.

"That is your punishment for tonight. Every night that you come to my bedroom I will administer similar punishment. If you remain here for the night I will punish you all night by cuddling you and while I am awake telling you how much I love you. That is all the punishment you are going to receive from me. Do you understand now that I love you and am never going to deliberately hurt you?"

His eyes, oh God his eyes, they would kill me. I was lost, soft, deep, wondrous eyes that oozed love for me. I was overwhelmed.

"Oh God Sam, I love you so much. Stay here, let me cuddle you all night."

I don't think he ever did sleep in the second bedroom. My life had been empty before he came into it. Now he filled it to overflowing. I watched him fill out and turn every new ounce into muscle. Three months after moving here he looked amazing. Beautiful toned body glowing with good health. He swam naked most of the time and curled up at my feet when he wasn't in the water. His lustrous black hair grew longer and he refused to have it cut. When he loosed it and shook it out it always made me gasp. There was nothing effeminate about it. He was all Indian Brave. If I wasn't reading or working at my investments I would pull him into my lap and just cuddle him. We made love at least twice every day and frequently more. He hadn't taken long to realise that I wouldn't hurt him. I only ever wanted to take him to paradise.

The most amazing thing for me was the way the villagers took to him and taught him Spanish. He loved it and they loved him. The local gypsies almost worshipped him and I had no idea why. I never worried if he was out in the village or wherever, I knew he was watched. He was amazing. He was the wind that whispered in the trees, he was the soft kiss of the sea on the shore he became my world.

Six months and we had been nowhere and done nothing except make love. A million years would not have been too long for me to do nothing else. Sam was only eighteen though and he wanted to see the world.

"Ok my love, tell me where you want to go, what you want to do and we will do it."

"Can we go round the world?"

I laughed, "Of course we can, how quickly do you want to do it?"

"I want to do it slowly and go to lots of places."

"Ok, you go on the Internet and note all the things you want to see. Alongside put the number of days you think you would like to stay. When you are finished we will look at the best way to see them all."

"You mean it, Robert?"

"Of course. I love you, I told you anything you want you can have."

"I want to feel you inside me. Can we do it here?"

I laughed, "Why not, I'm sure Isabelle won't mind if she comes in nor Juan."

He looked at me a little sheepishly, "But they aren't due for ages."

"Ok, you win." I sighed as though it was a chore, Sam noticed and when he looked sad I laughed.

"Come here you nut. I would love to make love to you out here in the sunshine."

After a lot of foreplay on his front I turned him onto his tummy, spread his legs and just knelt between them for ages without touching him.

"What's the matter, Robert?"

He sounded worried.

"Nothing Baby I was just looking at one of the wonders of the world."

He swivelled his head as much as he could to look in my eyes.

"What?"

I stroked his buttocks. "This, it is amazing."

He laughed and put his head back on his arms leaving me to kiss and caress the two perfect little orbs that made up his butt. When I started licking down his crack to slurp on his rosebud he came up on to his knees. Too much, I entered him slowly and gently as I always did until my pubic hair touched his cheeks. I loved taking him doggy

fashion, it had been my favourite position until I met him. Now I liked to turn him over after a little while to watch his eyes. I never grew tired of watching them, so expressive and for me wondrous because they oozed love. I hoped mine did as well, I certainly felt it. I still wondered how anyone could hurt this beautiful child, which was how I thought of him. He looked so young and he was so gentle it was difficult to think of him as being almost nineteen.

No change, I turned him over, rested his legs on my shoulders and fell forward as I re-entered him so that I could kiss his eyes.

"I love you so much Sam, you have brought me so much happiness."

"I love you too. Thank you for rescuing me."

It was ages since we had mentioned his past. I just kissed him again, I didn't know what else to do.

I remained inside him for ages making love to him slowly so that I wouldn't orgasm. Not so for him, I had a knack of hitting his prostate constantly so he just kept on spurting boy juice over his tummy. Eventually I had another of my mind bending orgasms, more so than normal I think because it made me realise I had not done anything about my will since Sam came to live with me.

We showered by the pool and swam for a while. When we were drying off in the sun I told Sam.

"Tomorrow we are going to see my lawyer Sam. I have just realised I have not altered my will since you came into my life. I need to protect you if anything happens to me."

He looked bemused. "What do you mean Robert?"

"I mean I need to make sure you have enough money to live on if I die and of course this castle is your home, I need to leave this to you as well."

He looked shocked.

"What?"

"You are going to give this to me and money as well if you die?"

"Yes, of course. Did you think you were just going to be cast adrift?"

"Well I hadn't really thought about it, but I didn't expect this."

"Sam, you still don't get it do you? I love you, you are my life,

when I die you will be looked after by my estate, but not until we have seen Philippe in the morning. Let me go and call him now."

I loved sitting in Philippe's office. It was like something out of a Dickens novel and yet he was only a young man.

"Sam, what is your full name?"

"My birth name is Samuel, Silent Waters, Tucker."

"Sam, you've never told me, Silent Waters is your Navajo name, yes?"

He blushed. "Yes, my mother gave me it."

"That is so beautiful. I am going to call you that from now on."

The look on his face told me I had just given him a trillion dollars.

Philippe was a little surprised when I pulled Sam into my arms to kiss away the tears that were flowing quite freely.

"Thank you Robert, I love you so much."

"Ditto Baby, now let's get you sorted. Philippe, a simple change to my will. Leave the trust in place but just make Silent Waters the sole beneficiary, with no restrictions on his use of the interest."

"You know that is many millions every year, Robert?"

"Yes of course."

"I will have that ready for you to sign in the morning then."

"Thank you."

We remained at the beach for lunch instead of going back to the village or the Castillo and Sam just kept looking at me. Eventually he spoke.

"Do you really get millions every year just in interest?"

"Mmm, I'm very lucky. My great uncle emigrated to America, bought land and found he was sat on an oil field. I am his oldest surviving male relative so I got it all. Pretty lucky huh."

He just nodded, I think he was a little in shock knowing how rich we were.

When we got back to the Castillo he fussed around me like a mother hen until he was sure I had everything I needed then he curled up at my feet like a little puppy. I stroked his hair, that amazing mass of jet-black silk.

"You know I love you so much, Silent Waters, I would die without you."

He looked up at me, slid up my legs and body until he could kiss me.

"I love you too. I was so lucky the day you found me. I still pinch myself some mornings to convince myself it isn't a dream."

I laughed, "Me too."

He stayed, curled up in my lap now kissing me and nuzzling my neck. I sighed, one of complete contentment.

"Make love to me Robert, you take me to Paradise every time you do it."

"Ok, bed or sun bed."

"Can we go to bed, then I can stay naked afterwards for my siesta."

"Mmm, I think you are getting spoilt."

He was almost purring by the time I removed his swim briefs. I wondered if I would ever get tired of looking at him and making love to him.

The next morning after our breakfast he said,

"I'm going down to the travel agent at the Cruz, Robert. I want some brochures to give me ideas for our trip."

"Ok Baby, do you want me to take you?"

"No, I'll walk, I could do with the exercise."

He was always exercising or swimming but I let him go. I hoped he wouldn't get raped, he looked so gorgeous. I didn't mean that comment seriously, I just knew he would be lusted after by both sexes as he walked down the hill and back.

About an hour later just as I started to wonder where he was there was a loud banging on the gate. It was one of the villagers.

"Robert I think Sam might be in trouble. My wife saw four young men force him into their van and drive off with him. She has the registration number."

I had the details in a trice, rang the Guardia and in my best Spanish told them the details. The abductors, if that's what they were, had driven along the beach road towards Carboneras so I did the same. I drove like a maniac. I thought I would drive all the way

without stopping hoping to catch them. If they hadn't gone all the way I would then return slowly asking everyone I saw if they had seen the van. I was lucky. The kidnappers had been obnoxious it appeared and the old man I talked to had noted where they went, he told me they had turned off for Sorbas.

I called the Guardia on my mobile and told them as I headed for Sorbas. When I arrived in the town I went straight to the Guardia Station and found them already on top of it.

"Signor Maitland, do not worry. We know of these men but we don't know where they are staying. I have all of my men searching for their van."

"Show me what areas they are covering and I will cover another one."

We worked it out and I took off after I had discussed the possibility of using a helicopter to search. Good idea. I was going to pay for it and a trained observer would sit in from the Almeria Guardia Station. It would be a Bell Jet Ranger, the one I used sometimes to get to and from the airport. I called the pilot so that he would know who he was looking for and therefore hopefully put that little extra effort in.

"Jason, Robert Maitland, where are you?"

"In the ready room at the airport and good morning to you too."

"Sorry Jase. Silent Waters, sorry, Sam, has been kidnapped. We have traced the van they are in to the Sorbas area. A police observer will be with you shortly and you are going to search from the air. Please do everything you can to help the Guardia."

"You know I will Robert. You must be frantic."

"Close, I will die if he is hurt."

I started my search. Every little track leading to any hovel, I searched. The Guardia did the same and Jason flew two full sorties before the van was sighted. Six hours, what had they done to my baby in six hours?

The Guardia had rescued him and he was on his way to Granada in an ambulance by the time I arrived on the scene. I saw the four men. They were naked and the Guardia had them cuffed, making no attempt to cover their nudity. I wanted to kill them. I ran up to them and screamed at them.

“What have you done to my baby?”

I smashed one of them to the ground and kicked a second one in the balls so hard I heard later that he lost them. The Guardia pulled me off when I told them I was Sam’s guardian they let me go with a caution. They told me Sam had been raped and beaten but was otherwise not badly hurt. I went ballistic again. If I could have got at those thugs I would have killed them with my bare hands.

I jumped back in my X5 and headed for Granada and my love.

Silent Waters’ Story

I had walked about a hundred yards up the road back towards the village with a bundle of tourist brochures when a van stopped alongside me and a man a little older than me asked if I would like a good time.

I declined but four of them got out and surrounded me.

“Well we do and you are going to supply it pretty boy.”

I was bundled into the van and they turned it round, back to the crossroads and took the Carboneras road. They had pulled my belt off my shorts and tied my hands with it, took my shoes and sport socks off and stuffed the socks in my mouth so that I couldn’t scream then laid me out across the laps of the two in the back seat.

“Keep still, keep quiet. If you don’t I will hurt you.”

I lay still, there was not much point in doing anything else.

It seemed like hours before we stopped and I was bundled out into an old cowshed. It was obviously in use because all the equipment was clean as was the shed itself. There was the usual material one would expect, some canvas a saw horse a workshop bench and the farm equipment. They stood me on a large square of canvas and while two of them held my arms a third one produced a knife and cut all my clothes off.

“Christ Eddy, look at the cock on this boy. It is no shit fucking enormous.”

I was released and all four men stood in front of me looking at my cock. I felt so embarrassed with these four strange men ogling my naked body. I had never done anything other than one on one even with the tricks I had turned, Stephen who had abused me and Robert who loved me.

Eddy said, “Well, come and look at his arse. I am going to fuck that a dozen times a day until the end of my holiday. Isn’t that the cutest butt you have ever seen?”

Another one of them spoke up. “Yeah ok, but he has a mouth just begging to be filled with cock as well.”

“That’s ok we have a week left to fuck his brains out and fill his stomach with enough cum to feed him for a month.”

“Let’s get started. Tie him face down on the bench. I want to show him what he will get every time he hesitates to do what he’s told.”

“Yeah, I know what you want to do Kev, just don’t fuck up that cute butt yet. You can tear it apart on the last day, but let’s keep it looking sexy for a little while.”

The one called Kev had an Indiana Jones type bullwhip. I was terrified.

When the first one landed I thought he had cut me in two. The pain was unbelievable. I was sure he had cut me and I wasn’t wrong.

“Come on Kev, that’s too much. Look at his arse, you’ve cut him already. He is going to be useless as a fuck bunny if you keep that up.”

“Ok, I won’t break the skin with any more for today.”

He gave me several more very hard that made me scream but he didn’t cut me again. I was shaking with fear when they untied me and let me stand up again. Eddy cleaned the blood from my bottom.

“If you do everything we tell you, you won’t get any more of those for now.”

I nodded and said ok. They all stripped and with me kneeling on the canvas I was ordered to suck them. They were horribly smelly and sucking their cocks was revolting. I had to lick their balls as well and that was even worse. I don’t think they had bathed for a week. When they had all cum in my mouth they put me over the sawhorse and spread my legs as wide as they would go before taking turns to finger fuck me and stretch my arse cheeks as wide as they could.

“Hey guys we aren’t the first ones to go here. This little pussy boy is being fed cock regularly I would guess, aren’t you pussy boy?”

I didn’t answer until my balls were grabbed and squeezed really hard. I screamed and said

“Yes, yes, please don’t hurt me anymore.”

They all laughed and I received about ten hard slaps on my butt.

“When we ask you a question in future you answer straight away ok.”

“Yes.” Was all I could say.

“Now someone fuck him. He’ll probably enjoy it.”

With no warning and no lubrication I felt an enormous cock penetrate me. I screamed but they just laughed. I was brutally fucked for a few minutes and felt his sperm jetting into me. The next three were not as big and were being lubricated by the first ones sperm so they didn’t hurt so much, but it was still very violent.

I felt damaged when they took a break for beer and cigarettes.

“What next then Tim, you are usually pretty good at choreographing these rape sessions.”

“Ok, the wheelbarrow spit.”

“Oh yeah I like that one. I want to fuck the wheel first.”

“Alright Eddy, you have the biggest so you can. Kev, you are the sadist so you fuck between the handles. Nobby, you and I will hold the handles.”

My wrists were roped together and I was tied to a support beam at ground level with about six feet of play in the rope. The one called Eddy stretched me to the limit of the rope knelt with his knees either side of my head and started fucking my face, choking me every time he pushed in. Tim and Nobby pulled my legs as wide as they could and Kev fucked me. Every time he powered in I thought he was going to break my back he pushed up so hard. I blacked out with the pain before they finished. When I regained my senses I was hurting so bad and I couldn’t stop crying.

Robert would be dying not knowing where I was. I didn’t think anyone would find me, there were so many little remote fincas in this part of Andalucía and I was not a local so it would take Robert a long time to galvanise the Guardia, I thought. By the end of a week of this I would probably be damaged beyond repair. I cried more for the loss that Robert would feel.

Their next game was to ball me up on my back by securing my knees close to my shoulders, putting me on the work bench and spinning me to be fucked by each one of them for a few minutes each.

They didn't cum, they just kept fucking until I was unconscious. Over on to my tummy legs secured to the bench legs, arms stretched out as far as they would go came next. Now they spanked me in pairs until I lost consciousness again. I wanted to die when I came to. They were stood in front of me and Eddy had a baseball bat that he was greasing up.

"We reckon you should be able to take about eighteen inches of this pretty boy. If it kills you we have decided that rather than waste the week we are going to become necrophiliacs. Know what that is?"

I nodded through my tears. I knew enough that I was dead. This was only my first day and I was already damaged, this would finish me off I was sure. My scream as the bat entered me must have been heard in Madrid. The pain was even worse than the bullwhip. I passed out.

When I recovered, I was in an Ambulance. I thought I was dead, this all seemed so unreal. Later I knew I was alive when we got to the hospital because of the embarrassment I felt at the intimate examination that the doctor gave me.

He asked me how I felt, silly man. I thought I was damaged beyond repair.

"I feel damaged, Sir."

"Well you are son but not beyond repair I hope. You have a severe gash on your bottom from the whipping that will almost certainly leave a scar. Your bottom is also heavily bruised but that will go away. Internally we aren't sure yet how badly damaged you are but it doesn't look good. We are taking blood from each of your assailants to see if they are carrying any nasties that they could have transmitted to you. You are going to be out of action for some time is my guess. How will you manage?"

"My friend will be here as soon as he hears. He will look after me."

"That wouldn't be Signor Robert Maitland would it?"

"Yes, is he here?"

"Oh yes and nearly tearing the hospital down to get at you. I suppose we had better let him in."

Resuming Robert's Story

I was frantic, they wouldn't let me near my Baby until they had finished examining him and running tests. The Doctor came out of Sam's room and told me everything. Of course I cried like a baby.

"I presume you are very close to Sam Tucker, Signor Maitland."

"He is my life Doc. I would die without him."

"Well you understand then he will need a huge amount of loving care after this ordeal. He will almost certainly need internal and external surgery to repair the damage done to his anus and anal cavity."

I was shocked but already formulating my plan. The four men that did this were going to die. I was personally going to kill them somehow, I had to.

My Baby broke down in my arms when I eventually got to him.

"I'm sorry, Robert, I'm so sorry."

As if it was his fault.

"Shh, you have nothing to be sorry for, it wasn't your fault."

"But my bottom is going to be useless now."

"No it's not, but even if it was I will still love you forever."

I spent every minute I could with Sam until he was released into my care.

We were going to fly to the States immediately, to Johns Hopkins. We were going to put together the best surgeons in the world to put Sam back the way he was. Getting the team together and completing the job was going to cost me about a million dollars and would be worth every cent.

I had been busy while Sam was in hospital in Granada. I had one of the top mercenaries in the world putting together a team who were going to kidnap the abductors and do everything to them that they had done to Sam. They were to be kept alive until I was ready and then I was going to ram a baseball bat all the way up their asses. I had never done an evil thing in my life but I wanted to personally administer the coup to them that would have killed Sam if the police had been even one minute later.

The police van taking the foursome from Sorbas to Madrid where they were to be tried was ambushed. A note was left in the van telling the Guardia not to waste their time searching for the four, they

would be dead and disposed of within twenty four hours. Of course they weren't, they were kept alive until I returned from America.

The Guardia interrogated me for hours believing that I was involved with the kidnapping but they had nothing to go on and quite honestly I got the impression they were pleased the problem had been removed.

There were only four mercenaries but I would have wanted ten men to try to take down one of them. The leader told me that the four kidnappers had been fucked with fifteen-inch dildos for a minimum of three hours every day. They had been caned every day as well.

"Every ounce of piss that we have generated they have swallowed straight from our dicks and we have masturbated in their mouths. None of my boys actually wanted to put their dicks in those sewers but they shot all their sperm in and made them eat it. The one you kicked in the balls lost them, so we kicked the other three in the balls before castrating them."

They were in a pitiful state strung up from beams in the building I had rented anonymously. I looked at their asses, phew, what a mess. They all looked as though they had been butchered. I slapped their faces to make certain they were awake before saying to them.

"The boy you kidnapped and abused is my lover. I would die for him and now you are going to."

They looked terrified and I laughed. I told them the order in which they were going to die and we started the final punishment.

Nobby was first. The biggest of the mercenaries used a bullwhip and beat his ass, tearing the flesh from it in huge chunks. He lost consciousness a few times but we waited and carried on each time he came to. When his arse looked like chopped liver I had him secured on his back on a bench with his legs spread and pulled back. I took the baseball bat and after a bit of searching found his anal entry and pushed the bat in to about twelve inches. I then took the large mallet I had bought and hit the end burying the bat about two and a half feet inside Nobby's arse, killing him instantly.

The other three had watched this, loosing their bowels and pissing themselves.

I kept Eddy until last. Grabbing his penis I looked into his eyes and said.

"You were the first one to penetrate my baby. I am going to

take this as a souvenir." I took an old hacksaw and just sawed through his penis. After he had been beaten I stuffed it into his mouth before ramming the baseball bat up his arse.

I had done something so vile I knew I would rot in hell but I had avenged my baby.

We burned the bodies, I paid the men and thanked them before returning to my damaged lover. I felt no pricking of conscience, no remorse for my actions.

Silent Waters lived up to his name for the next couple of months. About the only time he wasn't at my side was when I went to the toilet, even then he would wait for me outside the door. I cuddled him almost all of every day. We swam and sunbathed we played games, both of us getting very good at chess. We ate in the Castillo every night. He said little and smiled even less. He had some psychiatric counselling but he appeared to just want to be loved. So I did.

I made gentle love to him a couple of times every day but I didn't touch his bottom. He cried a lot and I told him how much I loved him at least a thousand times every day.

Staffing was the first outside job I took on once we were home. I wanted a chauffeur for Sam. The man was ex S.A.S. as was the bodyguard I employed, again just for Sam. Their remit was very simple.

"Ross, under no circumstances is Silent Waters to be out of your sight when he is outside the Castillo, not even for one second unless he is in a toilet in which case you clear the toilet first. Ian I have a registered firearm, which you are to keep in the car when you drive him anywhere. I would like you both to swim with us every afternoon we are here and let Silent Waters get used to you. Use all your charms to make him feel at ease in your company. Both of you will sleep in the Castillo and act like guests. Ross I would like you to ease Silent Waters into a fitness and Martial Arts programme. I will join you for the fitness programme most days I guess."

That worked very well. Ross and Ian, as you might expect, being ex S.A.S. had incredible bodies, and in their swim briefs what looked like very tasty cocks. I noticed Sam looking at them one afternoon.

"Fancy a taste of them then, Silent Waters?"

He blushed very heavily so I knew the answer was yes.

“Oh no Robert, I couldn’t.”

I laughed.

“I don’t believe you. Just know that if you want to play and you can get either of them interested I won’t mind.”

Enough said, he knew.

I bought a Hummer and had it bullet proofed. I bought a big Audi Quattro Saloon and had that bullet proofed. When I could leave Sam for a little while I took shooting lessons and obtained firearms licences for Spain, the U.K. and the U.S.A. It would be a very foolish person that tried to abduct Sam again.

My next purchase was an intercontinental private jet. It was specially converted to take one of our bulletproof vehicles. Now we were ready to go. No point in being a billionaire and letting the money rot in a bank vault.

I wondered about extending my revenge programme and letting Sam’s other abuser feel my wrath but passed over it for the time being.

Almost a year after I met him I took Sam back to London with me for another meeting with my advisors.

When we walked into Keith’s office he looked at Sam a little quizzically and shook his head.

“Keith this is Silent Waters, you saw him last year if you remember.”

“Mmm, yes, hello Silent Waters, you look a little different to last time we met. Sam wasn’t it?”

“Yes Sir, Sam is my English name but Robert likes me to use my Navajo name.”

“Truth, Keith, some bastard had brought him from America, abused him quite badly and then threw him out leaving him destitute. I was lucky enough to find him the morning I came to see you. When I die you and my trustees will be dealing with Silent Waters, he gets everything.”

More raised eyebrows but the meeting went well. Keith had been looking after me and between us we had increased my fortune considerably. Sam and I had lived quite frugally considering my worth.

This next year was likely to be a little different. We intended to

be jetsetters and world travellers. Sam was more relaxed, he trusted Ross and Ian, was comfortable with them and knew that two of us were armed at all times. We would use my own jet to travel so we could take our full wardrobe and just deplane with what we needed at each destination.

Life started to be fun again. I had still not touched Sam's bottom on the inside although it did get considerable attention on the outside. I knew that there was no scarring, the ridged damage to his muscles was gone and it looked edible. I loved kissing it and licking it, but more than anything I loved to look at it.

It was while we were in London that Sam asked me to enter him again, he missed having me inside him. We went to see a Harley Street specialist. He had been one of the surgeons who flew to the States to be part of the team who worked on Sam at Johns Hopkins.

He may have been a heterosexual male but I would have bet my fortune that being able to play with Sam's bottom had him hard. Sam told me he was opened up with a speculum that was made from a see through material. The surgeon had then used a spotlight to look up inside him and check everything visually before releasing the speculum and feeling everything with his bare fingers after he had spent an age washing and scrubbing them.

"He had me on my back with my legs in stirrups opened up very wide."

I was rock hard visualising it and Sam was laughing, the little wretch. Winding me up.

"Mmm that sounds interesting. I think I might build a playroom at the Castillo and install a similar system. I rather fancy playing with you like that."

He looked shocked, even more so when I told him I was serious. A little more thought on the subject and he said,

"That could be fun. You wouldn't hurt me though Robert, would you?"

I gave him a very disgusted look and just went off in a huff.

He chased me.

"I'm sorry, Robert, I didn't mean it."

I stopped and looked back at him, hurt obviously showing in my eyes.

"Yes you did and I can't begin to imagine that you would even

think such a thought now. You have to know I could never hurt one hair on your head. I killed four men for touching you and I would kill another four thousand."

Whoops, too much information.

It must have been half an hour before a little voice said to me.

"You didn't really kill those men, did you, Robert?"

I looked in his eyes.

"Yes, I had them abducted and for seven days they endured continuously what you had endured for six hours. I had them flayed and then rammed a baseball bat all the way up their anuses."

He didn't say anything else and I didn't see him until dinnertime.

"Do you really love me that much that you would do something that evil?"

"Mmm, do you realise that you were less than one minute away from death when the Guardia rescued you? Have you any idea what your death would have done to me? I wanted to kill them with my bare hands and in the end I did. I may rot in hell Silent Waters but my love for you would have destroyed me if you had been killed."

I don't think he ever again in the whole of our lives together doubted my love for him.

* * *

Chapter 3
Return to Mojacar

I found a company on the web that would build and equip a playroom. When we returned to Mojacar I had them do it. We had to construct from scratch because there was no suitable room. Playroom and bathroom attached were up and equipped in just a few weeks. Sam was fascinated. I had deliberately not had any whips or canes put in but we had a selection of most other toys. The largest dildo was the same size as Sam's cock and the butt plugs ranged up to the same thickness as well. We had the medical type examination table with the stirrups, but this one split so that I could remove half of it to fuck Sam if I wanted to, which of course I did. We also had a whipping bench and a multipurpose torture table.

"This should be fun Silent Waters. I will be able to have Ian and Ross down here spit roasting you while I watch."

I was rolling round the floor laughing at the expression on his face. He fell on me beating me with his fist.

"You beast I hate you. I knew you were only waiting for the chance to abuse me."

He said it in a tone of voice that let me know he wasn't serious and as so often happened when we played I ended up kissing him half to death.

I had never in my life come close to receiving the level of love that flowed from this boy/man to me. It was frequently overwhelming and this was one of those times. Sam sensed it and just snuggled in close to me after a while and we lay on the floor of the playroom for about an hour while I regained my equilibrium.

We walked back to our suite to bathe and change for dinner.

"I am still shocked sometimes at how much you love me."

"Mmm, I am too. It just overwhelms me at odd times like just now."

"But you would let me play with Ross and Ian if they were amenable."

"Yes, that would be fun and the very most it would be is sex."

“Me having sex with someone else doesn’t bother you?”

“Well it would depend on who and where but as a generalisation no.”

“Phew.”

“Silent Waters, don’t get sex and love muddled up. I love you more than anything or anyone else in the world. If we never had sex again I would still love you the same. Because of that love our sex is wondrous. Because we like sex, it could be fun with others.”

“Mmm, put like that I guess so.”

I had given him food for thought.

The next time we swam he asked Ian and Ross if they would be embarrassed if he swam naked which he always used to. They said no and a naked water baby was the centre of attention for the remainder of the afternoon. I noticed both of them got very stiff in their swim suits a couple of times while fooling around with Sam.

Further development was all of us nude the next day. The two stiffies that Ross and Ian couldn’t hide were impressive.

They came out of the water blushing and turned to me.

“Sorry Boss, but he is the sexiest thing I have ever set eyes on.”

I laughed, “No need to apologise. My little nymph has an agenda for you two and it looks like part one is complete. By the way, nice packages.”

They blushed some more but were obviously pleased by my comment. They were becoming family. They were always with us, they ate with us most days, they played with us, (not sexually, yet), they travelled with us. They were mid-twenties and two of the best put together guys I had ever seen.

The next day I nearly had a fit. I had been reading by the pool and not noticed what the other three were up to. A shadow fell across me and I looked up. Sam was stood in front of me with a very impressive erection, but the other two were either side of him also sporting hard ons and Sam had a hand wrapped around each.

“They accused me of being a prick teaser Robert. Do I have your permission to show them I’m not?”

What could I say? My two trained killers were blushing like little boys and were quite obviously putty in his hands. I just nodded I couldn’t speak.

He led them off to sun beds near me and when they were stretched out told Ian to stay where he was.

“I’ll come to you after I have sorted Ross.”

He got between Ross’s legs and gave him a class one blowjob, pulling all the stunts he pulled with me. I was so hard and the action was so hot I was almost peeing pre-cum. He swallowed all Ross’s sperm, of which I guessed there was plenty before doing the same to Ian, another satisfied customer. Seeing my drooling dick he attacked that as well. I can’t say he gave me a blowjob because I was so turned on from what I had watched he hardly had time to get me in his mouth before I shot a load down his throat.

He curled up with me and looking in my eyes said a little sheepishly.

“Was that alright Robert?”

“I don’t know Baby. Ian, Ross, was that alright?”

They both looked a little embarrassed until they saw the grin spreading across my face.

“That was better than alright Boss, that was bloody incredible.”

Ross piped up then. “This isn’t fair though, Silent Waters hasn’t cum.”

“True, does someone want to do something about that then?”

They both did. Now I really was going to have a fit. They had Sam squealing with pleasure until he shot a ton of his juice into the air.

“Ian, Ross, are you two gay?”

“No Boss but we know how to behave as though we were from our training in covert operations. So we just used our best endeavours to please Silent Waters.”

“Wow. How far did your training take you into our world?”

They were both blushing furiously and looking at each other. I saw Ian nod.

Ross sat next to me and told me.

“Both of us were in a team that had to penetrate a terrorist cell in Germany. The problem was it was almost all gay so we were trained to be tops and bottoms to help us infiltrate it.”

“So, did you have to fuck each other, is that how come I got both of you.”

“Yes to both, Ian was my training partner. Both of us actually like gay sex but prefer girls when we can get them.”

“Looking good for my plan for the play room, Silent Waters.”

Now it was his turn to blush.

“Thanks guys, that was very entertaining. How about I reward all three of you by taking you out to Listonero tonight if we can get a table?”

No argument there, the finest restaurant in the area. Not just the food, the ambience was amazing. We always stayed for hours.

* * *

Silent Waters may have lived up to his name but his brain was working overtime. He wanted playtime in the new playroom and he wanted it with me to start with ready for when he seduced Ross and Ian. So I was going to complain about playing for his pleasure?

I also knew that he had virtually completed his planning for our round the world trip. My guess was that he was going to have me working on the details while he had Ross and Ian in the playroom. Probably quite soon so I did some quick work.

Bur first me, and I had every intention of making him squeal with pleasure for a long time before I orgasmed inside his perfect little butt.

“This afternoon I think we should try out the playroom, Silent Waters.”

He had a broad grin on his face when he replied.

“Oh yes please Robert.”

“I’m going to change its name for this afternoon though. It is going to be called the slave punishment room and you are going to be the slave.”

Over a year now and that shadow passed across his face momentarily.

“You still think it’s possible I am going to hurt you?”

He looked ashamed but there was still a hint of fear in his eyes.

“Oh Baby, come here.”

I took him in my arms and cuddled him.

“How long have we been lovers?”

“I don’t know Robert, a little over a year.”

“And how many times have I hurt you in that year?”

“None Robert.”

“And if I intended to hurt you this afternoon do you think I would have advertised it before the event?”

“No Robert.”

“So why are you showing fear?”

“I don’t know.”

“Do you think when I have you restrained on the punishment table I am going to become an ogre and produce whips and canes to beat you with?”

He pulled away from me and looked into my eyes. Very sheepishly he said.

“No. I know you love me so much that you have killed for me. I don’t know why I was frightened.”

“Well I am very upset about it and I haven’t decided yet what terrible punishment to inflict on you. I am going to either lick you to death or kiss you to death.”

He giggled, we went for showers and I gave Sam an enema.

“I am giving you that because I am going to use that cute bottom for a lot of activity today.”

Give him his due, he only bounced off four walls in his eagerness to get into the playroom after that. I wore leather shorts and told Sam he had to wear his briefest white pants. I showed him slave rest and slave display positions. I had researched them from the Internet.

As soon as we were in the room I locked the door and told him.

“Slave rest. - - - Mmm, not bad, slave. Now slave display.”

He opened his legs wide and clasped his hands behind his head. Chest out tummy in, not that he had any tummy. I ran my hands over his torso teasing his nipples. I brushed his cotton clad package as I passed from belly to inside thigh. Stroking my way up the back of his

legs I again just brushed his cotton covered butt before stroking his back. I ran my hands down his arms and started the return trip. As I passed his package on the way back I noted it was almost hard. Again I brushed it lightly. I looked in his eyes as I reached his neck before stroking his cheeks and moving in to lightly kiss his lips. I could see the lust building and I smiled. Moving back down I stopped at his nipples with my mouth and licked and kissed them for ages until he started to moan.

I slipped a razor sharp flick knife out of my pocket. He heard the click and looked down to see what it was. I saw the fear and stroked his face.

“Don’t be afraid little one, you are safe with me.”

He looked back up to my eyes and saw the love.

“I’m sorry Robert.” He whispered and I saw the tear drop.

I used the knife, in two slick movements I had severed the thin side strap of his briefs and pulled them away from him throwing them in the corner along with the knife. He looked so shocked as his now hard penis stood erect and free. I went straight to my knees and took the head in my mouth punishing it immediately with my tongue and working his balls with a hand.

He hissed his pleasure at my unexpected attack, which I kept up until he begged me to stop.

“You ungrateful slave. Punishment table, on your tummy.”

I secured his wrists and legs then worked the levers to pull everything tight so that he couldn’t move. His hard penis was hanging clear through a hole in the table.

I pulled the tray of dildos and butt plugs from its stowage and placed it on the table in between his legs. I lubed his bottom and took a long slim dildo out which I inserted in his butt. I butt fucked him with it for about ten minutes never inserting more than about six inches. His cock was protruding through the hole in the table and bending over I could see he was drooling pre-cum. I upped the size of the dildo and gave him another ten minutes inserting about eight or nine inches this time. I knew I was striking his prostate regularly and he was moaning all the time. I needed to get him squealing so I removed the dildo and inserted a well lubricated finger which found his prostate and I started tapping it. He went absolutely ballistic nearly braking the restraints he was bucking so hard. And he was squealing. I kept it up and watched him start multiple orgasms, I helped by squeezing his buns with my other hand and circling my

inserted finger. I let him squeal for a few minutes until I thought it might be dangerous to continue that level of stimulation then I pulled my finger out and just gently caressed his back all the way from neck to ankle, whispering words that he could just hear.

"I love you little man. You are my moon and stars. You are the sunshine that feeds my body. The wind that whispers in the trees and the sea that gently kisses the golden sand. You are my life, now and forever. I will protect you with my life and never hurt you. Not one single hair of your head."

I moved round the table to his head, lifted it gently and kissed him on the lips. Then I kissed each eye and watched as they opened again oozing love.

I released his restraints and carried him to the couch I had furnished the room with as an afterthought, went to the fridge and mixed him a week fruit juice and mineral water. He sipped it slowly never taking his eyes off me. When he had recovered sufficiently to string words together he said.

"That is the most amazing experience I have ever had. How could I possibly doubt that you love me and would never harm me? Are you still going to make love to me?"

I looked dumbfounded.

"What do you think I have been doing for the last hour, knitting?"

He giggled. "You know what I mean. I want you to fuck me."

"Don't be crude, I don't fuck you, I make love to you. There are lots of ways to make love to you."

"I know but please fuck me."

My turn to giggle.

"Ok but I think I have to examine you first. Up on the examination table, get your feet in the stirrups."

This was what he really wanted, he knew I got seriously horny thinking about this and he was going to be the recipient of all that lust.

I adjusted his position so that when I split the table his ass would be in the perfect position for me to enter him. I strapped his middle and manoeuvred the stirrups so that his legs were spread wider and further back. He could move above the waist but not below and as soon as he realised that he knew he was in for some more

serious pleasuring. He was rock hard so I got an adjustable cock ring and put it on making sure it was tight but not painful.

"That should stop you cumming until I am ready for you."

I slipped my leather shorts off went round to the head of the table and lowered it enough for him to give me a blowjob. While he was doing that I worried his nipples again until he started to moan. When I was about ready to cum I pulled away and went to the side to start working his cock and balls. The squeals came quickly and the begging followed about fifteen minutes later. Begging, squealing, crying, time to stop and return to his anus. Now I attacked it with my tongue and fingers. His cheeks were so well spread I didn't really need to use my hands to stretch them further, but I did just for erotic effect. I stroked those two perfect little orbs. Stroking his inner thighs, I almost came they were so smooth and with what my eyes were relaying to my brain I was almost lost before I got inside him. I nearly swallowed his ball sac I sucked it so far into my mouth. The squeals got louder. My hands and lips were working his nether regions like never before. I lubed my penis and his love chute before entering him smoothly all the way in one. He was so relaxed all I got was a huge sigh of contentment as I bottomed out, all nine inches of me embedded as deep as I could go. His eyes never left mine I fucked him slowly with long strokes making every entry a slightly different angle. Striking his prostate became like a game of Russian roulette, he couldn't stand it, the tears now were of frustration so I released his cock ring and powered in hitting his prostate every time. The squeals reached a crescendo and he came, I had never seen anything like it. Talk about opening the floodgates. He just kept cumming and the spurts caused massive contractions of his gluts sending me into orbit. I thought I had some impressive orgasms with Sam but this made all others pale into insignificance. We were both screaming and crying it was mind bending. I found the strength from somewhere to release him and carry him to the couch. It must have been at least half an hour before either of us moved. We just cuddled.

When we could walk it was a quick shower and into bed. We both slept the sleep of the dead for nearly four hours. I woke to find Sam leaning on one elbow looking down at me.

"Hello Baby, are you alright?"

He nodded.

"What time is it?"

"Seven o clock. I told Isabelle to leave us a light supper. Ian and Ross have gone out."

“How long have you been awake?”

“About half an hour, I was exhausted.”

“Me too.”

“I don’t think I could take that level of punishment very often. It was unbelievable.”

He smiled.

“Me neither. I don’t get to look at you like that very often. You are the most incredibly beautiful creature I have ever set eyes on.”

He blushed. I leant up and kissed his nose.

“Want to shower and go get something to eat?”

“Shower yes, eat, I don’t think I could.”

“A couple of glasses of Champagne and a bowl of strawberries and cream.”

“Oh yes Robert, that would be nice. Can we have pink Champagne?”

“Mmm, I think so.”

We slid caftan’s on after showering, it was so much easier and more comfortable than regular clothes.

I watched my baby eat his strawberries and sip the bubbly.

There were no words that I could think of to tell him how much I loved him, how deep it went. Everything I said always seemed so inadequate.

After finishing his strawberries he sat nursing his bubbly, taking occasional sips but never taking his eyes off me.

“The words you used in the playroom when you were trying to calm me down. Did you mean them?”

“Have I ever said anything to you that I didn’t mean?”

“I don’t think so. I’m not sure I can measure that depth of love. I would die for you I know. I wanted to die when I thought those four men had ruined me for you. But, I don’t know Robert. Are you disappointed with me?”

I laughed, “Yes, terribly.”

He grinned rather sheepishly, walked round the breakfast bar where we had sat and cuddled me.

The next morning we were just about back to normal, but Sam was a little pensive. He had something on his mind and I left it, he would tell me when he was ready. I think it was the first time I had seen the Indian in him, in the way he was thinking.

“Can I go up into the mountains Robert? I would like to be alone, to think.”

“Yes, but Ross goes with you. He must be able to see you. He doesn’t have to be breathing down your neck.”

“You won’t let me go alone?”

Tears sprang to my eyes. Very quietly I said,

“No, I nearly lost you once. I’ll never take that risk again.”

He nodded.

I climbed to the top turret on the Castillo with my binoculars and I scoured the mountain. Ross had a mobile, as did I. If I saw anything I could talk to him. The mountain was clear. I knew not many people went higher than the village, but it only needed one bent on mischief to end my life if Sam was hurt.

I saw him squatting Indian fashion looking at the village and I felt guilty spying on him so I went back to the study.

When he came back he came in to see me.

“Robert if I wanted to go away would you let me?”

I looked in his eyes searching for his thoughts.

“Yes, why, do you want to?”

“If I wanted to go without Ross or Ian, would you let me?”

“Yes, if that is your wish. Away from me your main risk is your beauty. Here your main risk is being my love. You are not my prisoner Silent Waters, you are my life.”

He turned and left me. I went out to the pool to read. Ross and Ian were swimming lengths. They looked up at me and mouthed Silent Waters name. I shrugged.

I had been reading for about an hour when the book was taken from my hands and Sam curled up in my lap buried his face in my neck and cuddled me.

“I know you love me deeply. I know the lengths you would go to protect me and I know how awesome your wrath against someone who has hurt me. Yesterday was beyond any of that. The love you

professed for me was almost frightening. I don't deserve any of this," he said waving his hand around him, "I don't deserve you. I have done nothing to warrant a love as deep as yours. I wondered if your love for me would make me a prisoner. I don't want to go away. I don't want to leave you. I just needed to know I could."

I squeezed him and kissed the top of his head.

"I told you when you came here you can do anything you like, go anywhere you like. That hasn't changed. My love is the only thing that's changed, it's deeper now, and next year it will be deeper still. Every day I see something more in you to love."

He looked at me and smiled. "I am so lucky. I love you so much. Thank you Robert." And he was gone, shrieking like a banshee as he dive bombed Ross and Ian.

My little Red Indian, how I loved him.

He was a little subdued for a couple of days but then Ross and Ian got another couple of blowjobs. Sam really did like cock sucking and I knew he liked Ross and Ian enormously. They were difficult not to like. If I didn't have, and had never had Sam I would not have had too much trouble falling for either of them.

I needed them all out of the way for a few hours before I let them use the playroom so I got them to drive into Almeria for some clothes one afternoon after I had organised a very able visual and audio engineer to come to the Castillo.

Eight cameras and mics, state of the art, tiny. I guess Ross and Ian would have found them if they were looking, but they weren't going to be looking. I had them all run into a small control room that looked like a lean to on the side of the playroom with a small door. I could get in and out if I wanted to while it was in use or I could go in and watch everything pre recorded. I had a master screen and eight small ones with the ability to put any of the pictures from the small ones up on the big screen. If I was present I could also use a zoom facility on each camera. We tested it and I was amazed at the clarity of the pictures and the sensitivity of the mics. I wouldn't miss a word that was spoken.

I was so looking forward to seeing my Baby controlling my two macho, trained killers. I wanted him to be totally at ease so that I could see what he would be like if he were totally uninhibited.

The next afternoon I engineered it. The three of them were in the pool naked and Sam was playing with Ian and Ross's cocks whenever he got the chance.

“Hey guys. I have to go out for a couple of hours. I might be a little longer but not much. I’ll certainly be back for supper.”

I left and five minutes later I was able to walk back in past the pool to my spy room. My guess had been correct. They were in there naked with Ross and Ian facing Sam. They had just finished towelling dry so I caught the beginning of the conversation.

“Robert knows I want to do more than just give you guys blowjobs, but I always feel a little intimidated trying anything on when he is around. Now we don’t have that problem. The other afternoon I was his slave in here. This afternoon I will be your slave. You can do anything you like to me and I will do anything you ask. I will show you how to operate the doctor’s table and the punishment / torture table and over there those drawers all have toys in them. You can use any you like. You can enjoy for two hours.”

“You always lead in this kind of activity Ross so you might as well this afternoon.”

“Ok, let’s get comfortable on the couch while I think about it and Silent Waters, you can get on your knees and pleasure us both.”

Regular activity there. Sam was rock hard and sucking and playing with two cocks in no time.

“Don’t make us cum or I will punish you.”

Sam looked up at Ross and I saw that look again. No canes or whips so the most he would get would be a spanking. I remembered that Ian had a tendency to premature ejaculate, but Sam must have forgotten in his eagerness to play and Ian suddenly gushed a ton of love juice over Sam’s face and hand.

“You asked for it slave, now lick up all that cum.”

Sam did and I zoomed in to see his face. He loved it.

“You disobeyed me. So come with me.”

Ross led him to the whipping horse and secured his ankles before bending him over and doing the same with his wrists. In one of the drawers I kept a straight razor which I used to trim Sam’s pubic hair, along with the leather strop I used to sharpen it.

Ross pulled it out and said, “This will do.” He also had a cock gag about four inches long.

“I don’t want to hear your screams so I am going to gag you.”

Before Sam could say anything he was gagged and helpless. I

could see the fear on his face. I hoped Ross was not serious.

I zoomed in on Sam but kept a good watch on Ross and Ian. I saw Ross wink as he said.

“I think twenty each should be enough to start with before we fuck him with a couple of the larger dildos.”

I was ready to intervene this was looking serious, wink or no wink. Ross started and I noticed he was using a kind of stroking motion with the strop. There was a little power behind it so I guessed Sam would hardly be feeling it. I could see his cock, which had gone very soft. After about six or seven he started wriggling his cute little butt and getting a massive erection. At twenty Ross took the gag out and facing Sam said,

“That is half your punishment, are you ready for the second half?”

At the same time Ian was stroking Sam’s butt.

“Oh God yes, Ian please stop stroking my bum I’m nearly cumming.”

All three of them were nearly in hysterics and during the next twenty Sam ejaculated twice.

“You disgusting little slut. I am going to find the biggest dildo I can and see how you like it.”

Up on the examination table and I had cameras moving every which way, I didn’t want to miss any of this.

Ross had a really neat way of opening Sam up to the maximum. He bent his knees first then laid them over almost flat before fixing the stirrups and pulling Sam’s knees back rather than his lower legs. The result was incredible. Both he and Ian could get between his legs, but Ross had other ideas.

“Ok Ian your job is to fill his mouth with cum as often as you can while I open him up with these dildos. Use your hands as well as your tongue slave.”

Ross had all of the dildos and over the next hour he used all of them starting at the smallest and working up. All the time he was using his mouth and other hand to play with Sam. My baby was going to be a little sore I reckoned.

Ian was so turned on by it all that it looked as though he was almost continuously shooting into Sam’s mouth, and of course as Sam’s gag reflex was working overtime he was massaging Ian’s dick

even more. Ross's cock looked as though it would explode if he didn't cum soon.

Lust won in the end and he entered Sam after an hour and a half of stimulation. The next five minutes were unreal. Ian came again, Sam was having multiple orgasms and was screaming around Ian's cock and Ross was going ballistic. I thought he was going to kill Sam he was fucking him so hard. He fell forwards over him after he had orgasmed and had to be helped to the couch by Ian. Ian released Sam after sliding the bottom half of the table back in place then all three of them just lay where they were totally spent.

I left the cameras running in their pre-set positions and went to shower and change. I'm not sure how many times I had cum it was an unbelievable experience watching my Baby being made love to by other people.

I was in my study reading when I heard the splashes and went out to watch the three of them, now clad in costumes swimming laps. Sam saw me first.

"Hello Robert, how long have you been back?"

"Oh I was only gone about five minutes, my appointment cancelled as I was leaving."

The look of consternation on all three faces had me rolling on the tiles almost.

"Have the mice been playing while the cat was away then?"

They were blushing like mad.

"Come on guys, I can guess what you have been up to. Did you enjoy yourselves?"

I got three nods and I went back inside.

Sam found me after he had showered and dressed for dinner.

"Have you really been here all the time?"

"Yes lover, but I wanted you to think I was away so that you could have fun with the boys without worrying. Was it good?"

I had a wicked grin on my face.

He jumped into my lap, gave me a big sloppy kiss and just like a kid gushed it out.

"Oh yes, Ross and Ian beat me with your razor strop. They gave me twenty each."

He was giggling and I soon joined him.

“It was terribly erotic and then they fucked my mouth and my bottom for nearly two hours. They were incredible. I don’t believe either of them is straight. I would love to watch you fuck them. I bet they would let you.”

“You are a little slut. I bet you would like to have a video of all the action wouldn’t you?”

“Oh yes, I bet it would look fantastic. I couldn’t see half of what was going on with Ross because Ian’s cock was in my mouth all the time.”

I just smiled. Over the next couple of days I got to edit the action on the eight cameras. The takes were so good that I couldn’t get it shorter than three hours, viewing some scenes from different angles. When I was happy with it I talked to Ian and Ross.

“Silent Waters tells me he really enjoyed your afternoon in the playroom and would have loved to have a video of it. What about you two?”

They both blushed furiously.

“You don’t need to be embarrassed, you know I never refuse my Baby anything. He wanted you two to fuck his brain out and I don’t have a problem with that.”

“I don’t know if we will ever get the chance to do that again but a video of it would have been incredible whatever happens.”

“Yes I go along with that Boss, he is one incredibly hot boy.” Ian was gushing, just like Sam had.

“Have you two got any plans for after dinner tonight?”

“Not really boss we were just going to drive along to the Rusty Nail for a couple.”

“Well if you would like to join Silent Waters and me in the TV room I might be able to offer some good entertainment as well as the beer.

I had captioned the video as well. There was consternation on three faces as the credits came up:-

“Silent Waters Run Deep,” Starring, Silent Waters, Ross James and Ian Glenn.

It went very quiet as the dialogue started. The clarity of both sound and vision was amazing. You could just about count the

individual hairs in the boys pubes and every word was understandable.

I turned the light up when it finished and waited. The three of them were looking at me mouths agape all in a state of shock.

Sam looked as though he was about to pass out. I pulled him into my lap and stroked his hair at the same time looking at the other two.

“Those other two videos on the coffee table are your copies Ian and Ross if you want them.”

Ross started to splutter. “How the fuck.”

“I had it all fitted while you were in Almeria the other week. I thought we might get lots of mileage out of it. You can join me in there tomorrow if you like Ross and we’ll add to the library.”

“Jeez Boss you’re full of surprises. That was really raunchy. Aren’t you pissed off with us doing that to Silent Waters?”

I laughed like a drain.

“Are you kidding? I lost count of the number of times I orgasmed watching you two take my baby to paradise.”

Chapter 4
Sam gets his own back

Sam wouldn't look at me.

"If I have upset you would you like to get your revenge by watching Ian and Ross do something similar to me?"

That got his attention. Wide eyed now he looked me straight in the eyes.

"Would you really do it?"

"Of course I would, that was mind blowing. Ian and Ross might not be so enthusiastic with me I'm not beautiful and sexy like you."

"We heard that Boss and I for one would love to have you as my slave for the afternoon in the playroom."

"Ditto," said Ian.

"Ok, we'll work on it. Anybody have any problems with what I did?"

"No, but I might make you pay for spying when you are my slave. I won't be tickling you like I did Silent Waters."

We all laughed and went off to bed. I wondered how long it would take Ian and Ross to wear out their tapes.

"Robert, are you sure you aren't mad at me, you aren't going to hurt me are you?"

"If I was ever genuinely mad at you I would take you to the playroom, restrain you and beat you unconscious. Of course I can say that because it is never going to happen. Come on Silent Waters, what do I have to do to convince you I am never going to harm a hair on your head?"

I probably sounded annoyed, which I was. Sam had been with me for more than a year and he still expected to be abused if he did anything wrong. What did I have to do to convince him abuse would never be on the menu? Ross and Ian knew and they had used beating as an erotic outlet for Sam. I had never touched him in any way that

would indicate I intended to hurt him.

"I don't know. Stephen loved me in Arizona and abused me in England. Robert he hurt me so badly, I was so pleased when he threw me out. I sold myself to buy food and I was sometimes abused, but I was never loved. I tried so hard to please the men that picked me up, some of them didn't even pay me. When you found me I had almost given up hope. I wanted to believe in you so much. You are kind and generous, gentle and loving, but I always worry if I am less than perfect that you will do to me what Stephen did and put me through hell."

By the time he finished that little speech he was sobbing as though his heart would break.

I wept, how deep my Baby's torment went. I had loved him unconditionally for over a year but he still expected abuse. I cuddled him knowing now I would probably spend years convincing him that he would never be hurt physically by me. I would need to emphasise the facts to Ross and Ian, although that was probably going to be unnecessary, they loved Sam almost as much as me I think.

At breakfast the next morning I told Sam.

"I want you to be wicked, I want you to try to get me so angry that you would expect to be beaten. I want you to do everything you can think of to make me stop loving you."

"Why Robert, why?"

"Because perhaps then you will realise you can't do either. I will never stop loving you and I will never abuse you. I don't care what you do, I will love you to all eternity."

Usual routine, I had a lap full of wonderful boy.

"Come on let's go to the pool. Ian and Ross have gone shopping with Isabelle. You can get naked and be a water baby for a couple of hours."

As we walked to the pool he said,

"I won't be bad, I know you won't ever hurt me, but sometimes I forget."

The look had me in fits. I would never win. I just had to accept who he was, how his experiences had moulded him. He loved me, he wanted to stay with me, could I realistically ask for anything more?

"But what if I hurt you when we are in the playroom? Wouldn't you retaliate?"

“Mmm, why are you planning to hurt me?”

“No, but when Ross and Ian chastised me they could have accidentally been too hard, if we did the same with you that could happen.”

“I guess it could Baby, but I doubt it could happen to the degree where I would be terrified. I might hurt a little if you got too enthusiastic but I don’t think it would take me years to feel safe again.”

He looked up at me and nodded his head developing his most serious expression. I laughed.

“I think you’re a fraud Silent Waters. I don’t think you have any doubts that you are a million % safe with me no matter what you do.”

He giggled.

I grabbed him and put him across my knees. He was supporting himself on his elbows at the front and his knees at the back. I pulled him forwards a little more so that I could smack his bottom.

“Just in case, I am going to get in first and let you feel some pain.”

He looked round at me in surprise and I gave him two quick slaps on his bottom.

“How many of those do you think it would take to make your bottom really hurt?”

I gave him another two.

“Tell me.”

“No more Robert no more, I don’t want you to smack me anymore.”

Slight desperation. So I dumped him off me so that he was still on his knees and elbows over the sun bed but I was in between his legs holding him down and I started to lick and kiss his bottom. I kept it up for about ten minutes gently stroking his back with my hands. I stretched his legs a little wider and attacked his anus and perineum. Eventually I used my hands to spread him further and buried my tongue as deep as I could into his love tunnel. Effect as desired.

“Please Robert, make love to me.”

“Alright, on your back on the sun bed, legs wide and over your

shoulder."

He was there almost before I had finished the sentence. I lubed up and entered him with no preamble. His eyes told me I had done it just right. I could have dived into them no problem. They were deep pools of desire and love.

I screwed him slowly and deeply, playing with his beautiful appendage and leaning forward occasionally to lick it and suck the glans. One of the many advantages of his magnificent tool was that I could fuck him and suck him at the same time. He took a load of my love juice in his bottom as I took his in my mouth. God it was so good.

"Satisfied."

Big kiss.

"I love you, but you hurt me spanking me."

I tickled him.

"Tell me the truth or I won't stop until you are sick."

He was giggling and squealing. "I give in I give in, you didn't hurt me."

I stopped and just held him. He burrowed his head into my neck and whispered into my chest.

"Love me Robert, just love me."

Weird, I thought that was what I was doing.

Ross and Ian came out about an hour later and looked at Sam's butt in surprise.

"Has he been bad Boss?"

"Sorry."

"Silent Waters has a glowing butt, I wondered if he had been chastised."

I slid round to have a look and was shocked to see Sam's butt a little red. I was mortified.

"Silent Waters, did I hurt you?"

He spun round was about to say yes until he saw the look on my face.

"No of course you didn't silly, it felt very sexy, if you had continued I would probably have orgasmed."

I grabbed him and cuddled him again kissing him all over his face.

Normal service resumed after lunch. Ian and Ross doing laps with Sam and playing around. I realised they were finding it increasingly desirable to play with Sam physically every time they swam together. They were both almost constantly hard as was Sam.

I thought I would see how hard-nosed I could get with them before they rebelled.

“Ross, come here a minute will you?”

He hopped out of the pool still sporting a hard cock.

“Would you give me a blowjob?”

He looked a little shocked but shrugged and said, “Sure.”

He was good. Embarrassed when he realised Ian and Sam were at the side of the pool watching, but good. He swallowed all my cum and then sat back on his haunches and with his head canted to one side and a quizzical expression on his face just said.

“Why?”

“Because I wanted to see if you would and because I want to give you one, but I thought as the Boss I ought to let you do it first.”

He grinned and was on his back, hands behind his head on the next sun bed in no time. I gave him his blowjob. He had a body to die for and it was great running my hands over it while I sucked on his cock. I sucked like a baby on a bottle for a little while as I played with his nipples and then I spread his legs and bent them up moved off his cock and started on his balls and perineum moving my hands down to his belly and cock. I had a go at his anus as well to gauge reaction to anal play. He loved it, so I opened him up with fingers and again he loved it. Finally I slid my very hard cock into him getting a small grunt as I passed over his sphincter.

“Not fare Boss, you took advantage.”

“Want me to pull out?”

“Oh no, that feels great. Just don’t neglect little Ross will you?”

I didn’t. I wanked him to orgasm about the same time as me.

Two very satisfactory orgasms and two guys with jaws almost touching the floor. I looked at them and just said, “What?”

They shook their heads and dived back into the pool. I lay down beside Ross and asked.

“Ok.”

“Yeah, better than ok Boss, but why?”

“I rather fancy you and Ian, now that Silent Waters is sure of my love and likes you two guys enough to trust you in the playroom I thought I might see how the land lay.”

“Truth time Boss. I think Ian and I are more gay than straight. We both enjoyed the gay sex in our training for the undercover job and we’ve played a little here at the Castillo. The session in the playroom with Silent Waters was probably the defining moment. He is just amazing, now with you just added to my belief that guys are great. I’d like to reverse roles some time, you are a bloody sexy guy as well.”

“Well thanks, I guess with Silent Waters around I have tended to think of myself as plain Jane he is so fucking gorgeous.”

“Wrong Boss, you are gorgeous he is unbelievable.”

I nodded, he was probably right. Well about Sam anyway.

“How about I do a Silent Waters with you in the playroom. Me slave, Silent Waters in the control room playing with the videos?”

“Serious.”

“Yeah, why not? I might even add a few chastisers to the toys. They can be bloody erotic used properly, as you did with the razor strop.”

“Sounds great, I can’t wait.”

* * *

So we did it. A couple of afternoons later I took Silent Waters into the control room and showed him how to work the cameras. Something I hadn’t used but now showed him was the mic. If he switched it on he could talk to the people in the playroom and of course hear their replies.

“Don’t forget to leave it switched off when you aren’t using it or you will screw up the sound track on the video.”

We played for a little while to make sure he had it and then I told him we would do it tomorrow. He was funny. Very subdued he

said to me.

"Have you ever been fucked Robert?"

"Mmm, but not for some time."

"Ian and Ross are quite big, won't they hurt you?"

"Not if they are gentle. Perhaps I should let you fuck me tonight to open me up. If I take you I can take anything in this place."

He looked aghast at me. "I've never been a top, ever."

"Would you like to top me tonight?"

He shook his head violently. "No Robert please don't make me."

He looked frightened half to death. I laughed.

"Of course I won't make you. I've never made you do anything."

I gave him a cuddle. This boy was a bundle of sensitivity and neurosis.

He must have had a word with Ross and Ian because they opened me up for a long time before fucking my brains out, but, I'm getting ahead of myself.

After lunch the next day we were letting it settle lounging round the pool.

"Are you seriously going to be our slave for a couple of hours Boss, no holds barred and no retribution even if we go over the top?"

"Yes, Silent Waters wants to see me being fucked among other things and you know I can't refuse him anything. You can start now and keep going as long as you like. I won't limit you to two hours."

They looked at each other and grinned.

"How long do the tapes run in the playroom Boss?"

"Three hours."

"Ok, before we go into the playroom do you have a douche?"

"Yes there is a built in one in the playroom bathroom."

"Ok, let's get the ball rolling. I am going to show you some positions and the command that goes with them. Then you can practice them here, but I want you naked first."

No problem there. I stood naked while Ross showed me Slave

Rest, Display, Suck, Fuck and Punishment. I practised them on command and he told me that for Slave Punishment position I had to be over the whipping bench. For Slave Fuck I had to be on the torture table or the floor, they would tell me where and for the remainder in the centre of the floor. The playroom had very thick underlay below the carpet so kneeling for Slave Suck would not be uncomfortable even if I had to be in that position a lot.

"We are also going to remove all your body hair except a neatly trimmed patch round your cock and under your arms."

I looked a little surprised at that but said nothing.

"Finally you are not to speak again until we are finished unless it is to answer a question. You will then only utter two words, 'Yes Master, or 'No Master 'as the case may be. Do you understand slave?"

"Yes Master."

Sam was goggle eyed at all this, switching his gaze from Ross to me all the time.

"Jeez Ross, where did you learn all that stuff?"

He grinned and replied, "Oh, I've been round the Bazaars."

Playroom bathroom was next and I stood at slave display while they shaved me. Shaving my crack was humiliating. They made me spread my legs as wide as I could bent over the toilet and Ian pulled my cheeks further apart while Ross shaved them with Sam stood directly behind me watching. It got more humiliating when they gave me my enema. They watched me squat to empty myself and then inspected the bowl. They gave me three enemas before they were satisfied.

"Ok slave, now shower."

All three watched and Ross made comments about cleaning my ass properly around my anus. After I had dried myself they had me spread wide and bent over while they inspected my ass minutely. Sam was absolutely amazed at all this, his eyes were nearly popping out of his head.

There were four very hard cocks as we went into the playroom and Sam scuttled off to the control room.

"Don't start the videos rolling yet Silent Waters I want to check on the position of all the cameras."

"I know I'm not supposed to talk Ross but Silent Waters if you look on the control panel there is a switch marked camera check. If

you make it, all of the cameras have a ready light which Ross and Ian will be able to see."

"Ok that's great, I can now position the slave to get the best possible shots."

The first action for the cameras was to get me in Slave Suck position and each of them had me sucking them to orgasm. Ross first.

"I want you to let me shoot all over your face slave so pull off just before I come."

I had a face full of cum when he finished, it was humiliating knowing Sam was watching it. But I also knew it would make good film.

"Lick me clean slut and then scoop my cum off your face and eat it."

Ian was next.

"Hold all my cum in your mouth slave, you are not to swallow any."

I licked and sucked on this wonderful seven or eight inch cock with its beautiful mushroom head. My tongue worked overtime on the ridge below the glans. I loved sucking almost as much as Sam I think. Ian didn't last very long and I soon had a mouthful of cum. There was so much of it that I had to let a little dribble down the sides of my mouth.

"Now open your mouth slut and let us see."

I was facing a camera so if Sam zoomed in he would get a close up of me with a mouthful of cum and the excess dribbling down my chin.

"Good slave, now swallow it and lick up the excess round your mouth."

"We think you were a naughty boy sneaking that video set up in without telling us and naughty boys get spanked, so, over my knees slave."

This was a new one for me. Ross had me over his knees with my legs spread and stroked my bottom while he discussed with Ian how many I should receive. He ran his fingers down my crack as well and with one of them lubricated eased it into my rectum. He was wriggling it around making me very hard. Then he started, not very softly spanking me. By ten I was wriggling around trying to avoid his hand, it was beginning to hurt.

“Keep still slave or I’ll have you restrained and continue.”

I couldn’t it was beginning to sting too much. They dragged me across to the whipping bench and secured me to it. They then took turns spanking me until I started to howl. I was released and Ross ordered.

“Slave Display.”

I felt so humiliated, I was crying with the pain. They both stood behind me and stroked my butt. I nearly jumped out of my skin at the first touch but gradually the soothing touch of Ian or Ross’s hands became erotic and I had a raging hard on again.

“Ok, Slave Fuck, table.”

Up on the table Ross told me to rest my head and shoulders on the table, push my bottom back as far as I could and spread my legs wide. I had to put my hands behind my back and Ian secured them with a Velcro strap. Straps were then applied so that I couldn’t scoot forward no matter what they did to my ass.

“That has a nice glow to it Ian, do you think we should brighten it up some more?”

I prayed they wouldn’t I was sore already.

“Nah, I think we should start work on the inside.”

“Yeah I agree. This speculum should open him wide enough to take my fist without even knowing it.”

He wasn’t wrong. I could feel my ass stretching wider and wider until Ross stopped working the lever. I was grunting with the discomfort made worse because I couldn’t adjust my position.

“Zoom in on that Silent Waters and you’ll be able to see half way up his insides.”

They both laughed and they stroked each cheek while they gave Sam a chance to record it. Then Ross pushed his fist in me. I knew he had done it because I could feel his fingers well up inside me. There was no pain so they must have done a terrific job with the speculum. Fist out, speculum out, a well lubricated fist back in.

I went ballistic. I had never felt anything so erotic in my life. I was almost peeing pre-cum.

“Jesus Ross look at this, the Boss is obviously turned on by that.”

Ross pulled out and Ian took his place while Ross watched me

oozing pre-cum.

"Mmm, let's get him on the doctor's table and see if we can do the same with a huge dildo."

Christ did that ever work. Splayed on the table with my feet in the stirrups Ross started fucking me with the dildo the same size as Sam. I only took about five minutes of that before I had my first orgasm. Ian and Ross then fucked me to orgasm as well. My prostate was so incredibly sensitive and I'd had no idea.

They left me there covered in my own cum and there's dripping out of my arse.

"Silent Waters, come in here will you?" Ross said looking into one of the cameras.

Sam came in still naked and sporting a cock as hard as I had ever seen it.

"Why don't you fuck my slave with a real monster."

Sam looked shocked.

"I can't. I've never done that."

I think Ross was surprised but he won in the end after Sam had looked in my eyes and got a nod from me.

That was a defining moment in my life. Sam entered me gently and fucked me slowly cumming buckets and then staying inside me for a second orgasm. I hardly stopped orgasming the whole time. He was crying when he pulled out and walked round the table to kiss me and apologise.

"I'm sorry, Robert, please don't be angry with me."

"Are you kidding you nut. I'm going to want you to do that to me every day now that I know how incredible it is. Now off you go and finish filming this."

Ross started again as soon as Sam was gone.

"Scoop up as much cum from your ass as you can slut and eat it."

Pretty disgusting in retrospect but I was so turned on I didn't hesitate.

When I watched that scene later I orgasmed again it was so fucking erotic.

"You slut you love it don't you?"

Ross was grinning as he said it to me. I didn't answer because I thought it was a rhetorical question until he smacked my ass again.

"Yes Master, I love it."

"Let's see if you love this."

I was released and put in the frame spread y wide and fucked for a few minutes at a time by each of them and sucked by the other one. They kept that up until both of them had orgasmed again and they had drunk a gallon of my cum.

"You are such a slut slave I think we will finish this session by seeing how you like a spanking with one of the chastisers."

I had put them in the playroom without Sam knowing and the one Ross chose was a wide leather paddle. I was stretched out flat on my tummy on the torture table and they took turns spanking me with the paddle. I couldn't believe how much it hurt and I was sobbing and screaming with the pain after only about five. They ran to ten before releasing me and stroking my arse until I orgasmed again. Yeah the pain was actually a turn on after a while.

"Ok Silent Waters we are finished, come on in."

With all four of us sitting around on the equipment, well the other three, I wasn't sitting anywhere.

"Well Boss, what did you think of that?"

I tried to look and sound pissed off.

"I think you're a sadistic bastard and you're fired."

It couldn't work because of Sam.

"You can't Robert, you promised."

I grinned. "I know, I just wanted to see the look on Ross's face."

"You are a bastard Ross, you fucking hurt me with your spanking and beating, but it was incredibly erotic as well."

"What we did to you Boss was almost a mirror image of what was done to me by that terrorist group in Germany. The big difference was the beating. They beat me unconscious when they found out who I was and I was only saved permanent damage by this guy being a fucking hero."

He grabbed Ian and hugged him. I would hear that story one day.

“What do you reckon Silent Waters?”

“Amazing Robert, fucking you was the most incredible thing I have ever done.”

“Think you might like to do it again?”

He looked like a little boy as he blushed and said very quietly.

“Oh yes please.”

It took me nearly a week to edit it. I kept getting hard and beating off the scenes was so erotic. When I had finished I told the guys.

“The premier of Silent Waters new movie will be screened tonight in the lounge after dinner. Dress will be Birthday suits and you are to bring a bottle of wet light each because I am certain there is going to be some hot live sex as well as on the screen.”

There was but we were all laughing so much that no one had great orgasms just lots of horny ones with guys that we loved.

Chapter 5
More travelling

The next day I briefed my pilots asked the Captain to get our first clearance for two days hence. We would all load up our clothes the next day and I decided to take the Hummer. At the pool that afternoon I called the other three to me.

"Ok guys. The day after tomorrow Silent Waters and I are going to start our round the world trip. We are probably going to be away for a couple of months. Ross, you and Ian are more than welcome to come with us but you are owed leave and this would be a good time to take it if you want to."

Ross looked at Ian and got the usual nod. I don't think these two ever disagreed and Ian always nodded yes even before Ross spoke.

"We would like to come with you Boss and call it our leave."

He laughed, "If we are away for two months that takes care of our leave for nearly two years."

I laughed as well. It was a nice way for these two macho men to tell me they didn't want to be anywhere other than with us.

"Ok this is the score then. All transport, accommodation and food taken with us is gratis. If you go off by yourselves any time obviously you pay for yourselves. But in consideration of you doing your job a lot of the time I will give you double pay for the duration."

Ian gave me a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"Thank you Boss you're a star."

The next day was frantic as we loaded a ton of clothes in the Hummer and drove it into Almeria Airport. When it was loaded in the jet Ian and Ross went into town to buy some more clothes and Sam and I drove the Audi home.

I realised Sam was almost twenty but still behaved like a little boy when he was pleased with something. I wondered if it was a general trait among American Indians. If it was it was most endearing.

"Are we really going to be away two months Robert?" "More

if you want to."

I could see the brain working. Two months was quite a long time. In the event we were away for three months. Sam loved Hong Kong so we stayed at the Peninsular Hotel for extra weeks. The same thing at the Dusit Thani in Bangkok because Ian and Ross were determined to bed every boy in town I think. Well Thai boys were gorgeous.

Finally we landed in Arizona where we found several of Silent Waters relatives and spoilt them. His Mother's parents were incredibly hospitable and cousins couldn't leave him alone, talk about the centre of attention. I never got to see if other boys were rigged like Sam but I did notice that the teenagers were very beautiful as a generalisation. There was a lot of poverty on the reservation because no one appeared to have jobs so they relied on welfare. Running Bear, Sam's grandfather had quite a bit of land and I asked him if I could build a house on it for them and Silent Waters if he wanted to visit. They were a little mystified and incredibly surprised when I turned up with a building crew one day and all the machinery. We had foundations completed and the main structure up in a week and before we left, they had it finished. These sectioned houses could be built in a day almost it was just like building a Lego house. Sam and I took them shopping for all the new appliances and they furnished it with Indian style fittings. Sam was so pleased. He had one bedroom fitted out for himself and then told one of his cousins that he could use it as he didn't expect to be back very often. I was flavour of the month with one Navajo Tribe and most importantly with Sam.

With that big adventure out of the way we settled down to our normal quiet routine only changed from normal in that we all had some excess weight to get rid of. The result a couple of months later was that both Sam and I looked even better than we had before the holiday. Ross was merciless driving us hard every session. I was tempted to opt out a couple of times but felt I would look bad in Sam's eyes. Next was London and with four of us I took a luxury rental apartment for a month. Ian and Ross took time out to see family but still spent time with us.

One night the four of us went to the theatre and naturally gravitated to the bar during the interval. While we were waiting for Ian to bring back the drinks I saw Sam go as white as a sheet and move close to Ross. He looked at me with a look of total terror in his eyes and then he started to shake uncontrollably.

"What is it Silent Waters?"

He said nothing, just continued to shake. I shook him.

“What is it Sam?”

I got one word. “Stephen.”

“Where?”

It took us a few minutes, but eventually I found the man that even while Sam was under my protection could engender such terror in him.

“He can’t hurt you Baby, never again. Ross, I want you to follow that man back to his seat and at the end of the performance I want you to follow him home and let me know where he lives. Take Ian with you, do not lose him under any circumstances.”

The evening was ruined, Sam spent the remainder of it in a state of terror.

The next day we had a full name and address and I had contacted my mercenary friend. He was on home territory so he found the venue and abducted Stephen. I had Sam there on the first day. Stephen was naked strung from a beam in a barn in Hertfordshire.

“Now Sam, when you were strung up like that what did this creature do to you?”

Sam walked round in front of Stephen still shaking, but felt safer with Ian, Ross and myself present. The look on Stephen’s face when he recognised Sam was priceless.

“With bare knuckles he used to use me like a punch bag.”

I nodded and my friendly savage started thumping Stephen hard all over his body.

“Like that Sam?”

“Yes, Robert.”

“What else?”

“He would practice Karate kicks on me.”

Same treatment.

“How did you sleep Baby?”

“The same as I spent my day. I was usually tied up in a cupboard with a dildo in my butt. He would beat me with a cane before I went to bed and sometimes before he started to kick and punch me.”

“What food did you get?”

“He gave me his left over’s mostly strewn over the floor for me to lick up like a dog.”

”Ok, keep up that treatment for a week. Sam and I will be back next week and finish the job. I would like you to use any method necessary to get the names and addresses of any more of his victims and details of his assets so that we can make restitution.”

Sam was very worried about my final intentions towards Stephen knowing that I had personally killed four men who previously had abused him.

“Silent Waters, I am not going to kill Stephen but I am going to put the fear of God into him and next week we are going to cane him hard enough to leave his ass ridged like yours was even if my pet savage has already achieved it.”

We had a good week doing lots of exciting things before our final session with Stephen. When it came I had a ball.

Stephen had considerable cash assets. We made him write substantial cheques for all the victims that we had been able to locate and made him sign letters of apology to each as well.

“We are going to release you after this last thrashing tonight you scum bag, but if you try to stop those cheques I will have you hunted down and thrashed every day of your worthless life until you are dead. Do you understand?”

The look of terror on his face pleased me no end.

“Silent Waters, as hard as you can, ten with the cane. No argument.”

There were three of us and we each achieved twenty. Stephen’s ass was in a terrible state because my pet savage and I had deliberately struck hard enough to draw blood. When we finished we delivered him to his home naked and bleeding dumping him at his front door and throwing him his keys.

For me, a very satisfying end to an unpleasant affair.

Sam’s comment to me a few days later when he had calmed down was,

“I hope I never get on your wrong side.”

I laughed fit to bust and then growled at him,

“I hope you don’t either because in your case I would cut you

up and eat you, you are too delicious to waste."

* * *

Once again we returned to Mojacar and life fell into its normal pattern with one small difference. Sam decided to get serious about horse riding. Over the next two years he became a seriously competent rider, not show stuff, just horsemanship. He learnt to use a rope like a cowboy. When one of the Spaghetti Westerns was being filmed at Little Hollywood a few miles from us I paid the stunt co-ordinator to teach Sam to rope a bull from a moving horse. He was brilliant and I was so pleased for him.

For his twenty first birthday I bought him a proper cow pony and there was no stopping him. He was as good as any cowboy I had ever seen. The down side was that afternoon frolics by the pool were few and far between now. Ross and Ian both had high-powered quad bikes so that they could keep an eye on him when he was riding.

We went to Morocco a couple times in the yacht to Marina Smir. For some reason or other Sam loved it. He put up with the sailing just to be there. Of course I loved it. I could have lived on the yacht it was just so good for my psyche.

Apart from the horse riding and the sailing we went abroad a lot, staying in places like New York for weeks before tiring of the hustle and bustle. The clubs were great but Sam was being hit on so often it became a misery, Ian and Ross had to get rough on several occasions with guys that didn't understand the word 'No'. Before I knew it Sam and I were celebrating five years together. It was soon after that he started to get very quiet. He would spend more and more time just riding, up into the mountains, deep into the valley. Spending less and less time with me.

Of course matters came to a head.

"What's the matter, Silent Waters? Fed up with the old man at last?"

"Oh no Robert, I just think I want to go home."

"I thought this was home."

"I mean to be with my people. I want to spend time with Running Bear before it is too late."

"How long do you want to go for?"

"I don't know Robert, until my family no longer want me."

My heart sank. I couldn't cry that would be underhand. I

couldn't keep him under false pretences and I knew there was no way I would be welcome on the reservation. I'm not even sure the government would allow it.

"When do you want to go?"

"As soon as possible, and can I take Diablo with me?"

"Yes, he can fly in the motor compartment. I'll ask the Captain to organise the paper work and tell us when he has it all booked."

We had three days. I didn't get an erection once so no farewell sex. I drove him into Almeria for the flight and we said goodbye, no affection, not even a handshake.

"I'll write every week Sam." And he was gone. Not Silent Waters, he would be in my heart forever, but Sam was going.

Chapter 6
Loneliness

I took nearly three hours to drive the forty minutes trip home. Tears kept blinding me.

I sent Ian and Ross on a month's holiday and did the same with Juan and Isabelle. I didn't want anyone to see me come apart at the seams.

I wrote long letters to Sam ever week. Ian and Ross when they came back did everything they could to bring me out of my depression Juan and Isabelle crept around me like mice. After a year of self destructive self pity I decided it was the Castillo that was the problem. Silent Waters whispered to me from every corner. I needed somewhere he wasn't.

Arizona influenced it. I built a 12,000 sq. ft. Adobe style hacienda North of Vera on a hill. All we could see was a derelict village inland and the top two floors of the hotel on Vera Playa. On a very clear day I could still see the Castillo. The new house had a stupendous courtyard with every type of cactus and palm we could find in the area and a huge fountain in the centre. The entrance hall and most of the floors were tiled with Mexican tiles and the décor was more New Mexico and Arizona than Spanish or European. Stupid I suppose, it reminded me of where my Baby was. There was a fancy pool with lined rivers flowing from/to it encompassing the house. We could swim all round the house and end up in a huge kidney shaped pool with a wet and dry bar. Getting to the house was magical because I had bridges designed and placed at intervals around the river system that mirrored different civilisations architecture. When we moved in Ian and Ross were in heaven. They had a private suite with their own lounge. The gym was state of the art and at the seaward side of the grounds I had built a small stable block that resembled a Newmarket Stud Farm. Half a dozen good quality horses and a head groom with his own quarters at the stables, the yacht only a few miles away in Garrucha and I should have been in heaven. Instead I slid into an even deeper depression than before. We moved in at the start of winter and I had a huge open fire burning in the lounge. It would have been so romantic curling up with Sam on the large couch in front of the fire.

Ian and Ross eventually could take no more of it and gave notice.

"We're sorry boss, but you don't need us and don't really want us now."

So they went. I didn't tell Sam. I was still writing every week but he had never replied and never contacted me. I guessed our love had run its course and it was just me that couldn't get on with his life. Eventually I got suicidal and decided to end it. I sold the horses, made all the staff redundant with generous payoffs and had a final meeting with Philippe to make certain Sam would be contacted and would be able to get at the money and the house if he ever wanted it. Deciding that I would go and see Sam once more and when I came back I would die at the Castillo where my greatest happiness had been. I closed up the house and flew out to the States.

My first stop was the house I had built for Running Bear, Silent Waters Grandfather. Sam was living there but at work.

"If you ride Robert, Little Bear will take you to where Silent Waters works."

"Thank you Running Bear. How is Silent Waters?"

"Quiet, like his name. He is a good boy, thoughtful and caring, generous, no trouble to anyone. His boss at the ranch thinks very highly of him and as a result has given other boys from the tribe jobs on his spread."

It was quite early in the day. I could watch Sam work for a little while, say goodbye and fly back across the Atlantic tonight. Sam was a cowhand at a ranch just outside the reservation. He had worked there continuously for nearly two years and was apparently well regarded because he was good at his job and he turned up for work every day.

I had my binoculars with me so that when we came over the brow of a hill and Little Bear pointed Sam out working the boundary fence I told him I would watch from here for a little while. Little Bear left and I dismounted hobbled my horse and watched Sam through my binoculars. He and another cowboy were fixing a badly damaged fence that had many gaps and were riding out every so often to round up cattle that had strayed the wrong side onto reservation land. I marvelled at his skill on horseback. The time flew by and before I knew it Sam was riding across the boundary on Diablo making his way home. I rode down to join him much to his surprise.

"Robert, what are you doing here?"

“I came to make sure you were okay. I needed to know that you were happy.”

“Why?”

“Because,” and I laughed, I didn’t want any further interrogation. “I can see how well you are I have been watching you work. You are very good. Would you like to buy your own ranch?”

“Yes, I could run my own spread now, I have worked hard and learnt a lot in two years. But never mind me, you don’t look well. Have you been ill?”

“No, just lonely, but that’s not your problem. Where would you buy a ranch?”

“Near the reservation if I could, but I have much more money to save before then. Running Bear is old and when he dies I can search further afield for a small spread.”

“Good, maybe you won’t have to wait too long.”

“You said you were lonely. Don’t you have a boy friend Robert?”

“Don’t you read my letters Silent Waters?”

He blushed so I knew he hadn’t.

“Are you staying long?”

“No, now that I have seen you and can see you are happy and settled I will fly home tonight.”

“Stay for a little while Robert, we have plenty of room.”

“No Sam, too painful, I have to go.”

“It’s seven years since you called me Sam.”

“Mmm, that’s how I think of you here more often than not. Silent Waters is back in Spain. He whispers to me from all the corners of the Castillo and now that I am in the new house he even whispers to me there. I have closed it all up. When I leave here I will go back to the Castillo, that’s where you and I were so happy so I need to be there now.”

“What about Ross and Ian, Juan and Isabelle?”

“Ross and Ian finished a few weeks ago and I terminated the others this week.”

“Who will look after you then?”

“I won’t need anyone to look after me Sam.”

By that time we were back at the house and I could get away from the questions.

I said my goodbyes to Running Bear while Sam was showering and gave him an envelope.

“Hold on to that for me please Running Bear, it is for Silent Waters, you will know when to give it to him. Now I must go. Thank you for your hospitality, look after him for me.

I wondered if he saw the tears in my eyes. It was going to be incredibly difficult to say goodbye to Sam. In the end I chickened out. As I headed for the door I said over my shoulder, “And say goodbye to Sam for me.”

I drove off that reservation as though the devil was on my heels and flew back to Spain.

* * *

Silent Waters’ Story.

I heard Robert’s car drive away and rushed down the stairs.

“Why didn’t he say goodbye Grandpa?”

“Perhaps it was too much for him.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Your friend is dying Silent Waters. I think he is going home to start his journey to the happy hunting ground.”

“But he can’t. Why, if he is not ill?”

“You must know in your heart little one, it is not for me to tell you.”

I went back to my room and pulled out all the letters Robert had sent. One every week since I left him and I had never opened one. Now I did and the sun was rising by the time I had finished. I also knew what Grandpa meant. Robert was dying from his love for me and was going home to finish it. I ran down to find Grandpa.

“I have to go to Spain, Grandpa. I think Robert is going to do something terrible.”

“Silent Waters, you must not. You cannot live Robert’s life for him. The only reason you can give for following him is your love for him. If you go out of pity that will make it even worse. You follow him because your love is as strong as his or you leave him to his fate.

There is no other choice."

"I do love him Grandpa but I love you and my Indian life as well."

"I am sure if you both love each other so much you can find a compromise. But you only go if you could accept no compromise and devote your life to living like a western man for him."

"I do love him Grandpa. I have been lonely without him but I have had you. He has had no one. Please I want to go to him, don't be sad at my leaving. We will come back I promise."

"Silent Waters, he is your man, he should be your life, I am an old man but I am happy for you. He is a good man you should be with him to honour him for his love and generosity."

Little Bear ran me to the airport.

"You can have my room again Little Bear. Tell the boss at the ranch that I am sorry. Maybe he will let you have my job. Look after Diablo for me, I will send for him when I am settled"

I flew to Dallas then Madrid and finally Almeria. I took a taxi to the Castillo but it looked empty. There was no car in the Car Park and I could see no lights. I walked in the back gate and across the pool to the study doors. There was a dim light shining underneath. I opened one gently and could see Robert writing at his desk with just his desk light on. This lovely warm room that I remembered with such deep affection looked cold and lifeless. He looked up after a few minutes and obviously saw an indistinct shape in the shadows.

"I thought I had left you at the new house. Will you gloat at my end or will you be truly sad. You won't be able to tell Sam but he will know I love him more than life."

"I would be truly sad Robert. I love you so much and was blinded by my selfishness."

He stood up, strode to the light consul and turned the lights up full. He looked awful, in less than twenty-four hours since I had last seen him he had aged thirty years. I was devastated, obviously not nearly as much as him though. He let out a strangled cry, "Oh my love", and collapsed.

The Ambulance had us at the hospital in Huecal Overa before I knew it.

Doctor's assessment, emotional breakdown combined with malnutrition, no wonder he looked ill when I saw him. Robert had

been starving himself for months.

I swore at that moment that I would spend the remainder of my life making this man happy. He had rescued me from an almost certain unpleasant ending, lavished enormous quantities of love on me, given me anything and everything he could to show his love and I had abandoned him. He wasn't perfect, but every time an imperfection occurred in his attention to me he worked overtime to correct it. How could I not have seen what this attention meant? He had tested his love on numerous occasions and found it sound. No wonder he was devastated, he could not have done more. I wept.

When the hospital released him we returned to the Castillo. I couldn't handle the new house yet. I employed no new staff and looked after Robert by myself. I cooked and cleaned and acted as gym trainer to help my man back to health. I smothered him in a cocoon of love. He had been so strong, so dominant all our life together. I wanted that man back.

It happened, slowly.

I went through what he had all those years ago, convincing him that I loved him and in my case, would never leave him again, as against his case of never hurting me again. I had inflicted more pain on him than I could ever have imagined. His love for me still frightened me, but not often. Almost a year, unbelievable, but eventually my man started to make decisions. I was in awe of what he had done for me now that I had experienced something of the same.

"Silent Waters, we ought to go and have a look at the new house. There is so much room there compared to the Castillo, and I have a surprise for you."

Unbeknown to me Robert had re-employed the head groom, bought back most of the horses he had sold and flown Diablo back from Arizona. He had re-employed Juan and Isabelle and installed them in staff quarters in a small villa in the grounds as permanent staff.

Of course Diablo was the main surprise, I had missed him and my riding. Juan and Isabelle were amazing. I had no idea how much they had loved me as well. How could I have been so stupid? All my clothes were in my wardrobes all my personal possessions in place.

"How, Robert?"

"Oh, Running Bear and I have been working together."

I threw myself into his arms.

“I never deserved you before, now I deserve you even less but still you lavish love on me like there is no limit to it.”

He looked surprised and said.

“There isn’t any limit little one. There never has been and there never will be.”

“Robert, I have no right to ask for anything from you, but is there any possibility we could have Ian and Ross back?”

“Mmm I really should get everything back to normal shouldn’t I and those two are about as normal as this household gets.”

He laughed happily and I melted, it was so wonderful to have my man back.

We flew to London to interview new security staff. The advert had been posted, worded in such a way that few applicants would meet the criteria. Ian and Ross took the bait and were the only two called for interview. When they saw Robert and I they just grinned.

“Ok Boss, whatever terms and conditions you set the answer is yes.”

Game, set and match, our household was complete. Stupid, all that time lost but we were a family again.

Chapter 7
A New Beginning

Returning to Robert's Story

Sam and I had both been three years without sex, I know he had jacked off and I hadn't. It hadn't bothered me but now I found I was getting an erection whenever I looked at my Baby. This was not an eighteen year old, this man was twenty-six and I knew his body as well as my own, but now I lusted after him again. I wanted to dominate him, to make him beg for me to fuck him. I took him to bed one afternoon and took him to paradise, not once, but several times. When I couldn't get hard any more I played with Sam until he was erect again and then rolled over onto my back.

"Now it's your turn. Fuck me now Silent Waters, fuck me so hard I scream."

He wouldn't do that, but he did fuck me gently until I did get hard again and even managed another orgasm.

We recovered slowly from that first session but I was soon back to every day sex.

What was extra special for us was that Ross and Ian made no pretence of being anything other than gay and were quite obviously a couple now. The pool romps in the afternoons now entailed considerable three-way play instead of just those two hitting on Sam. It was the tender and loving kisses the two exchanged that finally convinced Sam. He splashed around them like a little boy.

"You two are lovers aren't you? I bet only one of your bedrooms is used. Robert, we have another bedroom to use if we want it."

That cost him a dunking, Ian and Ross were merciless nearly drowning him.

"I was considering moving the playroom and all the video equipment here from the Castillo but I don't suppose you would be interested now that you are lovers."

Usual routine, Ross looked at Ian, got the nod and said to me.

"We haven't suggested it before Boss because of how things

were with you and Silent Waters but we would be delighted to join you in any combination you like in a new playroom."

"Well I guess I had better get it sorted then. I owe you two for my slave session. I think my arm is strong enough now and I will order in some new chastisers as well, you know like a cat of nine tails to strip some skin."

As if, but they still looked at me a bit shocked to see if I was serious.

So while they were off riding in the afternoons, yes Sam had them on horseback now instead of on quad bikes. I got on with the job of setting up a new playroom. Once the one at the Castillo was stripped I managed to get a long let on it from some Hollywood Actor so I could forget that for now.

I replaced the Doctor's examination table with a more sophisticated one and the same with the whipping bench. The boys would flip the first time I put one of them onto either piece of equipment.

The same guy came to fit the video cameras and I added a couple of extras with more sophisticated overall control. I was determined we would have some seriously good quality porn to watch with the four of us as the stars. Only it became six not four, but more of that later.

The first session was amazing. I positioned the cameras with five on close up and five normal all on automatic so that Sam and I could have Ian and Ross as our slaves.

At the pool the day before I wanted us to try it all out I said to Sam and the others.

"I would like to christen the new playroom tomorrow afternoon with all four of us, Ian and Ross as slaves, Silent Waters and I as Slave Masters."

Enthusiastic agreement to that.

"Silent Waters, you took part in two, filmed the third one, so how about you choreograph this one. Think about what you would like us to do to them. I will show you how all the new equipment works before we start."

What an incredible afternoon, I don't think I have ever seen so much cum. It was disgusting, Ross and Ian told me it took them the whole morning the next day to clean it up. I was giggling for days every time I saw them because they both had pink bottoms. I had

spanked both of them until my hand hurt and then got several orgasms out of them just stroking their bottoms afterwards.

I also got a good shagging every day from Sam he was becoming quite dominant.

Chapter 8

Completely back to normal and I thought it was time I did some more sailing. Jack Rushton had asked me to go out to Marina Smir to look at the development. It was nearing completion and would soon need a fulltime manager. He was sending a very young man down for me to look at without saying anything to Yusuf, our third partner in the enterprise.

I wanted Ian and Ross to come with us but then fly back so that I could sail my yacht back to Garrucha solo, well effectively so because Silent Waters was window dressing most of the time.

The boys were quite surprised at how well I handled the yacht. I had her set up with electric winches and a seriously effective auto helm so that despite her 70 foot length I could handle her by myself.

Sam would bring in mooring lines and fenders when we slipped and do the reverse when we reached our destination. In between he would keep me fed and watered and then lounge around the cockpit like a gentleman of leisure. I loved it, watching him lying around naked most of the time was pure delight. Ian and Ross just accepted it as an extra holiday and improved their already impressive tans.

The wind was fair across to Morocco so it was very pleasant. When we arrived I let the boys stay for a day to look round and then I drove them up to Ceuta to take the ferry to Gib and hired a small charter plane to take them through to Almeria.

I was impressed with the marina, it had been some time since I had seen it and the development was great. I could see the piece of land on which I intended to build a villa for Sam and me. With most of the major bits built in the complex I could see how great our vista would be from the terraces of the house. I thought we might spend a couple of months here after Christmas each year when it was a little chilly at home.

We met up with Yusuf and chatted about inconsequential things waiting for the other two people to arrive before discussing the complex and having to repeat ourselves. I knew Sky, Jack's property manager, it was only his protégé, Matthew Stator that I didn't know.

Jack sung his praises but said I would be surprised at his knowledge base considering he was only twenty years old.

He was right. Matt introduced himself to us the afternoon after the boys left. He looked younger than twenty and was a delight to behold. He had this fantastic trait of blushing at almost anything said to him, but always spoke with intelligence and forethought. Sam and I loved him from the start, but, unfortunately were not able to make love to him on this first trip. We did manage to the next time though because Sky was away, Matt's true love, and he was comfortable being in a threesome with us. Apparently, Sky was not possessive, he just loved Matt so much he was sure it was reciprocated and thought like I did. Sex was just an act, it didn't have to mean anything other than an interlude of enjoyment with other people you liked.

Matt was a very happy bottom and let Sam and I make slow love to him one afternoon when we were there looking at the building of our villa. He was project managing it for us and because he liked us he was being very conscientious.

In bed he was a delight. He was a very fit young man with a near perfect swimmers body. His tan was obviously acquired at the Rushton villa down the coast, because he had no tan lines. The genital package was substantial and Silent Waters fell on that straight away, he was such a cock slut. With the practice he got on Ross, Ian and I he was a master of the art and had Matt squirming with pleasure very quickly. I played with his nipples and spent a lot of time kissing him and telling him what a beautiful and sexy young man he was. I entered him first when Sam gave me the nod that he was ready. I slid in gently, stopping after my glans was over his sphincter.

"Thank you Robert, that feels so good, please give me some more."

That was so sweet. I fucked him to a wonderful orgasm and then waited until I had softened some before pulling out and letting Sam replace me. That was a bit of a shock for Matt, Sam's monster was much bigger than he had taken before, but like me Sam was gentle with him, and by the time he was fully embedded Matt was almost purring with pleasure. I knew how he felt, despite its size Sam's penis did wonderful things to my inside and Matt was obviously feeling the same sensations. I sucked him while Sam fucked him, and the closeness of my eyes to the action brought me to another wonderful orgasm with only a little help from Matt.

All satisfied we lay in a cuddle sandwich just gently stroking Matt's torso while we told him what a delight it had been to make

love to him, and we hoped he had enjoyed it as well. Silly thing to say really, the quantity of cum I had swallowed and the amount on his torso was testament to his enjoyment.

We had dinner on the yacht that night, stayed another couple of days so that we could talk to Sky and then we sailed home. Sky was so pleased that Matt had been made love to by both of us.

"I know he makes love with his adopted brother occasionally Robert, but I think going to bed with you and Silent Waters for an afternoon was good for him as well. We love sex and a little outside activity enhances our own love making. I love the boy so much and wouldn't want to keep him if he thought there was something better out there."

"I don't think there is much chance of that Sky. The boy obviously worships you, but I guess when you are having great sex with your partner a little experimentation with someone else can be very stimulating. Silent Waters and I are the same."

That was how we left it and were happy bunnies sailing back to Garrucha.

Chapter 9
Fresh Faces

The grounds of the new house were substantial and I wanted them landscaped and areas planted with trees. For that we would need more staff. I would also need a full time pool boy. The pool was very big and the river complex was very long. Keeping the sides clean and all of it free of debris would take a lot of effort. The boy would also need to keep the chemical balance right. So, I advertised for gardeners and a pool maintenance man. I was surprised at the response. Four local lads all sent in CV's with gardening and pool maintenance experience. If they measured up I would employ all four. Three to work with Juan on the grounds and one for the pool.

My three reprobates now always bathed naked so the pool boy would need to be very open minded, particularly if the boys played as normal romping around with erect cocks half the time. I thought I would be a little devious. I set the interviews for two in the afternoon and had the four shown to the pool bar. As normal Sam, Ross and Ian

were romping about. I showed up and introduced myself.

"Hello I'm Robert Maitland. Do all of you speak English?"

I had a chorus of "Si Signor," which made me laugh.

"I'll interview you individually but just to let you know. You are the only interviewees and I have four vacancies, so you are not in competition. I want a pool boy and three assistant gardeners. Let me show you around first and then I'll talk to you one at a time."

They were impressed with the water complex and realised it would be hard work as would the landscaping.

When we got back to the pool there were three semi erect penises swinging around. No obvious embarrassment from my four. Sat down again I briefed them about helping themselves to drinks from the pool bar while I was interviewing them. I was about to take one to the study when Sam came up to me. He was sporting an almost complete hard on. It looked impressive.

"Silent Waters these young men are going to be working for us soon I expect. Do you want something?"

"Yes Robert I wondered who they were?"

"Guys this is Silent Waters he is my partner."

They all acknowledged the introduction but didn't take their eyes off his cock.

I looked at the CVs wondering who was who.

"Carlos would you like to come with me?"

I was pleased, the boy that stood up was the youngest and prettiest of the four.

Settled in the study I started.

"Carlos, I would like you to be my pool boy. Happy with that?"

"Oh, si Signor."

"The three men in the pool are my partner, his driver and bodyguard, do you have any problem with their nudity and sexual display?"

"No Signor."

"Would you be embarrassed working the pool area naked like them?"

"No Signor."

"Would you like to prove that to me now by taking all your clothes off."

He looked a little surprised but stripped off without hesitation. He was gorgeous, a lovely body and a well proportioned circumcised cock.

"Silent Waters is very naughty so I have no doubt he will want to play."

I walked round my desk and touched his cock. He didn't move. I stroked it and he still didn't move. When he was erect I cupped his balls, still he didn't move.

"You are very handsome Carlos and your cock and balls are very pretty.

"Thank you Signor."

"Carlos you can call me Robert, and you have the job if you want it."

"Thank you Signor, I would like it."

"Ok, what sort of money would you like?"

"I would like 1000 Euro per month."

"That is very high for a pool boy."

"Yes Signor but it gives you the opportunity to beat me down to what we both think is reasonable."

I found it very difficult to fault his logic and not to laugh.

"Alright Carlos. I will pay you 1000 Euro per month for three months. If I am satisfied with you after that I will increase your pay to 1500 Euro. You must call all of us by our given names and work 35 hours per week. If Silent Waters gets fresh with you, or Ross and Ian, you take whatever action you are comfortable with. You are a very sexy young man so I know you will not escape their attention for long. You can wear swim briefs to work in but no horrible baggy shorts. If you don't have any I will buy you some. Happy with that?"

"Yes Robert, thank you."

I gave him his contract written in English and Spanish, filled in the salary bit and told him to fill in the other gaps and bring it with him on Monday morning, to start work at nine. He was pleased. I thought nine until two and five until seven would suit his Spanish routine. The other three I had in just to check their experience and to agree their salary package. The one that was closest to Carlos in pool

experience I treated the same as Carlos.

"Jose Luis, you are the next best qualified pool man to Carlos. If he doesn't work out would you like to be considered for the job?"

The reply was a yes and I went through the same routine as with Carlos. His cock was absolutely gorgeous, very long and thick. When I had him erect I asked him if anyone had ever wrapped their mouth around it. He blushed and said yes.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Si Signor."

"Would you like me to wrap my mouth around it and make it spit."

He looked amazed but nodded his head. I played with him and sucked him off. He was delightful.

"Jose Luis, you have the job and I know Silent Waters, Ross and Ian will be delighted if you want to join them in the pool during your siesta break. I would like you to call all of us by our first names, mine is Robert. Is that alright?"

The other two were much less gay oriented than Carlos and Jose Luis so I didn't make them strip, but I did make it clear that there was a lot of nudity around here. They had of course already experienced it so they knew the facts.

Deed done. Four happy young men and I were sure my three would be having some fun with my new employees. Carlos was gorgeous and Jose Luis had a cock to die for. Paco and Alfredo were extended the same invitation as the others, to use the pool during their siesta break if they wished, clothed or naked as the mood took them. I thought life might become quite interesting as my estate was beautified.

* * *

I worked with Juan and the three boys some days so they soon got used to me and I like to think they came to enjoy my company as much as I did theirs. One day when we had worked particularly hard and over run their free time I offered them lunch and a swim, which they all accepted.

"Signor Robert, we have no swim shorts with us," came from Paco.

"Not a problem, unless you are bashful. I will make it a naked swim party today. No one will wear swim gear, ok?"

He looked a little unhappy but five minutes after he entered the pool area he was playing as relaxed as everybody else.

Silent Water came to sit with me after a while and asked,

“Are you getting these boys ready for some sex games, Robert?”

“Mmm, I have considered it. I know Jose Luis loves to have his cock sucked and is probably game for more. I don’t think you would have any trouble with Carlos either, but Paco and Alfredo I have no preconceived ideas about. Do you want to brief Ian and Ross and try to find out?”

He giggled his little boy giggle and said he did and was gone.

Carlos came to see me a little while after that to talk about the chemicals and cleaning materials for the pool and river complex, so we went down to the pool house/office. He stood beside me as I checked the records he kept and I accidentally brushed his cock as I turned a page. He sighed but didn’t move. I deliberately brushed it again a minute later and he started to lengthen.

“A little horny today are we Carlos?”

“I’m always horny here Robert. You and Silent Waters, Ross and Ian are such sexy guys and you are always playing with each other.”

He blushed as he said the next bit,

“Do you have sex together sometimes?”

“Yes we do. I love Silent Waters and Ross and Ian are lovers but we think sex is a fun thing so we have threesomes and foursomes when the mood takes us. Would you like any of us to play with you Carlos and let you join in our sex games?”

More blushing as he replied.

“Si Signor, I think you are all very sexy. I would go to bed with any of you.”

I took him over to the couch in the office and started to stroke his body as I told him what I was going to do with him now. We were both very hard and before I could control anything he was in between my legs giving me a blowjob. He licked and kissed, sucked and slurped on my prick finding time to say.

“I can take it in my mouth Robert but I think it will hurt when you put it in my ass.”

“Would you like me to try?”

Big doe eyes looked up at me and he said,

“Yes please.”

“Ok, today we blow each other, tomorrow I will take you to bed and make love to you, ok?”

“Oh si signor, won’t Silent Waters mind?”

“No because I will tell him I am going to do it. Later on if you like he can join us for a session as well.”

Two successful blowjobs later and Carlos almost bounced back to the pool with me.

Chapter 10
Reaffirmation of our love

Silent Waters came to my sun bed and cuddled up to me after the boys had gone back to work.

"Robert, I think I would like to go away for a while."

I was shattered, was I going to lose him again. I didn't think I could survive it again my heart would surely break. I stroked his hair and his body gently.

"Where do you want to go my love and when?"

"Can we go soon, and can it be somewhere quiet where I can have you to myself."

I cried.

"Of course Baby."

He looked at me and realised what I was thinking. Very softly he whispered.

"I promised you, I would never leave you again. I love you so much you are my life. I am just being selfish. I want you to myself. Just for a little while."

"I know a place in England. I went with my parents when I was a boy. It's on a lake, very quiet, very isolated."

"Please Robert can we go?"

"Of course, I'll have Manuel book for us as soon as he can. How long do you want to stay? Remember it will be very quiet because it is out of season for England."

"Can we stay for a month?"

I was surprised.

"Won't you get bored with nothing to do for a month?"

"But I'll have plenty to do. I'll be looking after you all the time."

With that he bounced back to the pool with the others.

I had no idea what had brought this on but I certainly wasn't complaining. I telephoned Manuel at the Travel agency in Vera. I emphasised that the cottage had to be as remote as possible. He was quick. Less than two hours later he had a cottage for me on Lake Windermere opposite the town. Set back in the woods but with its own jetty and a launch to take us to town across the lake if we wanted to shop. A 4x4 would be leased to me and be waiting at the local airfield when we arrived by helicopter from London with an escort vehicle to show me the way to the cottage.

I apologised to Carlos, told him we would have our fun when I returned. Told Ian and Ross we were going away and the next day my pilots flew us to Stansted.

I thought I would spoil my flight crew.

"Tom, Silent Waters and I are going to be recluses for about a month. Stay in touch on our satellite phones but you and the remainder of the crew can pick up your families and go anywhere you like in the jet for the next month. Use the aircraft carnet for fuel and landing fees, and your company debit card for all your hotel and food expenses, no limit Tom, you have all earned it."

They were stunned and I was pleased. They had been with me for years, at my beck and call, disrupted family life and no complaints, they deserved it.

The cottage was perfect. A good supply of logs ensured warmth, fridge, freezer and food cupboards stocked plenty of wine and other alcohol. We wouldn't need to shop for ages.

We unpacked, settled in and crashed in front of the fire.

"Ok my love, would you like to tell me what this is all about?"

He snuggled in close to me and said.

"I want you to myself for a little while. I don't want to share you with anyone. I don't want any distractions while I show you how much I love you."

Wow, that definitely came from the outfield.

"I don't understand Baby. What do you mean you don't want to share me?"

"We have wonderful sex Robert and you are with me every day I know, but all of the others are getting bits of you all the time. Carlos is so cute and I know you are going to make love to him soon. We romp with Ian and Ross and it is great, but I just want you to myself."

“No argument from me lover and when we return home it can be the same if you want.”

“Oh no, I love to have sex with the others. I just want you to myself for a little while. I want to see you make love to Carlos he is so cute. But not yet.”

This was heaven, Sam waited on me hand and foot, I had never felt so pampered. All of that paled into insignificance though placed up against our sex life. He made love to me like I had never experienced. He fucked himself on my cock so that I didn’t have to do anything and he made love to me raping my love chute with his man meat like never before. I licked and kissed his monster until I should have worn it away. He was twenty-six years old but still looked as delightful as he had done at eighteen, was he never going to look older?

We both cried with happiness so often it became ridiculous. The superlatives we used to describe our feelings for each other reached new peeks.

“Do you remember the things you said to me the first time we played in the playroom at the Castillo Robert?”

“Of course, how could I not?”

“Tell me again.”

He was snuggled into my chest and smothering my body with his own. He looked up at me as he said it and I nearly died. His eyes oozed love as deeply as they had ever done.

“I told you, you are my moon and stars, you are the sun that gives my body life. You are the wind that whispers in the trees and the waves that gently lap the seashore. You are my love and my life, without you I would wither and die. I will love you to all eternity Silent Water. You have given my life meaning and there is nothing I would not do for you.”

He sighed, hugged me really hard and whispered.

“I have never deserved your love. Nothing I have done or will ever do can come close to showing you how much I love and honour you. For the remainder of my life I will try to always show you my love and never give you cause to be ashamed of me.”

I didn’t know what to say. I had never asked for or expected that kind of commitment from Sam. I accepted every day that he remained with me as a gift from the Gods. I knew I would die without him but I was ready for that. I had so many wonderful years with this

boy/man, it could end tomorrow and I would still be eternally blessed for having had him with me for so long.

The month flew by. We walked in the woods, we took the launch to Windermere and wandered through the streets seeking out all the little shops, buying silly little things that pleased us. We ate, mostly at the cottage, but occasionally we drove round the lake to one of the outlying restaurants. They were always very quiet, the season was over and many were making ready to close until the spring.

I hardly took my eyes off him for four weeks, drinking in the incredible beauty that was my little Red Indian. When it was over I asked him if he would like to stay. I think he debated it before he eventually replied.

"No, but can we do this anytime I want you to myself?"

I hugged him, laughing and said,

"Are you kidding? Anytime you like, this has been fabulous. I have never known such joy in just being with you."

He looked up at me with surprise written all over his face.

"Do you mean that Robert, truly mean that?"

I sighed.

"Of course I do you Klutz. What did I tell you about the moon and the stars?"

"I know, but I still need reminding sometimes."

"I'll try to remember that and tell you every day."

Drive to Kendall, helicopter to London and the jet to Almeria. Ian and Ross met us in the Hummer and before we knew it we were home. All the staff was in the courtyard to greet us, it was fantastic.

"You look well, Boss. I don't think I've ever seen you so happy either."

"Thanks Ross, I don't think I have ever felt so well or so happy so you've definitely got that right. We've been lazy though so you need to get us both moving, me especially. Every day in the gym and lots of swimming."

"You've left out the most important and best exercise."

"What's that?"

"Sex!"

“Yes, well that should go without saying. Have you beaten me to Carlos?”

“Yes, sorry Boss. Ian and I took him to bed one afternoon soon after you left. We took turns spit roasting him. You’ll love it, he’s a little nymphomaniac. We’ve had Jose Luis as well. He was a bit more reluctant but after a couple of blowjobs we took his cherry as well.”

“Mmm, I guess Silent Waters and I need to get some time in the playroom with each of them then. I want Carlos on the examination table. I think I will be able to orgasm just looking at him there.”

“You’ll be in good company. Ian did.”

“Seriously, without touching himself?”

“Yes, he’s almost as sexy as Silent Waters, he has a really cute butt and that appendage of his is so neat.”

“Ok I guess I need to talk to Silent Waters and get some of that.”

Chapter 11
Carlos

Sam and I settled in very quickly allowing Ross to work our bodies hard for the first week to get the sloth out of our actions. I made love to Sam every day and reminded him how much I loved him. Ross and Ian noticed how much Sam pampered me during that time.

"What's got into Silent Waters boss he can hardly bear to be away from your side since you came home?"

"Hmm, I think after eight years I finally convinced him I love him more than my life."

"Christ, I never thought he was slow but we realised that years ago."

We both laughed, Ross had to know, he had watched me disintegrate before leaving after Sam went back to the States.

Situation back to normal and Sam asked me when I was going to take Carlos. I had watched the boy working and realised I didn't want him in the playroom the first time. I wanted to take him to bed and make love to him the way I made love to Sam.

When I told Sam, very much tongue in cheek he grinned and just shrugged his shoulders.

"You go ahead, as long as I can watch."

I was quite shocked, but pleased of course that he had no problem with the bed part of it. The next afternoon I asked Carlos if he would like to shower with me in our private quarters and then come to bed with me. He looked surprised and then grinned.

"Won't Silent Waters be cross if you make love to me in your bed?"

My reply surprised him.

"Not as long as he can watch."

Another grin and we were off to shower. I pampered him in the shower. Not a difficult task, he was a very beautiful young man. So long in the sun, most of it naked had given him a beautiful tan

without any lines, he was absolutely stunning and at only eighteen a complete turn on for me.

When we were all dried off I took Carlos to my bed. Sam went to one of our arm chairs and sat down watching us.

I just knew this was going to be magical. This little boy was smaller than Sam, lying on my bed looking like a little cherub, just waiting to be eaten alive. He had beautiful dark brown eyes that were half covered by the lids, making him look angelic. Lovely long lashes, neat eyebrows and lovely black wavy hair. His body was lightly tanned all over and it was petite, almost girlish, his muscle definition was very light. I think he could have passed for twelve or thirteen without too much trouble as long as you didn't see his groin. No thirteen year old would be rigged like him. He was about eight inches I would guess, cut, perfectly straight, reasonably thick and set off by a neat little ball sac hanging just right below. His butt looked like a little boy's, easily the sexiest I had ever seen, barring Sam of course. Two perfect little melons, a reasonably long crack and when I had him up on his knees his little anus was all pink and slightly puckered.

When I started kissing him his eyes shot open wide and he gasped. He was truly delightful. My conscience and eyes were playing havoc with my senses. He looked and acted way too young to be in this position. I was beginning to feel like a Paedophile, but at the same time I wanted to pleasure this angel more than anything else in the world. When he started to respond to my kisses I moved on, nuzzling his neck and licking my way down his body. I spent a lot of time licking and kissing, nibbling and tweaking his nipples before moving on. He had the neatest little inny belly button and I had my tongue in it for ages. The light tinkling laughter from this angel was absolutely enchanting.

I looked across at Sam and he had a little smile on his face as he mouthed at me 'he's gorgeous'. I nodded and went back to my pleasuring.

I don't think I had ever been so hard and he was probably thinking the same. When I touched his penis with my tongue it felt like a steel rod. I had to fondle it with my hand to be sure I had it right.

"My God Carlos, I didn't know it was possible for a cock to get this rock hard?"

I looked up at him as I said it and his eyelids half covered his eyes again as he replied very quietly.

“Oh no, but no one has ever pleasured me like this.”

I looked at Sam again and said.

“That’s a crime Silent Waters, this child is a delight to touch.”

Sam just smiled broader.

I licked Carlos’s cock and balls for ages, I nearly sucked his balls out of their sac they were just so lovely to roll around my mouth and suck on gently. Licking up and down his shaft, occasionally taking the head in my mouth was fabulous. I couldn’t believe how incredible it felt touching any part of this man/child. It must have been half an hour before I started licking back up his body until I reached his face again when I nearly freaked. The boy was crying huge tears in total silence.

“What is it Carlos, have I hurt you?”

“Oh no, Robert. What you are doing to me is wonderful. I don’t think I have ever felt so completely loved in my life.”

I licked up all the tears and kissed his eyes before kissing him as deeply and passionately as I had ever kissed anybody other than Sam of course. There was only one word to describe this boy, exquisite.

I rolled him onto his tummy then and placed two pillows under his belly before I repeated my same routine, nuzzle his neck and then kiss and lick my way down his spine until I reached his butt. Oh God his butt. I orgasmed without even touching myself. Sam saw it and I heard his sharp intake of breath. I felt too embarrassed to look at him so I continued. I opened up Carlos with my tongue and fingers for about half an hour. I was very gentle. I didn’t want to make him sore before I had even got my cock inside him. When I turned him over and removed the pillows I realised he had cum as well and looking in his eyes I saw disappointment.

“What is it?”

“I’m sorry Robert, I couldn’t help myself, what you are doing to me made me. Please don’t be angry with me.”

I was flabbergasted.

“Why would I be angry with you?”

“Because I have cum so early and made a mess.”

I laughed.

“You have nothing to be sorry for. I am so pleased I can make

you happy."

He looked confused so I just kissed him some more and assured him it was perfectly all right for him to cum as often as he liked while I made love to him. Back to work and I lifted and spread his legs before renewing my attack on his cock and balls, taking in his perineum this time. I wished my tongue was twice as wide and five times as long I wanted to do so much to this boy with it.

Eventually of course I had to open him up fully with my fingers before adding lots of lube and gently entering him. A little pain showed in his eyes so I stopped until it went. The look of love and gratitude was almost overwhelming.

I fucked him so slowly, I didn't ever want to cum. Just looking at him though was enough and I had cum twice without going soft, going for a third, for which I powered into him. Our final orgasm and for the first time he vocalised his feelings.

He squealed with pleasure as the most powerful of his orgasms took control of his body. He was crying again as he finished sperming his belly and I was so turned on that I leant forward and licked it all up. I think his eyes grew to about ten times normal size watching me eat his cum.

I couldn't speak for ages. I just rolled over and wrapped him in my arms. Eventually I rolled up onto an elbow and looked at Sam.

"You know I love you Silent Waters, more than my life but this child has just given me the most exquisite sexual experience I have ever had apart from you and he hasn't touched me once."

The bastard was actually laughing.

Carlos I knew now almost worshipped me, it was almost embarrassing round the pool in the afternoons to see how he danced attention on me.

Ian, being the least tactful of the crew voiced his thoughts.

"Wow boss, what have you done to that boy?"

I laughed and told him.

"I just made love to him the same way I do Silent Waters."

"Jeez you must be some stud, want to try it with me?"

Ross and Sam heard so there were four of us rolling around in hysterics. When I could speak again I said to him.

"If I did Ross would probably kill me so sorry Ian that is

definitely just for Silent Waters and Carlos."

I did think about it seriously though. I didn't mind Carlos worshipping me, what worried me was what Sam thought. Only one way to find out: ask.

In bed for siesta one afternoon I was cuddling Sam and stroking his body. He was almost purring when I broached the subject.

"Silent Waters, are you upset at the way I made love to Carlos?"

He looked up at me searching my eyes. I suppose to try to fathom where I was going with this.

"Would you like to do it again like that Robert?"

"Mmm, yes, I think I would."

"Is he better than me?"

I laughed. "Are you kidding? Is water better than vintage champagne, is crystal better than diamonds? No one in a million years will be better than you, and I would be content to never make love to another person if I have you, but he is delightful."

Sam giggled then, hugged me a little harder and said, very seriously,

"I'm glad because that's how I feel about you. Making love to the rest of our family stops both of us from getting stale. I know that when I want you to myself we can just go away for a while."

I looked surprised, "Is that how you think of all the boys now, as family?"

"Mmm I guess so. Ian and Ross are like big brothers who I can do anything with and the four boys are like little brothers that I can play with for a bit of fun. Would you mind if I took one of them to bed for one to one like you did with Carlos?"

"No of course not, I wouldn't even mind if you did it without me. I know how deep your love is so I wouldn't be jealous. Do you want to then?"

"Mmm, I would like Jose Luis to fuck me. I know he has bottomed with Ross and Ian but I think he is really a top and I think it might be fun to see how he performs."

Little toad, I had the same thought. Jose Luis had a marvelous penis, very long for a small boy. Well not really small but only a little bit bigger than Sam. I know I loved Sam to fuck me with his monster I

wondered how good Jose Luis would be.

Deal done really, it was just a matter of timing. Silent Waters would be first and I would take Jose at my leisure. Then Sam came up with another idea.

"Why don't we both do it in the playroom then we can film it for later enjoyment."

Where on earth did this guy get his ideas from? Of course I went along with it, actually controlling the cameras while he let Jose make love to him, not that I told him until after the event but he probably guessed.

Watching the action I realised Jose Luis was definitely happier being a top. Sam was on the receiving end of a very dominant boy who pulled out the stops to pleasure him. Sam's cock was obviously a thing of wonder to Jose because he spent ages playing with it and sucking it to orgasm. Sam had cum three times in Jose's mouth before being entered and fucked deliciously slowly going into orbit when Jose picked up the pace before having a mighty orgasm of his own.

I was tickled pink when they had both calmed down. Jose Luis washed Sam off and dried him before slipping his shorts on and bowing slightly to Sam said, "Thank you Signor Silent Waters, you are a very sexy man," and then left.

I went down to the playroom then leaving the cameras on auto and gently kissed Sam before spending a half hour making love to him again.

"Mmm, you are naughty Robert, reminding me so soon after Jose Luis that you are the master. He was exceptionally good but with you it is more than just the love making."

He smiled and we went off together for a swim.

In the event I didn't take Jose Luis, age must be creeping up on me because I realised that although I loved to watch the others making love I was fast getting to the state where I only wanted Sam. He picked up on it as well, but it took him several months.

"You never make love to anyone else but me nowadays Robert, why is that?"

I was cuddling him at the time and just told him how I felt, that my love and loving of him was enough for me now.

I didn't change and neither did our family for years. No one appeared to have any ambition to move on. The four boys grew into

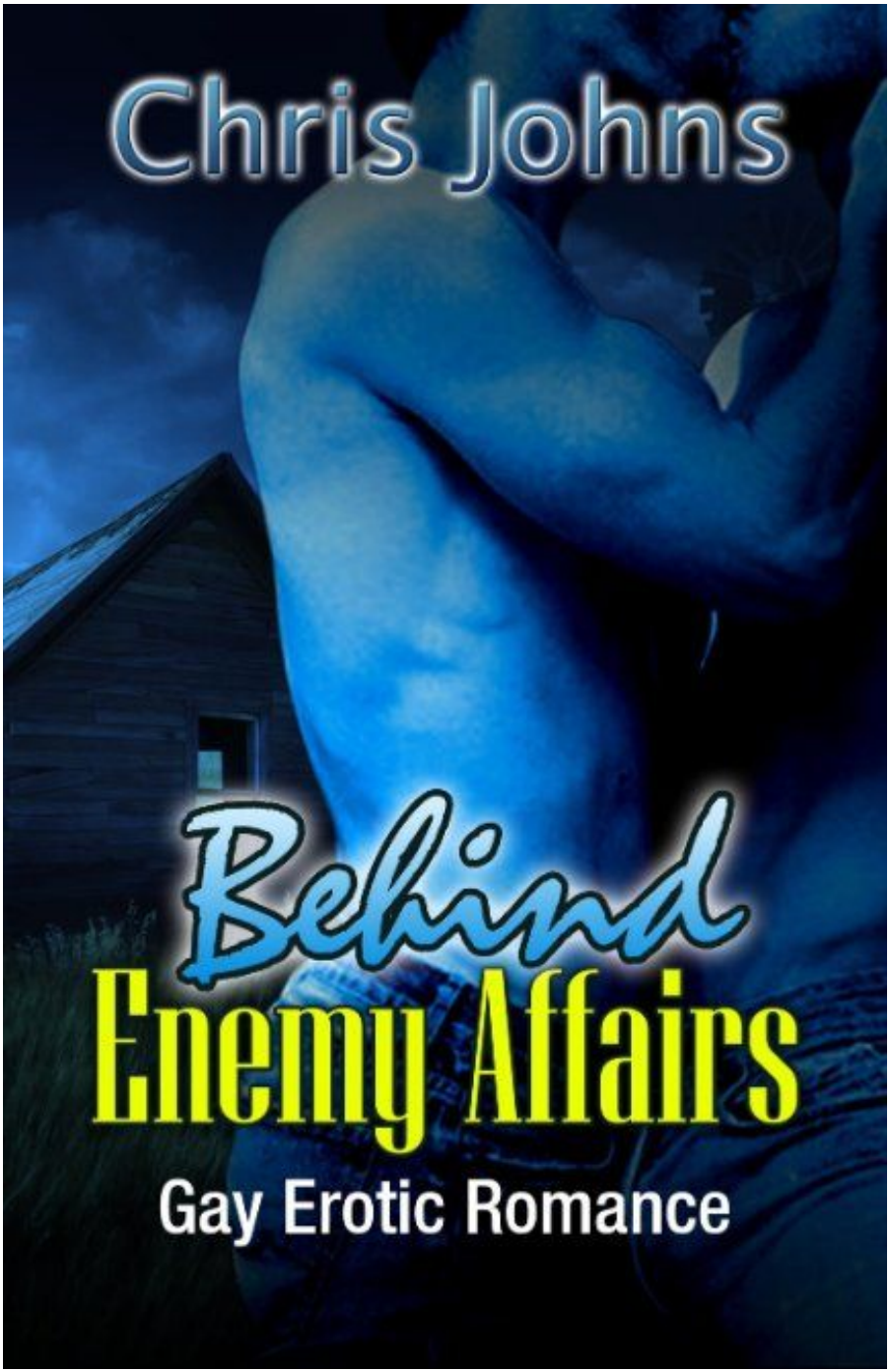
manhood. Two got married; Carlos and Jose Luis became lovers and bought a small villa in the village. Ross and Ian were as much a part of us as anyone and just remained as permanent paid guests. Juan and Isabelle were growing old but they had the villa in the grounds and knew it was theirs for the remainder of their lives. All of them had well-funded pensions, and why not, loyalty had its rewards and what was I going to do with all my money, I couldn't take it with me.

My flight crew changed but because of my generosity I was always able to replace them with good people.

I eventually decided to buy the villas for the boys so their lives were enriched by not having to bear the burden of mortgages. Life could not be better for Silent Waters and I.

We became adopted grandfathers when the two married boys became fathers and the house came alive again with shrieking children. Our family just kept growing and with it came more loving and more reason to bless the fates that had given Silent Waters and I so much.

The End


Chris Johns
Behind
Enemy Affairs
Gay Erotic Romance

Chapter 1
Invasion

Peter stopped with a jolt. The scene before him almost defied belief. The room was cavernous. He was reminded of the Airship Hangers that he had been shown with his parents when he was a child.

He was eighteen now and in any other existence would have been heading for his first year at college. Instead he had been wandering the land for almost two years trying to avoid capture by the invading forces. He looked forty and weighed the same as a ten year old.

His parents had been killed on the first day of the invasion. It was worse for his people than Pearl Harbour had been a hundred years previous. There had been no tension between his nation and the enemy. The first anyone knew was when a massive missile avalanche poured death across the land like a plague of locusts. There were few survivors from the initial assault so that despite the vastly superior numbers that existed on paper the invading troops had no problems conquering the vast lands of their enemy.

Genocide had been the word on every survivor's lips. Fifty million fanatics were intent on exterminating three hundred million of the hated enemies.

Now, after two years they realised they needed labour for the cultivation of this vast land, and were gathering their crop of surviving humans for that purpose.

Thousands of survivors were here, crammed into a space meant for less than a quarter of their number. Peter knew no one, he wanted to know no one. He had lived like an animal for two years. Now, even in this overcrowded place he felt the solitude that his survival had brought him.

* * *

Peter May had been a happy go lucky sixteen-year-old when

the invasion occurred. He was small for his age and baby faced easily passing for eleven or twelve. The initial blitz had killed his parents and most of his neighbours. A trip to the basement at the moment the missiles struck had saved him and similar circumstances had saved others.

When the invading troops followed up the missiles, again Peter was in the right place. He watched as other survivors were simply mown down, slaughtered and left where they fell.

That night Peter ate a good meal, packed as much food as he could carry in a backpack, along with water and a few items of clothing before heading into the mountains East of Phoenix. For the next two years he lived by his wits getting thinner and more haggard until close to death from malnutrition he was captured by the invaders on one of their regular sweeps through the mountains.

Most of the survivors in the cavernous room were like him.

During the next month he was well fed and exercised, eventually reaching a degree of fitness the invaders considered good enough to send him out to work.

Masjed and Peter

Peter could not believe how lucky he was when he piled out of the transport with fifty others at a fruit farm in Southern California. It was beautiful and their accommodation was the old workers' camp. A small team of enemy soldiers occupied the main house and a band of militia, who were the supervisors, had the old supervisors' accommodation.

It was obvious at an early stage that most of the militia were farmers, not soldiers. They carried sidearms and whips, short ones meant to chastise, not maim. They were there to teach the native Americans how to cultivate the land and harness the resources readily available. The few genuine soldiers were the heavily armed ones with bullwhips who kept a roving patrol. The other noticeable thing about the militiamen was that they were nearly all young. Peter was put into a team responsible for the orchards. The work was easy requiring tender loving care for the fruit trees and bushes but not much hard labour.

There was no point in escaping the farm and both captives and

soldiers realised it, hence Peter's freedom to roam. The militiamen tended to treat the prisoners well but the soldiers were mercurial, sometimes being friendly, at others being quite cruel.

Determined to return to a high level of fitness and get properly in shape, Peter spent much of his free time on a keep fit regimen that soon got him noticed and eventually almost ignored. He started roving further and further afield on his runs, always waving to the patrols when he saw them and seldom being turned back. His own supervisor sometimes ran with him.

Six months into his new regime Peter was in good shape with well defined muscles including his gluts which meant he had an ass just asking to be attended. In the tight little shorts that were his daily attire he looked devastating. His T-shirts did nothing to spoil that look because like his shorts they had become tight on his developing frame

Masjed was twenty-two years old. He had graduated in Agriculture from the university in Ahvaz. Intelligent, articulate and he spoke English very well.

"Do you mind if I run with you Peter?"

"No Sir," was the surprised reply.

"I should be fit as well. Twenty two is too young to become a slob."

Peter laughed, "That is an odd word for a foreigner to use."

"I had an English friend when I was at university. He taught me many slang words and words with a local idiom."

"That is very good Sir, I wonder if I will learn Farsi as well after a few years."

"I will help you Peter if you continue to work in my team. And when we are alone you can call me Masjed."

"Thank you Masjed. Where does your name come from?"

"I was born in a small village outside of the town of Masjed Soleyman. My parents called me Masjed and my younger brother Soleyman."

“Oh,” was all Peter said, it seemed funny to him but he didn’t want to be rude.

“I know Peter comes from your holy book. He was a disciple of your prophet Jesus.”

“Yes he was, but Jesus was the Son of God.”

“No, in the Koran, Jesus was the first prophet and Mohammed was the last, which is why Islam is the only true religion and Allah is the one true God.”

“I am sorry Masjed, I don’t know enough about our Bible and your Koran to discuss this with you. Can we change the subject?”

“Yes I would like that. We will leave the holy men to argue over religion while we learn to become friends.”

“I would like that as well.”

The two eventually stopped for a rest on a grassy knoll.

“How old are you Peter?”

“I’m eighteen.”

“The last two years must have been very hard for you hiding from our soldiers.”

“Yes, I eventually was too weak to avoid them. I thought I would be shot when they found me but as you can see, I’m very much alive.”

“Our leaders realised we would need a huge number of slaves to work this land. It will take us generations to repopulate it ourselves.”

“Of course, I never thought of myself as a slave though.”

“I’m sorry Peter but you are. We can do anything we like to you, even kill you if we want to. You must be very careful around the soldiers. Most of them hate Americans and would kill at the least provocation. Some of the militiamen are the same. You must never say

no to them if they ask you to do something. On the first farm I worked, an American boy was told to take his clothes off by a soldier. When the boy refused the soldier simply shot him and then told the next boy in the line to strip. Some of them are sadists as well and I have watched them torture men and women. They can be very cruel."

"Why do you want to be friends with me then?"

"I think you are very beautiful Peter and I would like to make love to you, not rape you like the soldiers would."

"Isn't that against your religion Masjed?"

"Some say yes, but others say that man born of man will live for ever, and for a man to make a man pregnant he would have to fuck him, so I don't know for sure that us doing it would be wrong."

"Oh."

"Do you like playing with boys, Peter?"

"I don't know, I have never played with boys or girls in a sexual sense."

"Will you let me touch you to show you how nice it can feel?"

"Yes if you like."

Masjed stroked Peter's arm to start with moving to his legs, particularly the inner thigh.

"How does that feel Peter?"

"It feels very exciting Masjed. But I think you should stop, it is having a bad effect on my little Peter."

Masjed laughed. He had noticed the outline of Peter's penis becoming more prominent as it started to grow in his tight shorts.

"I would call this a good effect Peter," he said taking Peter's cock in his hand still covered by his shorts but growing rapidly to a full-blown erection.

"Take your shirt and shorts off Peter, I want to see your whole

body."

Very hesitantly Peter removed his shirt but looked appealingly at Masjed before going any further.

"Stand up Peter, put your hands behind your head."

That done Masjed knelt before Peter and slowly slid his shorts down his legs until they were resting on the ground.

"Take your feet out of them. ---- Now lie down again."

Masjed looked at Peter's body for ages before starting to gently caress it. At the penis he stopped and leant down to kiss the end. It jumped and he took the head into his mouth using his tongue to lick all round it making Peter gasp with the sensitivity of it.

"Do you like that Peter?"

"Yes Masjed, that felt so exciting."

"This first time Peter I am going to make you cum. Next time I am going to let you do the same to me."

Returning to pleasuring Peter he used a hand to play with his nipples and slicked up the other with spit to play with his balls. His mouth he used exclusively on Peter's cock until he shot a large quantity of sperm down Masjed's throat.

"Oh jeez Masjed, I have never had an orgasm like that."

"I am pleased Peter, you are going to have lots more even better than that, and if you learn well I will too."

Laughing as he said it he hugged Peter and kissed him on the lips. Just a few seconds their lips touched but Masjed knew it was special.

"You are a wonderful boy Peter, I hope you like what we do."

Peter was confused. He knew he had to obey Masjed or any of the invaders, but he would have let Masjed do things to him even if he had been free. It was exciting, but it was also very gay to let another man play with you. They ran back to the farm passing a patrol on the

way. The patrol turned and followed them. When they reached the farm the patrol leader stopped them.

"Where have you been with this slave?"

"We have been for a run Corporal to get fit."

"Why do you want to get fit with this piece of American offal?"

Peter could feel the tension between the two men but could not understand what was being said.

"Because I have no one else to train with and this boy is very fit."

"So, let us all see how fit he is. Tell him to take his clothes off."

Masjed looked embarrassed as he turned to Peter.

"The Corporal wants you to take your clothes off Peter so that he can see how fit your body is. Do it immediately and stand at attention facing him when you are finished."

Peter remembered what Masjed had said about the soldiers and he peeled off his T-shirt and dropped his shorts immediately, turning to face the corporal and standing to attention.

"Tell him to turn round."

"Peter, the Corporal wants you to turn round."

So, he did.

"For an American he has a good body and his little boy butt is very pretty. I am sure our soldiers can relieve much sexual tension using that."

Masjed was shocked, he had heard about the soldier's gang raping boys and girls. He hoped he could keep Peter out of their clutches.

"I hope you won't Corporal, he is a very good worker. There are plenty of boys and girls of much less value to us who could be

used for sex."

"Mmm, I will have to think about that. Tell him to dress and go."

Masjed sighed with relief and told Peter. The corporal picked up on Masjed's obvious relief and wondered if he was having sex with the boy.

* * *

The next night Peter and Masjed ran again and stopped for a rest in the same spot. Both of them got naked and Peter was sucking Masjed's cock, being instructed how to do it. When Masjed came, Peter swallowed it all and licked his lips smiling at Masjed.

"That tastes very sweet Masjed, I have never tasted cum before."

Masjed kissed Peter and returned the service.

They followed the same routine for several more days before Masjed started to play with Peter's bottom.

"Roll over onto your tummy Peter and spread your legs as wide as you can."

Masjed spent an age just licking Peter's cheeks and sliding his tongue up and down his crack, eventually he told him to come up on all fours keeping his legs spread. With both hands Masjed pulled Peter's cheeks as far apart as he could and again attacked his bottom with his tongue. Thoroughly slicking up Peter's rosebud he eventually pushed one finger into the first knuckle.

"Masjed, what are you doing? That doesn't feel right."

"I am opening up your boy pussy Peter because today I am going to fuck you."

"Please don't Masjed, your penis is much too big to go into my little hole."

"Shh, I will open you up with my fingers Peter and when I enter you I will be very gentle."

Peter started to cry quietly at this invasion of his most private part. At the same time he got very excited. Masjed kept hitting something inside him that felt incredible so that his penis kept pulsing and he wanted to cum.

With three fingers fucking him and rotating all the time Peter lost it and orgasmed violently.

“Oh my God Masjed, that was amazing, I didn’t even touch myself.”

Masjed rolled Peter over onto his back and almost buried his face in kisses.

“It will get better little one. I am going to enter you now. It will hurt initially but the pain will go away quite quickly and then you will know the true joy of boy/boy sex.”

With loads of spit for lubrication Masjed pushed against Peter’s little hole until it gave enough to take his head. Peter squealed with the pain as it went over his sphincter but very quickly the pain eased and Masjed was able to slide some more into his very tight boy pussy. With several inches inside Masjed started to slow fuck him adding a little more each time he went in.

“You have it all now Peter, how does it feel?”

“Amazing, I can feel every inch of you and you keep hitting something inside like you did with your fingers. Look, it has made my cock hard again.”

Masjed laughed with pure joy of a young man in love.

“I am exciting your prostate gland Peter. It will give you more orgasms while I keep fucking you.”

True to his prediction by the time Masjed had deposited an enormous quantity of sperm deep inside Peter there was a pool of cum on his tummy from multiple orgasms.

Sitting back on his haunches but remaining inside Peter as he went soft, Masjed said,

“Scoop up your cum Peter and lick your hand clean. You will see it tastes wonderful.”

Peter was reluctant to eat his own cum but did as Masjed commanded.

“Now I want you to lick my penis clean Peter.”

“Please Masjed that is disgusting, it has all the mess from my bottom.”

“Do it Peter.”

Peter was crying as he licked Masjed clean.

“I thought you were in love with me Masjed. How could you make me do something so vile?”

Masjed was crying as well.

“I’m sorry Peter, but I know the soldiers are going to have you soon and they will tell you to do all kinds of vile things. If you have done them to me you will be used to it and obey them without question. If you were to balk at it like you have with me they would probably beat you and even kill you. I do love you and I want to protect you.”

Masjed was not well endowed and Peter very soon got used to being fucked. The only other vile thing Masjed made him do was about a week after his first fuck.

“When I have gone soft Peter I am going to pull out of you and you are to kneel in front of me to lick me clean. I am then going to piss in your mouth and you must swallow it all without spilling any.”

Both of them were sobbing by the time Masjed was finished.

“I hope that is the worst that will happen to you Peter, apart from the possibility of a beating. The only other things I have known them do are to make you lick their bottoms clean and very rarely I have known them make a slave eat their excrement. I pray that will not happen to you but if they ask, you must do it or they will surely kill you.”

The next few sessions were heaven for Peter. Masjed was loving and gentle and didn't ask him to do anything nasty.

The Corporal meanwhile had been keeping an eye on the two of them and decided one-day to follow them discreetly. He watched Masjed make love to Peter.

When they had finished the corporal stood up and walked towards them.

"So this is how you keep fit Masjed is it?"

The look of shock on both faces made the corporal laugh.

"No Corporal we were just having a rest and playing a little."

"Well both of you are going to be punished for this bad act."

As he was speaking the corporal was undressing

"You, I am going to whip instead of reporting and the American I am going to plant my seed in. You bend over and grip your ankles."

Masjed did as he was told and the corporal stroked his bottom while Peter looked on with fear showing in his countenance. Suddenly the bullwhip appeared and at one stroke Masjed was screaming in pain. He received four more writhing and screaming on the ground for all of them.

"Tell the boy to suck my cock and get it very wet because I am going to ram it up his arse. While he is sucking me you can open him up ready to take me."

It was very erotic watching Peter sucking the corporal's quite large cock while he fingered him. Peter was crying with embarrassment. When the corporal was suitably excited he walked round behind Peter, knelt between his legs and pushed his cock straight in until his pubic hairs were scraping Peter's cheeks. Peter screamed with the pain. The Corporal was much bigger than Masjed

"Please take it out Sir, that hurts so much."

Masjed tried to make the corporal go easy but was told not to

interfere.

When he had finished he told Peter to lick him clean before getting dressed again. He looked at Peter's bottom, knelt beside him and spanked him until his bottom was very red.

"I want you here tomorrow at the same time. Tell your little friend he has a nice ass. If he pleases me I will not spank him again. You should try to get in some practice so that he can give me a very good blowjob and an even better fuck."

Both Masjed and Peter were hurting as they dressed and Masjed was quite distraught at the mess he had got them both into.

"I am sorry Peter, this is all my fault. I am sure the corporal will bring other soldiers with him sometime so that you will be fucked by lots of them."

Peter cried but said nothing. He guessed he was now going to be raped frequently and he thought he might have to run and hide to avoid this.

The next day Masjed looked very worried when he approached Peter.

"The Corporal has changed his mind about meeting us on the hill Peter. He wants you to report to the soldiers' quarters when you finish work. He says you are to shower first and report in just your shorts."

Peter guessed this was his worst nightmare about to take place. By the time he knocked on the door he was shaking with fear.

One of the soldiers answered his knock and taking him by the shoulder steered him through to the rear garden. The remainder of the soldiers was there all sat round the pool and all dressed in shorts. Peter noted that on one of the pool tables were several of the small whips the militiamen carried and various other implements, some of which Peter recognised but most he didn't.

The corporal indicated a table and that Peter should get on it. His shorts were removed then and he was made to open his legs as wide as the table would allow and put his hands behind his head. For the next half hour or so soldiers came up to him in ones and twos and

fondled his cock and balls, stroked his buttocks and his legs. A couple of them put fingers inside him but with lubrication so there was no pain. There was a general conversation going on between the six of them but Peter had no idea what they were saying. Sporting a very healthy erection he was then made to get off the table and bend over it. Soldiers tied his ankles to two legs and his wrists to the same two forcing his bottom well back and with his legs spread wide offering up a very good view of his pinky.

Again the soldiers wandered up to him singly or in twos and spanked him. His bottom was getting very sore by the time they tired of that game.

The next game was a round robin of cock sucking. All six of the soldiers had big cocks. Masjed told him later that the peasants in his country all appeared to have big penises and the middle class boys like him much smaller ones.

From what Masjed had taught him Peter managed to suck successfully all six, taking their cum in his mouth and swallowing it.

Game four was to secure him back onto the table on his back with his legs pulled back over his shoulders and spread wide again. The corporal pulled his cheeks as far apart as he could and proceeded to spit on his pinky for ages before another soldier did the same. A third soldier started fingering him pushing more fingers in every time he entered. Eventually he went for broke and pushed his whole fist in.

Peter screamed and kept on screaming until the soldier had most of his forearm inside his bottom. He started to shake his arm about then laughing and joking with the others. Peter thought he was going to die. After a few minutes the soldier pulled his arm out, spoke to another one who did the same. They were all laughing and for the next eternity took turns fist fucking Peter or entering him with their cocks. After all of them had finished fisting him and or fucking him the corporal took one of the small whips and beat Peter until he lost consciousness. When he regained consciousness he was lying in the dirt outside the soldiers' house with his shorts thrown in the dirt next to him.

Moving very badly he staggered back to his dormitory to shower and clean out his two orifices. Masjed found him in the showers crying his heart out.

There was very little Masjed could do to help Peter except apply ointment to his bottom. There was nothing he could do about the inside, which he could see was very puffy and split. He put Peter to bed with a couple of painkillers and told his fellow workers to look after him.

In the morning Masjed walked over to the soldiers' quarters to confront the corporal.

"Ah, Masjed, your little friend was very good last night. Send him to us again today."

"I am sorry Corporal but you have done so much damage to his bottom he cannot walk without assistance. If he is so good it would be better for you to let him heal and then use him again. If you use him again today you will probably kill him."

"So we kill him he is only a filthy American slave."

"True, but our superiors want these slaves for work, if you kill them you will not be popular and will be sent to Alaska."

The Corporal was from Bandar Abbas in Southern Iran, he had seen the snow on the mountains but he wanted no part of living in it. Grudgingly he told Masjed to get the little pig fit to fuck again as quickly as possible.

"As I can't fuck him for a few days, you will have to substitute for him. Now come in and suck my cock before I ram it up your arse."

Masjed was scandalised.

"I am Iranian like you, you can't do this to me."

"You now or your little friend this evening, you choose."

Masjed realised he had no choice and walked into the soldiers house.

"Take your clothes off."

Masjed did.

“You have a nice body rich boy, now undress me and suck my cock, make it very wet because I am going to push it all the way up your pretty arse.”

The other soldiers all witnessed it and cheered the corporal.

Masjed wanted to die from the humiliation, worse it was so erotic being fucked that he came without touching his penis.

“You obviously enjoyed that slut. When your little friend is fit I think we will let you both entertain us. Now get out and put these slaves to work.”

Masjed and Peter took a huge amount of abuse over the next few weeks, the corporal never appeared to grow tired of humiliating Masjed

Typical, one afternoon after work had finished, Masjed and Peter were stood naked in front of the soldiers.

“Suck the American slut, Masjed, until he is very hard and very wet.”

Masjed was blushing but both he and Peter loved it, they were so in love with each other that this was a pleasure. The next bit wasn’t. Peter had never been the top and had never even put a finger inside Masjed.

“On the table, legs over your shoulder Masjed. You two stretch his legs wide. Now slut get fingering him and I want to see your fist inside him.”

The most embarrassing part of this for Masjed was that he had to translate everything.

When Peter had his fist inside Masjed the corporal started slapping Peter’s ass very hard until he went soft.

“Now get erect again and ram it straight into your boyfriend’s ass as hard as you can.”

Peter did but was crying throughout. This was so vile. He loved Masjed and wanted to be made love to by him not abuse him.

The punishment came to an end in a most unusual way.

Peter was fucking Masjed doggy fashion one afternoon with the soldiers all cheering when the door opened and an Iranian Officer walked in.

“I hope the camp is secure Corporal if you are all watching the entertainment.”

“Oh yes Sir, we have no security problems here.”

“Good, send for Masjed Iram, I want to talk to him.”

Peter pulled out of Masjed and moved aside.

Standing naked in front of the officer Masjed said.

“I am Masjed Iram Sir.”

The officer was obviously shocked.

“Why are you being abused like this?”

“The Corporal threatened to kill the young American if I did not submit to this.”

“Why should that worry you enough to allow this?”

“Peter has become a very dear friend even though he is an American. He works in my section and we train together to keep fit. The corporal and his men nearly killed him one night and wanted to finish it the next night, so I am now committed so that Peter can live.”

“Is this true corporal?”

“Yes Sir but that was because--“

“I don’t want to hear the because. Masjed is an Iranian, you overstepped your authority allowing this. All six of you soldiers go and pack your kit. You are being posted to the Alaskan front. Masjed, I have the papers here. You are promoted Lieutenant and placed in charge of this camp. Make sure production levels do not suffer.”

With that he was gone and the soldiers with him.

Peter had no idea what was going on and Masjed decided to have some fun.

“We have to go and fetch all my gear from the main house Peter. I am moving in here. Tonight you are going to have lots more sex with the new officer in charge here. He is a lieutenant who wants you to pleasure him before he makes love to you and he is going to do it to you every day, as often as he feels like it. In fact, he is going to do it so often that you are excused all duties just so that he can come back to the house to make love any time he likes."

Peter looked shocked, it sounded like he was out of the frying pan and into the fire. He started to cry softly and hugged Masjed saying very quietly into his chest.

“I love you so much, are we never going to be left in peace to just love each other?”

“Well we might, why don’t you ask me who the new officer in charge is?”

“It won’t matter Masjed it still means I can’t be with you all the time.”

Masjed laughed. “But it does. I have been promoted lieutenant in charge of this camp.”

He danced Peter around the room with Peter crying tears of joy.

“You mean it Masjed?”

“Yes Peter, we are going to be able to make love whenever we want to and you can sleep with me every night, all night.”

Peter collapsed with the shock, it was more than his wildest dreams could conjure up.

* * *

While Peter and Masjed were living in their own little cocoon of love all was not going well with the invaders. Americans had flocked to the flag and formed an army in Alaska. Now, that army was

moving South gathering Canadians as well who were more comfortable with American neighbours than Iranian. When the army reached Washington State a new government was established in Seattle and the army recruited Americans from all over the world. Most arrived carrying small arms but armour and artillery were needed to defeat the Iranians who had enjoyed four years to consolidate.

The British were delighted that after nearly one hundred years they were able to do for the Americans what the Americans had done for them in the Second World War. Huge quantities of aid went via the North West Passage to supply the American army as it pushed South and East from Washington State. British warships manned by Americans pounded the coast allowing an early invasion of the coastal states all the way South to Lower California.

Less than a year after Masjed had taken over the orchards he found himself confronted by an American patrol as he was inspecting the work. It was only Peter's presence that saved him from being shot.

"Please Sir, I am an American and this man, although he is Iranian has been kind to all of us prisoners and looked after us as well as the land that we work. There is plenty of food here, enough to feed an army."

Peter laughed. "Our Army Sir, so please let him remain here looking after the food supply. I will guarantee his good behaviour."

The young Captain that Peter was addressing could see the sense in having plenty of food for the army and leaving this Iranian in charge of an obviously efficient organisation made sense. He talked to his superior extolling the virtues of the young American he had talked to, a good result came down the line.

"Ok Peter, you are now in charge of this farm. We can't leave any soldiers and I will be taking several of your co-workers. We will issue you with sidearms and if the Iranian militiamen will swear not to escape or fight against us we will leave them with you, otherwise we will have to shoot them."

Extreme measures but as the Captain pointed out, "We are a small army fighting a large one, every soldier we can spare must be in the front line."

The small troop of soldiers remained at the farm for a day before moving on. The Captain realised in that time that Peter and Masjed were lovers.

“Your Iranian is one very lucky guy Peter. I hope he loves you very much because you have saved his life and by the looks of things provided him with a huge amount of pleasure, you are a very cute guy.”

Peter blushed and thanked the Captain before the soldiers left.

Chapter 2
Roles Reversed

"Well Masjed, now that I am the officer in charge I suppose I had better move into the master suite of the main house."

Masjed looked at Peter as though he was mad.

"But you already live in the main suite of the house."

Peter laughed and grabbed Masjed in a bear hug.

"I know, but now it is my suite and you are going to be my pleasure slave and manager of the farm."

Both boys were falling about laughing, they were both so happy. For them the war was over, they could now love each other without any worries. Peter was old enough to fight but the American Captain had made it clear that food production was the priority to feed the army as it moved to defeat the enemy.

The farm was on a main supply route for the army now pushing East so there were frequent convoys passing through and filling empty lorries with food from the farm.

Peter and Masjed became very ambitious, starting to rear pigs and cattle on any part of the farm not used for raising fruit. The amount of farming talent among the Iranian Militia made it work well and within a year the farm was supplying large quantities of the food required by the advancing army.

The war dragged on for another three years and during that time the farm, now given the name by Peter and Masjed of "The Friendly Farm", was becoming noticed for the volume of food it supplied to the troops.

Peter and Masjed were talking with the main stockman one day, all three of them conversing in Farsi when a senior American Army Officer came up behind them and when he heard the language

being spoken, drew his pistol and was about to shoot the three when Peter saw him and greeted him in American.

“Good afternoon Sir, you won’t need that, there are no enemies within a hundred miles of here.”

The Colonel was amazed.

“Well what are you doing speaking the enemy’s lingo then?”

Peter laughed.

“I’m sorry Sir, but when the Iranians were in charge Masjed taught me their tongue. It is sometimes easier for me to speak to some of the other Iranians in Farsi than it is to use my native tongue. Our stock manager does not speak good American and I wanted him to know that we had another thousand acres so he could increase stock numbers.”

The Colonel looked Peter up and down, realised he was only a boy but appeared very confident and self assured.

“Well boy I want to speak to the farm manager and I want him to tell me why enemy soldiers are roaming here like free men.”

Peter replied looking very amused at the concept of Masjed and the stock manager being enemy soldiers.

“I am the farm manager Sir, and these two men were never soldiers, they are agricultural graduates from their universities and were supervisors during the occupation, and still are, because they have more knowledge than any of us Americans that work the farm.”

The Colonel was dumbstruck.

“You are winding me up boy aren’t you? This farm is producing huge quantities of fruits, vegetables and meat for our troops. You can’t be doing that.”

“I’m sorry Sir but because of Masjed we are.”

Peter introduced Masjed as his right hand man completely befuddling the Colonel.

“Come back to the office Sir and let us show you the production runs and the books that you probably have already seen printouts from.”

A few hours later one American colonel was laughing internally that the most constructive fraternisation he had come across was between two men instead of a man and a woman.

“Well Peter, my boss has said I have to recruit you into the American Army with the rank of Major.”

He laughed then.

“I wish I could take you back with me. I would like to see my boss’s face when a twenty year old Major confronts him.”

One of the American workers on the farm had been a tailor before the war so he took the uniforms that the Colonel carried with him and re - tailored them to fit Peter. He felt very grand wearing them a few days later and had Masjed in fits prancing around the farm.

“I love you so much Major, can I fuck you tonight.”

Peter nearly choked laughing and took Masjed in his arms for a very passionate kiss.

Just a couple of weeks later Peter was informed that a major offensive was planned and that a large convoy would be passing through and needed every bit of available food to take with them. Peter had to organise the slaughter of all the animals that were not needed for breeding and the packaging of all available fruits and vegetables.

Everything was ready when the convoy arrived and a three star general stepped out of his jeep to be saluted and greeted by a school boy wearing the uniform of a Major, that at least was his first impression until Peter saluted.

“Good afternoon Sir, Major Peter May reporting.”

Peter handed over a swathe of papers.

“This lists all the food being transferred to your transport. We

have kept breeding stock and enough for our own food. Everything else is going to the front line with you Sir."

The General was gobsmacked.

"And who is this man with you?"

Peter half turned and said, "This is Masjed Iram, Sir, he is the man responsible for our production levels."

The General thought he was going mad.

"Let me get this straight, this farm is under the command of a teenage Major whose right hand man is an Iranian invader."

Peter looked amused at that summation.

"Yes, I guess that's correct Sir."

"Thank you Major, keep up the good work."

What else could he say? Looking round he could see that this farm was a show piece and its production levels were well known.

The war of course did drag on. It took the Americans time to build up munitions from their own factories, their old allies could only supply so much. Self effacing Canada who had always been sidelined despite their major contribution to peacekeeping forces throughout the world, and other acts usually ignored by the rest of the world, had stepped up arms production, almost bankrupting themselves in an effort to support their neighbour.

Promoted Lieutenant Colonel, Peter was given another huge tract of land to develop for food production. So much of the re-conquered lands had been left burned that as the land became American again it became a high priority to make sure the troops and the civilians moving across it could be fed. Keeping to the most fertile areas, Peter's domain spread further and further. Masjed and his small band of qualified expert agronomists were stretched to keep up. The work on the new farms was not particularly hard so Peter found himself with lots of older Americans who had escaped the genocide. He couldn't believe how lucky he was to be able to look after the older people, using them where necessary but never over extending, still managing to produce huge quantities of food for both military

and civilians. He soon developed a system where older and more experienced managers were given huge tracts of land to manage usually with the aid of one of Masjed's cohorts. Animosity against Iranians was strong, naturally, but the young graduates were not soldiers or fundamentalist Muslims, they were just ordinary young men who were pleased to work in such a carefree environment. Several hoped that one day they would be allowed to stay and bring girlfriends from Iran to marry and settle down.

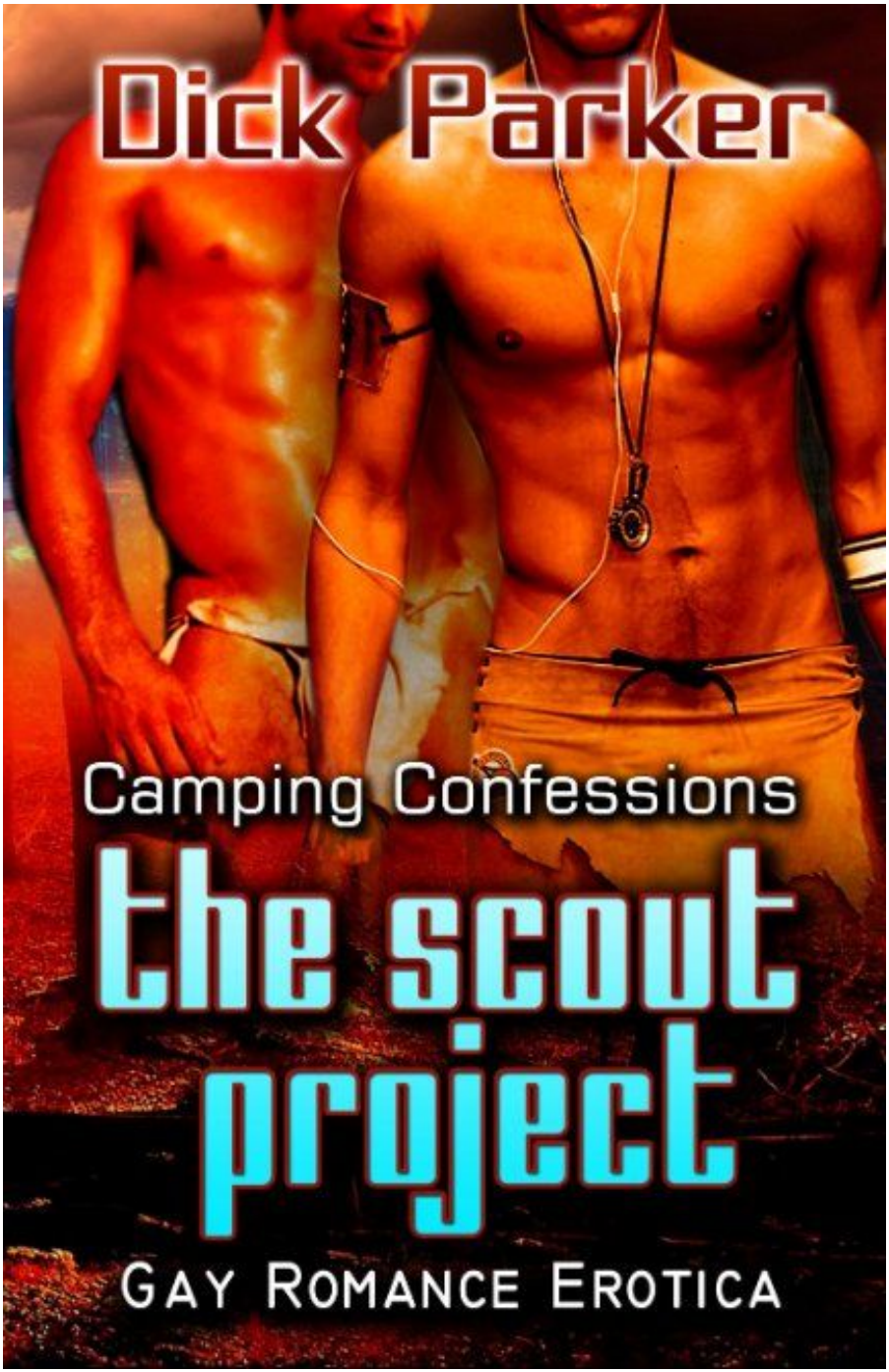
The years flew by. Peter, with Masjed never far away, had contributed a huge amount to the war effort, keeping the troops and civilians fed. When the last invader was defeated the seat of government was reestablished in Washington DC. A new president was elected and one of his first appointments was the Secretary of Agriculture with almost a free hand to organise the distribution of land for food production throughout the continental United States. That man was Peter May, still only in his early twenties.

"Masjed, we have a huge responsibility to get this right on day one. I have already received offers of millions of dollars by capitalists wanting preferential treatment. That is not going to happen. I know it will be slow going, but every major land allocation will only be made after we, including our little team from the early days, have vetted every applicant. This is going to take us years."

What Peter did accept was a beautiful mansion on the outskirts of Washington that had escaped destruction. He also accepted the grossly over the top salary that went with his job because he knew it would not last forever and he needed to protect his and Masjed's future.

In just ten years the undernourished, undersized, partially educated little American boy had done amazing things. Peter had gathered an army of admirers, along the way first of whom was his lover, Masjed.

The End


Dick Parker
Camping Confessions
the scout project
Gay Romance Erotica

My friend Rick and I were in the Boy Scouts and had achieved Eagle Scout status. We were thumbing through the newest issue of Boy's Life. I was 19 and Rick was a year younger, at 18. We'd become friends in the scouts because we both took scouting very seriously and worked on many merit badges. I knew from the get-go that I liked boys. I'd never messed with Rick though, but I sure would have liked to.

Rich and I were about the same size, 5 foot 8 or so and about a hundred and forty pounds. While I wore my brown hair short Rick let his grow and during the summer it became kind of dark blond. We had identical blue eyes and were pretty much the same in the rest of our bodies. My dick had taken its growth spurt and was about 4 inches soft and hardened up to about 6 inches hard. It was really thick though and much thicker than any of the buddies who I messed around with. I had some armpit hair and a little hair on my legs. Rick was a year younger and the last time I'd seen his cock it was still hairless and pretty small. But that was many summers ago at Scout Camp and he'd grown a lot in the meantime.

We flipped through the magazine and suddenly there was an article about making Native American garb to wear at mock-pow-wows. The article showed how to make a loincloth and then there were pictures of several boys wearing their homemade loin cloths. What struck me was that they obviously were naked under the garments. "Wow, look at that, wouldn't that be cool to make some of those?" Rick said. "Yeah, that looks neat," I said trying to adjust my growing dick. The pictures of the boys in the loincloths were of four boys that looked to be about my age. They were wearing the loincloths and had some bracelets on their arms and a leather shoe string tied around their heads. One had his hands up in the air and he had beautiful armpit hairs. One was twirling around and you could see part of his butt cheek. The smallest one was barefoot and had really pretty feet.

"Let's get some cloth and make some of those," Rick said all enthused.

"Do you want to wear them at Scouts?"

He kind of blushed. "I'm not sure. We'll see how they look."

Well, we went up to the store and had a lady in the dry goods part cut us each a strip of flannel that was 12 inches wide and 6 feet

long, just as the instructions specified. Then she gave us some scrap pieces for decorations as the instructions had said. We went to Rick's house and got some needles and thread and went up to his room and began sewing. After an hour we decided sewing wasn't our best vocation. "This is a lot harder than I thought," I said as I pricked my finger for the twentieth time.

"No foolin, I didn't think it would take this long." We kept at it and finally we got our "projects" finished. There were little pieces of cloth sewed onto the long strip so it looked like Indian signs.

"So when are we gonna wear them?" I said. Rick shrugged. "I don't think I want to put it on and walk around town."

"How about we sleep out in the tent tonight and then we can put them on and sneak around?" Rick thought that was a great idea so we made plans for him to come over after supper.

We went to the tent and we both brought a piece of light rope with us for holding the loincloths in place like a belt. We knelt in the tent and spread out our "projects" on the floor. "I suppose we should take off all our clothes," Rick said.

"Yeah, I think we have to, that's how they did it in the magazine."

Rick nodded. "Well, ok then…"

We looked at each other and I thought, "What the hell?" and pulled off my shirt. Rick pulled his off and I noticed he had some hairs under his arms now. "Wow, you got some hairs," I said.

Rick blushed. "Yeah, I've had them for quite a while now."

I grinned. "You got some down there?" I said looking down at his crotch. He nodded.

"Well, I guess we gotta take off our pants," I said. We both dropped our cutoffs and were kneeling there in our underwear. I could see the outline of Rick's cock. It looked about the size of mine. It hung down to the left and I could see the head plainly outlined. "Underwear?" I said.

"I guess so."

I pulled my underwear down and Rick took a good look at my cock. "You now," I said. He pulled his underwear down and there it was. Rick's cock had indeed grown up. It was a good four inches long and pretty fat. He had a nice thin bush across the top of it, like a

mustache. His balls hung down low and loose. “Wow, that’s a nice one,” I said without thinking.

“You think so?” he said.

I nodded. “It’s as big as mine at least.”

We both felt a little embarrassed and grabbed our projects and then we realized we had to put the cloth between our legs and hold up the back and front and then tie the rope around our waist. It would take three hands to do that.

“How we gonna get them on?” I said. “I guess we’ll have to help each other.” Rick spread his legs and put his project between his legs and held up the front.

“You hold up the back,” he said. I reached down and pulled the material through to the back and in doing so my hand brushed Rick’s balls. He kind of jumped when I did that but didn’t say anything. Rick’s butt crack was right there in front of me and I looked at his bubble butt cheeks and wished I could put my hands on them. I held up the back and then he motioned for me to hold the front too so he could tie the rope. He tied it around him and I let the flaps down. With a little tugging he arranged it so the two ends hung down evenly. “Pretty cool,” he said modeling it. It did look cool and even cooler because I could see his bare thighs and knew his cock was nestled in that cloth. My cock began to grow. Oh shit.

I grabbed my project and stuffed it between my legs and covered my cock in front. Rick pulled the back through and held up the front. When he held it up it was pretty plain to see that I had a boner. It was sticking straight out and making a big tent in the front of my project. Rick’s eyes kind of got big. “Um, you got a bone?” he said.

I nodded my head, feeling mortified. “I’m sorry I don’t know why that happened.”

I tied the rope around me and Rick let the flaps fall down. My boner still stuck out even with the flap covering it.

“Your cock is pretty big,” Rick said.

“Yeah, it’s almost 6 inches,” I said.

“You measured it?”

I nodded.

“Do you um, you know, pull on it?”

"You mean jack off?" He nodded. "Yeah, I have, have you?"

"I did a few times," he said. "Feels good doesn't it?" He grinned and nodded his head.

"How big is yours?" I said.

"I didn't measure it," he said.

"I've got a tape measure in my tackle box, want to measure?" He nodded. I rummaged around in the back of the tent where I stored all my summer junk. Soon I found the tape and pulled it out. "Well, you gotta get it hard," I said.

Rick nodded and his face got red. "It's kind of embarrassing," he said.

"How about you take yours out and I will too, so you don't feel embarrassed?" I said.

Rick thought that was ok. I pulled my hard cock out and it was leaking a little on the end. Rick pulled his project down in front and his cock was partly hard already. He began to stroke it and it began to grow. "It's getting pretty big," I said as I absentmindedly stroked myself.

"Yeah, this is pretty hot," he said grinning evilly. We knelt there in the tent with our cocks in our hands stroking ourselves.

"You ever do this with anyone else?" he asked.

"I've messed around with Mike and Denny," I said.

"Really? You guys did this?"

I thought well, what the hell.

"With each other."

"No shit? You played with each other's cock?"

I nodded. He was fully hard now and his cock was as long as mine but not as thick.

"You want to feel mine?" he said. I nodded and reached over and started stroking his nice cock.

"Do mine," I said quietly.

Rick began to stroke me while I did him. Soon our motion began to quicken. "Oh man that feels really good," he said.

"Yeah, it's nice to have somebody else do it," I said.

"Want to make me cum?" he said.

I nodded and began to jack him faster. Soon he was holding his breath and in a couple of seconds he shot cum out of his cock all over the tent floor. I kept jacking him until he stopped leaking cum. There was a bunch of cum on my hand and I put it up to my mouth and licked it.

"You put it in your mouth?" he said with a surprised look on his face.

"Sure, don't you eat your cum?"

"No do you?"

"Sure, Mike told me it makes your balls grow bigger."

"No shit? How does it taste?"

I wiped some cum off the floor with my finger and held it up. Rick stuck his tongue out and tested it. "Mmm, not too bad," he said.

"Do me now." He took hold of my cock again and got to some serious jacking. Soon I knew I was about to shoot. "Hold your hand in front and catch it," I said. Rick cupped his hand at the end of my cock and I squirted it half full of hot cum. "Eat it," I said. Rick raised his hand and licked the cum from it.

He smacked his lips. "Damn that's good stuff."

We wiped up and put our cocks away. By then it was dark, so we snuck out of the tent and walked around town in the back alleys and dark streets wearing our projects. Once we were walking down a street and a car came down that street, and we jumped in behind a big bush. We were crouched down hiding and Rick looked over at me. "This is making me hard," he said.

"What? The danger of getting caught?" I said grinning.

He nodded. I reached over and felt his cock. "Umm, that's hard as hell, maybe we better go back and take care of that." Rick grinned and we snuck back to the tent.

When we got inside we both pulled off our projects and knelt there in front of each other naked. We both had big boners on and without saying anything we began to jack each other off. "Oh this is the best thing I've ever done," he said as he closed his eyes.

"It's good but not the best I've ever done," I said. Rick opened his eyes and looked at me.

"What else is there?"

"Want me to show you?" He nodded.

"Close your eyes and keep them closed."

Rick closed his eyes and I bent over and took his cock in between my finger and thumb. I jacked it a few times and then opened my mouth and put it over his cock. He gasped as he felt my tongue licking his cock head. He looked down at me. "You're sucking it!" I grinned up at him.

"Feels good doesn't it?" I said. He had an amazed look on his face but then broke out in a smile.

"Feels damn good."

I began to suck Rick's cock and soon I had my nose in his sparse pubes. "Oh man that feels amazing," he said.

"Want to try it?"

He looked down and nodded his head. I straightened up and Rick bent over and took hold of my cock. He leaned in and smelled it and then stuck his tongue out and touched it to the tip.

"Go ahead," I whispered.

Rick opened his mouth and soon he had half of my fat cock in it and was doing a pretty good job of sucking me. "Oh yeah, that feels great," I said. Rick seemed to be enjoying himself. "Stop a minute," I said. I pushed Rick so he was lying down and then I lay down beside him the opposite way. He got it right away. I grabbed his cock and he took mine back into his mouth as we sucked each other at the same time. Rick was really into it and had almost my whole cock in his throat. Soon I knew I was about to shoot my load. "It's about there," I warned. He sucked me up and down a couple more times and I began to cum. He gulped and swallowed and didn't miss a drop.

Once I stopped cumming he milked my cock and licked off the tip. "Oh man that was great," he said. "Make me cum."

I took his cock and began sucking it and in no time it began to throb and he spewed hot cum into my mouth. I sucked on his cock head and milked it until it quit leaking. Then I licked off the piss slit.

We lay there head to toe watching each other's cocks go limp.

Rick's balls were hanging down on his thigh and his little pubic bush looked so nice that I leaned over and kissed his cock.

"You like it, don't you?" he said looking down at me.

I grinned, "Yeah, I like it I guess." He leaned forward and kissed my cock too.

"Me too," he said.

We were both pretty worn out by now so we put our projects off to the side and opened our sleeping bags. "Let's zip them together and sleep naked," he said. We zipped them up and climbed in and cuddled together, our bellies and cocks touching. "I'm glad we decided to make those projects," Rick said. I looked into his eyes, just inches from mine.

"Me too," I said and then I leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the lips. He seemed a little surprised but not freaked out.

"Does this mean we're gay?" he said.

"I don't know," I said. "I think it makes us good friends who like to make each other feel really nice." He nodded and then kissed me again.

"You know more stuff to do like that?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Tomorrow, we'll see what else we can do," he said.

We wrapped our arms around each other and I rested my face against Rick's shoulder and we slept.

I woke up the next morning when the sun hit the side of the tent and warmed up the air inside. I looked over at Rick sleeping next to me and he looked so beautiful that I leaned over and kissed him lightly on the lips. His eyes fluttered open and he smiled at me.

"Did you just kiss me?"

I nodded.

"Do it again," he said.

I put my arms around him and we kissed and mashed our now hard dicks together under the sleeping bag. I could feel wetness on his dick so I knew he was leaking.

"Teach me that other thing now, will you?" Rick asked.

"You really want to know?" I said grinning.

"I really do," he said.

I unzipped the sleeping bag and looked at Rick's beautiful body lying there with a huge boner sticking up. I reached over and jacked him a little and precum oozed out, so I licked it off.

I moved down between his legs and lifted them up. He got the idea and raised his legs into the air. There was his pretty little pucker, pink and hairless staring at me. I leaned forward and licked across it.

"Oh my gosh!" he gasped.

"Feel good?" I asked grinning.

"Oh man, do that again!"

I leaned in and began licking his butt hole and he went wild. He was moaning so loud I had to remind him we were in the back yard and not to make so much noise. Soon I licked a finger and slipped it into his butt. He really liked that.

"Are you going to do what I think you're going to do?" he asked as I slid another finger into his butt.

"If you want me to," I said.

"I do," he replied.

I crawled up closer and picked up a pillow and put it under his ass so he'd be a little higher up. Then I took my dick and put it at his hole.

"It's gonna hurt a little at first but once it's in it'll feel really nice," I said.

He nodded.

My dick was leaking like mad so I didn't need any spit. I put it in his pucker hole and pushed and the head popped right in. He gasped and grabbed his cock but didn't cry out.

"Ok?"

He nodded. "Go slow," he whispered.

I pushed in further and then pulled out so just my dick head was in him. Then I pushed again even deeper. Soon I had my dick all the way in his ass and I was fucking him.

"Oh man, oh man, that feels unbelievable," he said.

“Good huh?”

“Not good, great.”

He was jacking himself as I fucked him. I wanted us to try to cum together so I told him to get close and then let me know. He jacked and soon he nodded.

“I’m close,” he said.

I slammed into him a couple more times and felt my dick begin to shoot.

“Let it go,” I said.

Rick jacked himself a couple of times and with my dick slamming into his ass filling him with cum, he shot a rope of thick cum clear up to his chin. We both kept it up until we were soft and then I laid down next to him. We were both panting and sweating.

“Holy shit, why haven’t we been doing that for the last 5 years?” he asked.

“I guess we didn’t know about it, but we do now,” I said grinning.

“Damn right we do.”

We lay there for a while. Then we got up and wiped the cum from us.

“Let’s go in and get some breakfast and then shower and come back out. I want to try that fucking with you,” he said.

“You’ve got a deal,” I said.

The rest of that summer Rick and I had sex multiple times every day. Almost every night we’d put our Indian loincloths on and walk around town, often getting horned up someplace and fucking right there. That was a scout project that turned out really well.

The End

DICK PARKER

Gay Romance Erotica

Online Service

I'm like anyone else who is gay and not out. I'm one of those of us who live in small towns and must be very careful not to be found out because of your job or position in the community. It's tough and results in very little sexual contact with other guys. Add age to the mix and there are many guys who get very frustrated and go for long periods of time without man-to-man sex.

Like many I look at porn sites and one day while surfing, I came across a gay dating page. I scrolled through it and of course there were many appealing looking guys but they all seemed to have certain requirements that were impossible to meet.

The younger ones wanted guys their own age or up to a certain age. Others had certain body types or cock lengths in mind. All in all there were few that I thought I would qualify for and it kind of pissed me off. These guys must have thought they'd be young and hairless forever and that everyone in the world had a 7 inch cock. That was all they wanted.

But, I decided to post an ad anyway and thought about it carefully. I knew there were many guys in the world that had once messed with a buddy as a kid or had always wondered about trying it, so I posted an ad and said I was looking for guys who were interested in trying man-to-man sex and had no requirements. I said that any age, any body type and any cock length was fine with me as long as they were clean and open minded.

Much to my surprise my inbox filled with messages from guys in the area. Most were married guys who wanted to mess around, and others were gay guys. Of course most mailed back and forth several times and then changed their minds, which I expected. But, there was one who called himself Matt that kept mailing back and forth with me. He told me he had jacked off once with a buddy and found to be a real turn-on. He was interested in getting his cock sucked and trying to suck someone. I told him I was all for it but let him know I was older and not a 7 inch stud. He persisted and after a few mails I asked him how old he was. He was eighteen. Wow, I didn't expect that and thought he was probably just some old fart like me who was fucking with me.

After a couple of weeks of mails, Matt made plans to visit me.

I was pretty nervous but hopeful. I gave him my phone number and told him to call me when he got in town and I'd direct him to my home. About ten minutes after his planned time to arrive he called. I was slightly shaking as I answered the phone.

"Hey, this is Matt," a young sounding voice said.

"Hi Matt, where are you?" He told me and I told him where to turn and soon he was driving into my driveway. I looked out the window and shit-the-bed, there was a kid that looked to be eighteen sitting in a pickup. He shut the truck off and got out. Wow, I almost shit. He was about five nine, about a hundred and fifty pounds, longish dark hair, a handsome face and brown eyes. He walked up to the door and I opened it.

"Hi Matt," I said.

He smiled nervously. "Hi," he said and shook hands. "Come in."

He came in and I closed the door. "So, we finally meet," I said.

He nodded. "Yeah, I guess," he said looking around.

"So do you want to go and, ummm," I said.

"Yeah, lets," he said.

He followed me through the house to my bedroom and I closed the door. I sat on the end of the bed and he sat beside me.

"So, are you still ok with this?" I said.

He nodded his head. I put my arm around him and hugged him and reached down and put my hand on his crotch. His cock was hard. I rubbed his cock through his pants and he lay back on the bed. I reached down and undid his belt and unzipped his pants. He lifted his ass off the bed and I slid them to the floor revealing his hard cock.

He was just about perfect. His cock was about 5 inches, and just a nice thickness. He had nice loose balls and a trimmed pubic bush. I took his cock in my hand and he gasped. Precum was leaking from the tip so I leaned over and licked it off. He moaned as I did that

so I took it as an invitation to proceed. I engulfed his whole cock and sucked it right down until my nose was in his pubes. He moaned and shook slightly. I began to suck him up and down and fondled his balls.

"Can you take your pants off?" he whispered.

"Sure, I didn't know if all you wanted was for me to suck you or not."

"I want to suck you too."

I stood up and dropped my pants and Matt sat and watched with great interest. I stepped out of my pants and underwear and turned toward him. He reached out carefully and took hold of my 6 inch cock and began to slowly run his hand up and down the shaft.

"Lay down," he said.

I lay on the bed next to him and he leaned over and put his mouth over my thick cock and sucked it until it was all in his mouth and throat. My cock is very thick and quite a mouthful. He deep throated me and then licked my balls. I was amazed at how well he sucked and closed my eyes to enjoy the feeling. After several minutes he got up and finished taking off his pants and underwear and then got back on the bed in the sixty nine position. I began to savor his beautiful cock and licked his balls as he did the same to me. For a kid who had never sucked a cock before, he did a hell of a job. It didn't take long and I felt my cum getting close.

"Matt, I'm about to cum," I said.

He pulled off and took my cock in his hand and jacked me until I exploded all over my belly and his hand. Then I sucked him and deep throated his lovely cock until I felt him begin to quiver.

"I'm about to shoot," he said. I kept sucking him. "Do you want me to shoot in your mouth?"

"Yes," I mumbled.

It didn't take long and I felt his cock throb and tasted his teenage cum shooting into my mouth. I milked his cock for all I could get and then he pulled away from me.

"Oh man, you gotta stop, it's too sensitive," he gasped. Reluctantly I let his cock slip from my mouth. We both lay back on the bed and let our racing hearts slow down. I reached over to a nearby chair and grabbed a towel that I'd put there earlier and wiped off his cock and my crotch. We then sat up on the end of the bed next to each other. He turned to me and smiled.

"Did I do ok?" he asked.

"Matt, you did great. Are you sure that's the first cock you ever sucked?"

"Yeah, I'm sure. I was afraid I'd do it wrong or something."

"No way, you did it great. That was spectacular."

I wanted more than anything to lean over and kiss him but thought that might be pushing it. So I settled for a long hug, which he returned.

"Well, I hate to cum and run," he said, "but I'm on my way home from where I work now and better get going."

"Not a problem Matt," I said. We both dressed and I walked to the door with him.

"So, I hope you enjoyed it," I said.

He nodded. "I liked it a lot. Can I come again and do more stuff?"

"Matt, you can come anytime you want. What else did you want to do?"

"I'd kind of like to try fucking if that's ok."
Oh boy, I thought. "Matt you just let me know and I'll let you do anything you want." He broke into a wide grin and then I noticed. He was wearing braces. Good gosh, this kid really was eighteen and he'd just had sex with me and wanted more. How lucky could I get?

"I've got your phone number, so next time I'm coming home, I'll call you if it's alright."

"I can hardly wait Matt." I watched him as he walked down the driveway. He was walking pretty lightly as if he'd just done something pretty cool. What a cute kid. I wondered if he'd ever call.

I really doubted he'd ever show up but at least I'd had the pleasure of sex with him at least once. Much to my surprise, about a month my phone rang and it was Matt. My heart began to race as he told me he was about twenty miles away and was heading home for the weekend from where he worked. He wondered if it would be ok to stop by and see me.

I paced like a caged animal while I waited for him. About twenty minutes later he pulled into the driveway, got out and walked up to the door. He was dressed in pack boots, insulated coveralls and a stocking cap on the back of his head from which his longish dark hair spilled out. I let him in and told him how glad I was to see him.

"You want to go to the bedroom?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said.

We went to my bedroom and sat at the foot of the bed. "So, you want to mess around some more?" He nodded his head.

"Well, let's get you out of those clothes," I said.

Matt pulled off his boots and coveralls. Then he stood before me and I undid his jeans and pulled them down. He was wearing long underwear. "Wow, you're dressed for the cold," I said.

"I'm going to help my dad cut firewood," he said.

I pulled his long johns down and his boxers. His dick was standing up hard and ready. Matt has a very cute dick. It's about 5 inches long and medium thickness. It stands up at about a 45 degree angle from his body making it very nice to suck. He bent over and pulled his socks and underwear off and I got a nice look at his beautiful butt hole. I had all I could do to keep from burying my face in it, but waited to see what he wanted to do. I have always thought it was best to proceed at a new guy's pace.

Matt slipped his shirt and tee off over his head and stood there barenaked in front of me. I pulled him close between my knees and reached up and sucked his right nipple. He closed his eyes obviously

enjoying it. When his nipple was hard I did the same to his left one. Then I licked down his belly and to his cock. There was a large glistening drop of sweet precum on the piss slit and I licked it off. Matt shuddered as I did that and then groaned as I sucked his cock down my throat. I fondled his nice balls and then grabbed a butt cheek in each hand and pushed him forward so I could get his dick as deep into my mouth as possible.

"Wait, I don't want to cum yet and if you keep that up I will," he said. I let his cock go and looked up at him.

"Will you get naked?" he asked.

I stood up and took off my shirt while Matt dropped my pants and shorts. He stepped up and put his arms around me as our cocks ground together. I just stood there letting him explore since I thought that was what he wanted. He leaned down and sucked each of my nipples and then rubbed down my belly to my cock. He squatted down and lifted it up and hefted my balls up and fondled them. Then he licked each of my balls and ran his finger up my butt crack. He stood up and turned me around and pushed so I'd bend over. Then he pulled my butt cheeks apart and fingered my hole. He turned me around and then he knelt before me and sucked my thick 6 inches into his mouth. For a kid who had only sucked a dick once before, he did a great job. He swirled his tongue around my dickhead and then licked my balls.

"Let's 69," he said. We got on the bed and began sucking each other's cocks. Soon he was on his knees with me on my back with his cock down my throat. He was sucking me and then I heard him say something but I couldn't hear well because his thighs were tight against the sides of my head. I pulled his cock from my mouth and asked "What did you say?"

"I um, I asked if you'd ever had anyone put their cock in your ass."

"Yeah, I have Matt. Do you want to try that?"

"Yeah I think I would if you don't mind."

How cute. "If I didn't mind."

"Sure Matt, let's get a condom for you." He got off me and I

got up and took a condom from my dresser along with a tube of lube. Matt slipped the condom on and I greased up his dick with the lube. He closed his eyes as I ran my hand up and down his cock lubing it.

"You better not do that too long, or I'll cum right here," he said. I grinned and lubed up my butt, laid a towel on the bed and turned on my stomach.

"Can I just put it in?" he asked.

"Go a little slow at first," I said. I wasn't real worried. Matt's cock was a perfect cock to be fucked with. It was just the right size for a pleasurable fucking without a lot of pain.

I raised my ass a little and felt him pushing at my asshole. His cock slid in and felt incredible.

"Is that ok?" he asked.

"It's great Matt, go ahead fuck me."

Matt got going and soon he lay down on my back and put his arms around me while he pounded his cock into my ass. I felt him kiss the back of my neck and soon he was panting.

"I'm about to cum," he said. "Oh this feels really good."

He pushed in as far as he could and I felt him shudder as his cock spewed.

"Just leave it in for a minute," I said hating to lose that feeling of his hot cock in my butt. Soon he pulled out and I rolled over to see him standing with a condom full of cum on his cock.

"What should I do with this?" he asked. I reached over and pulled it off and laid it on the dresser.

"I'll take care of it," I said. I took the towel and started to wipe off his cock but he gasped and backed up.

"It's so sensitive right now, I can't stand to touch it." I grinned and wiped up my ass and butt crack. He looked down at my still hard cock.

"I suppose I should take care of that," he said. "It's ok, you've cum you're probably out of the mood now."
He smiled and knelt down and began sucking me.

"Matt turn around like a 69 and put your butt up here," I said.

He did and took my cock in his mouth again and I spread his butt cheeks and looked at his pretty little ass pucker. It was as nice as any I'd ever seen, with not one hair on it. I leaned forward and began to lick his butt crack and tongue his hole.

"Oh my gosh, that's wicked," he gasped.

"Glad you like it," I said, "It's a beauty Matt."

I lay back on the bed and Matt did an amazing job deep throating my dick. In no time I felt my dick began to tickle.
"I'm close Matt."

He took my cock in his hand and jacked me until I shot on my stomach. He milked all the cum from it and then took the towel and wiped me up.

"Thanks Matt," I said as I stood up. I put my arms around his naked body and hugged him. I buried my face into his neck and wanted to kiss him but thought it might freak him out so I didn't.

"I hope it's ok I didn't let you cum in my mouth," he said.
"That's no problem Matt, no problem at all. You'll do that when you're ready."

We stepped back and he began dressing. I put my clothes on as he dressed and walked him to the door.

"Well, thank you," he said.

"No, thank you Matt, that was incredible. I loved your cock in my ass."

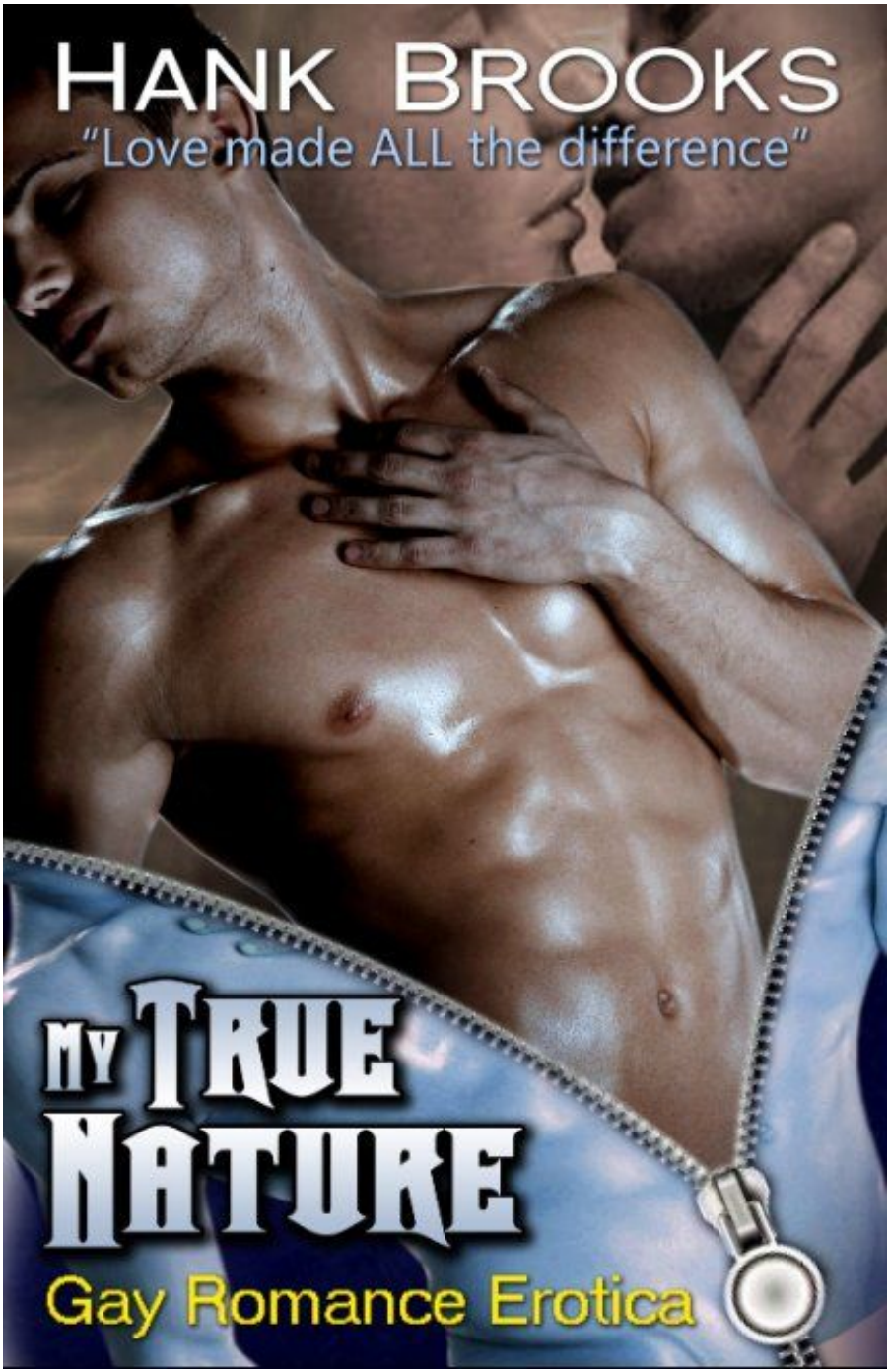
He grinned. "Really? I did ok then?"

"You did great. I hope you'll come back so we can do more."

He hesitated and then looked around to see if anyone was

watching. Then he stepped up to me and kissed me tenderly on the lips. We held the kiss for a long minute and then he stepped back and smiled. He turned and got into his pickup and waved and then drove away. It had been a long time since I'd been with an 18 year old, and never with one as cute as this kid. I couldn't wait for the next time.

To be continued…


HANK BROOKS
"Love made ALL the difference"
MY TRUE NATURE
Gay Romance Erotica

My name is Matthew (Matt or Matty) Fillmore. So what if I was still a nineteen-year-old virgin when my life took a one hundred eighty degree turn? From everything that I heard and read, it would be all the sweeter when I finally got laid. I mean, it's not like I didn't know what an orgasm felt like, but listening to my friends brag about their conquests, I knew it would be even more wonderful, and more intense, when a second party was involved, or a third for that matter; at least from what I had heard.

I suppose I should have been more proactive, but I was shy by nature, and pretty girls intimidated me. I believed that I was not smart enough, or handsome enough, or desirable enough. My high school buddy, Douglas (Dougie), told me that I was nuts, and that if I took a good look in the mirror, I would see how handsome and sexy I was. Even to this day, I stand six feet, two inches tall. My eyes are blue, my hair is light brown, and my chin is square and manly. I work out, and I am lean and muscular. Back then, nobody had seen it, of course, but my cock is cut; four inches soft, and seven inches hard. It's pretty hefty around also.

In addition, I was a freshman at Harvard with a full academic scholarship, so where did my insecurities stem from? I sure didn't know, but I was trying hard to figure it out. Back in high school, Dougie wanted to fix me up and go on double dates with him, but I always turned him down. He told me to see a shrink, and maybe I should have.

My college roommate was Samuel (Sammy) Hardwick from Sydney, Australia. He was on a full scholarship also, and we had a lot in common. We were both majoring in physics with a minor in chemistry. When Sammy became aware of my 'problem' he suggested that maybe I was not a heterosexual, and I should explore the possibility of taking a different path. I was dumbstruck, and told him that the idea was disgusting. I had seen Sammy's hard naked body on many occasions, and I did not get aroused in the least. As I ran out of our room, I could hear Sammy laughing. Once I was gone from him, I wondered where the hell I would go. I went to the library, and read something or other before returning. I have no idea what I read.

One day in class, Sammy pointed out that one of the female

students, Brianna (Brie) Somers, was flirting with me. I had no clue, and I dismissed his allegation out of hand. Secretly, I began to pay attention, and from what little I knew about flirting, she was certainly doing it. Every time our eyes met, she smiled at me. She took every opportunity in the lab to come over and ask me a question. I could tell that she knew the answer, and she was merely making an excuse to talk to me. I was really flustered.

"Ask her out," Sammy advised me in our room that night.

"If I do and she accepts, will you double date with me?"

"Sure, sport. If it will give you more confidence, I'll be happy to do it."

So the next day, when Brie came over to ask me a question, I told her I had a question too. I asked her if she was free Saturday night, and if she would like to have dinner with me. She accepted immediately. Sammy agreed to meet us with his date on a designated corner in downtown Boston.

Brie and I arrived there before Sammy and his date. The only thing I felt comfortable talking to her about was physics. It was the only class we had together. I had no idea what else we might have (or not have) in common. We chatted for awhile, and I was getting more and more uncomfortable. I was running out of topics of conversation regarding our class, and Sammy wasn't there yet.

When I finally heard his voice calling me in his delightful Aussie accent, I was so grateful. I turned to face him, and was shocked speechless again. Sammy was with a very handsome man. The guy was several years older than we, and I knew that he was no college student. He was dressed in a suit and tie, and looked impeccably well groomed. I guess my mouth hung open, and finally Sammy said, "Hi Brie, Matt. I'd like you to meet Jonathan (Jonny) Colby. Sorry we're a little late. Jonny lives in Newton and he tells me that traffic was impossible this evening."

"Yes, it's my fault," Jonny confirmed. "So sorry."

Sammy looked at me, smiled sardonically, and whispered in my ear, "Worth waiting for, isn't he?" I had no words. I just couldn't talk. Brie had no trouble greeting both of them. She shook Jonny's hand, and kissed Sammy lightly on his cheek.

"The restaurant is right around the corner," Sammy said. He and Jonny started out, and Brie and I followed.

"I had no idea that Sammy was gay," I whispered in Brie's ear.

"Good God, Matty. How could you not know? I find your naivety to be very refreshing."

I wouldn't have blamed Brie if she got really pissed off at me. I paid very little attention to her, and focused all my attention on the gay couple at our table. I had never been out with gays before. I wracked my brain trying to remember if I even knew any gays. It struck me that I wouldn't know one if I saw one. After all, I had no idea about Sammy until this evening.

Brie, on the other hand, had no trouble making conversation with them, especially Jonny. Thanks to her, we learned that he was a successful stock broker for an international brokerage and investment firm. Sammy and he had met on the first weekend of the semester at a popular gay bar, The Male Animal, which caters to more mature men. Sammy told us that he went there because he had no use for the callow youth and loud music they played at other places. He was not humble when he explained that he had a genius IQ, and he preferred the company of mature men, who could talk about other things besides sex.

I turned to look at Brie, who, I believed, would be turning red with embarrassment. How wrong could I be?

"Good for you," she said to Sammy, and then she put her hand on his, and sort of patted it before she withdrew.

I must say that the conversation was very three-way. I hardly said a word. I was too shocked at everything going on around me. Then when Sammy and Jonny started using terms of endearment, like sweetie and honey, I thought I would pass out. I prayed the evening would end, and soon.

Then, as if things could not get worse, Jonny suggested that after dinner, we all go to the gay bar where he and Sammy met. "The music is great for slow dancing," he informed us.

Before I could say, *absolutely not,* Brie said, "That sounds

fantastic. We'd love to." The woman spoke for me without consulting me, and as far as I was concerned that was the end of our possible courtship.

At the club, the four of us danced the night away. I had never seen men dancing together, but after a short while I got used to it. I danced with Brie all evening. I wouldn't let go of her. I was sure that every single guy there was a predator who was after me. By holding on to her, I was sending a message, loud and clear, that I was straight, and I was not one of them. On the dance floor, someone, or some ones, bumped into me on more than one occasion. I was so paranoid, I imagined that it was done on purpose. As much as I believed that women found me undesirable, I convinced myself that every one of these guys wanted to go to bed with me.

Finally, Sammy told me that he was going home with Jonny, and he would see me the following evening. Brie and I walked out of the bar with them, and said our goodbyes on the street. I hailed a cab, and it took us back to our dorms.

"I had a great time," Brie said. "Thank you for asking me out." It was awkward for me, but I kissed her chastely on the cheek. I practically ran away from her and headed back to my room. Brie was smiling. She couldn't believe how shy I was. She liked that quality in me, and vowed to break down my reserve.

Once I was alone, I began to think. Many things came to mind. First off I decided that Brie was not 'the one.' She made decisions for me without consulting me, and I hated that.

Secondly, I had no physical arousal when I danced with her, even though our bodies were pressed together.

Thirdly, I was appalled at the fact that I was sharing a room with a homosexual. I made up my mind to ask for a new room assignment. Then I thought that I was being foolish and intolerant. Sammy had a boyfriend, and he never came on to me in all these weeks. I decided to stay put, but remain diligent. I began to wonder. If I wasn't desirable to women, was I desirable to men? Maybe I could ask Sammy about it, without him getting the wrong idea.

I decided to go to bed, and not think about all that had happened this evening. I emptied the contents of my pants onto my dresser, and hung them up. I was surprised to find two calling cards,

among the contents of my pockets. Both contained men's names, telephone numbers, Email addresses, etc. They must have been placed in my pocket when I was bumped into. I guess I didn't have to ask Sammy if men would find me desirable.

I tried to examine my emotions regarding the calling cards. Certainly, I was flattered at the least. I knew I could never call either of these men, and was about to throw the cards in the waste basket, when at the last minute, I put them in the top drawer of my dresser, and covered them with my briefs.

The next morning I decided to sleep in and not go to church. I occasionally saw Brie at the chapel, and I did not want to run into her this particular Sunday. I lay in bed half awake and half in la-la land. I began to dream.

~0~

I was dancing at the gay bar, holding my partner tight. (I grew restless in my sleep.) *I was dancing with a man, just as everyone else had done the previous night, except for Brie and me. The stranger was pushing up against me, and I may be naïve, but I knew a hard cock when I felt one. The man put his lips on mine, and I let him. His kiss was gentle and sweet, quite unexpected. I kissed him back, and when he pulled away, he smiled at me. The stranger had turned into Sammy.*

~0~

I woke with a start. These emotions were new to me. They were strange and alien. I am a virgin for sure, but I never thought of myself as anything but straight. For the first time in my life, I had to ask myself why I had such a hard time with women. I shrugged off the thought, and chalked it up to the previous night's shocking experience. All I knew for sure was that I needed to talk to Sammy. He was a million times more experienced and urbane than I was.

I looked at my watch. It was past noon and I was hungry. I decided to go to lunch off campus, because I was still nervous about running into Brie. I had no idea where to go, but I suddenly felt free and unencumbered. I wanted to just "do" and "go" without any pre-planning. I stood at a nearby bus stop, and got on the first one that came along. It was Sunday and the bus wasn't very crowded. As we approached a stop some miles away, most of the people got up and exited the bus, so I did also. I was happy to find myself in Little Italy.

I had heard so much about this section of town and how wonderful the restaurants were. I stood at the corner, looking around, not knowing which way to go. The bus crowd was dispersing in all directions.

"Are you lost?" I heard someone ask. I turned around. A young man about my age was addressing me. He was olive skinned with short, black, curly hair, and brown eyes. He struck me as being strikingly handsome.

"Yes, I guess. I'm looking for a good restaurant where I can have a nice leisurely lunch, and not over pay."

"I'm here for the same reason," he said. "I got on the bus where you did. I go to Harvard. How about you?"

"Me too," I answered. I had mixed emotions. I really wanted to be alone, but it was clear that my fellow student was about to suggest we do lunch together. If he did, I couldn't see how I could refuse him.

"My name is Mark," he said holding out his hand for me to shake. "Mark Rubino."

I shook his hand. "They call me Matt Fillmore," I said in a rare moment of levity.

"My family owns a great restaurant right up the street. Would you like to have lunch with me?"

"Yes, Mark, I'd like that a lot."

When we got to the restaurant, two waiters ran to greet us, and they kissed Mark on both his cheeks. He introduced me, and they told us to take any available table.

"They're my uncles," he explained. "Everyone here is family. I worked here all through high school, but now my dad won't let me. He wants me to devote full time to my studies. I'm the first of my family to go to college; Harvard, no less."

Before we could order, the chef came out of the kitchen and ran up to us. Mark rose and embraced the man, who surprised me by

kissing Mark on his lips.

"I'm Mark's Papa," the chef said to me. We shook hands and I exaggerated somewhat. I said that I was a school *chum* of Mark's.

"Leave the ordering to me," Mr. Rubino said. "I'll make you boys something special." Somehow I knew that lunch was on the house today.

As much trouble as I had talking to Brie, I had no trouble whatsoever with Mark. Within five minutes we were conversing like two long lost brothers. He knew all about me very quickly, even my shyness with women, which to his credit, he couldn't understand. I learned that he was majoring in education, and wanted to teach either history or American literature. Our majors could not have been more diverse and yet he was interested in everything about my studies, and I was genuinely interested in his choices.

I might add that I didn't recognize anything we ate, but it was all delicious. We had spumoni for dessert, and Mark did something I could never do. He asked for seconds. Why not? It was free. We were almost done eating, when a woman entered the restaurant. She spotted Mark, and ran over screeching.

"Mark, darling, why didn't you tell your mama that you were coming here today?" She smothered him with kisses and I just smiled. Finally, she let go and Mark introduced me. She smiled and surprised me by kissing my cheek.

"Is he your boyfriend, Mark?" she asked. "He's very handsome."

"No Mama. We're just friends," Mark answered.

I was suddenly as uncomfortable and upset as I had been that morning, but now I wanted to talk about it. After his mother went into a tiny office to do the restaurant's bookkeeping, I confronted Mark.

"Am I to understand that you're gay?" I asked, fearing the answer.

"Sure. Aren't you?"

"Hell no," I said too adamantly.

"Shit," Mark said. "I am sorry, Matt. This is the first time my gaydar has failed me."

"Your gaydar?"

"Yeah, all gay guys have it to some degree. It helps us to identify our brothers. Please forgive me, Matt. I didn't mean to make you squirm like you are doing right now. I genuinely like you. Maybe it was wishful thinking and not gaydar after all."

Mark was so easy to talk to that I asked, "May I confide in you?"

"Sure," he said.

I told him all about the previous evening, my confusion, and mostly about my crazy dream.

"It doesn't have to mean anything," he consoled me. "It probably had something to do with spending an evening in a gay bar."

"It's more than that," I added. "Brie was all over me, and I wasn't in the least aroused."

"Hasn't any woman ever aroused you?" Mark asked. I shook my head.

"Let me go out on a limb, here," Mark ventured. "Has any man ever aroused you?"

I shook my head again. Mark looked at me incredulously. "I've heard about some people being asexual, but you sure don't fit the bill." He leaned into me. "You jerk off, don't you?" I nodded.

"Good feeling, isn't it?" I nodded again. "So I guess you aren't asexual. Maybe you should see a sex therapist. You can't spend your life like this, never wanting sex, never seeking sex."

That did it. I broke out crying. Poor Mark looked around the restaurant to make sure that nobody was watching us.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"It's OK. I just wish I could help you."

"I don't think anyone can."

"Well, there is something I can do, which may help, but it could also make things worse."

"What's that?"

"Have sex with me."

My mouth dropped open. "I can't do that. I just know I can't," I whimpered.

"That's what you keep saying, but if you don't try you'll never know. The big problem is where can we go?"

Without thinking I said, "My roommate won't be back until late tonight. We can go to my room." As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I regretted saying them. Mark jumped up and we said a hasty good-bye to everyone. I thanked his father for lunch, and we ran to the bus stop.

We barely spoke on the bus, and Mark sensed my anxiety. Once in a while he would whisper to me, "Don't be afraid. I promise you the most wonderful experience of your lifetime. It will be nothing but a total joy," or words to that affect.

We reached my room---somehow. I was in a daze. I knew in my heart that I was straight, so why was I allowing this to happen, and with a perfect stranger? As I stood in the center of the room in some sort of comatose state, Mark locked the door.

"Which bed is yours?" he asked. I pointed to my bed.

"Undress," he ordered kindly. I couldn't move, so he came over to me and started to undress me. Finally, I said, "I can do that," and I stripped myself naked. Mark was doing the same.

When we were naked, I scanned his body. Mark was about 5 feet 10 inches tall. Obviously he worked out. He was muscular and ripped. He had very little body hair, but lots of pubic hair. His cock

was about the same size as mine, but unlike mine, he was not circumcised. I could see that he was well on his way to a full erection. At the moment it stood away from his legs at about a 45 degree angle.

"Lie down on your back," he ordered me softly. I did as he asked. He then lay down on top of me in a missionary position. I was amazed that I could not feel any weight at all. He was like a feather lying on top of me. I shuddered as he placed his lips on mine. I had not thought about or expected any kissing. The idea of two men kissing was revolting to me. However, I didn't resist. I had gone this far and I determined to see the experiment through to the bitter end, or it might not be bitter at all.

He began to kiss me and it was rather nice. In fact, I found it consoling and comforting. But then he opened his mouth, and I felt his tongue on my lips, and I panicked anew. Even though I was practically a rocket scientist, you didn't have to be one to know what he wanted. I parted my lips also.

When our tongues touched and tickled each other, I could not help but give out one big sigh. Encouraged, Mark began to move down my body. I became aware that he had been crushing my cock with his very stiff one, and I was hard as a rock also. When he moved down, and I could no longer feel his package against mine, I felt a great sense of abandonment and loss.

Mark took all the time he needed, and I was getting more and more aroused. He tickled my ears with his tongue, and suckled my nipples. They grew sensitive and hard, much to my surprise. Then he began to suck on my innie, and it was at this point that guilt entered the picture.

I wasn't feeling guilty about participating in gay sex. I began to feel guilty that I was doing nothing to reciprocate, and that I was remaining passive. In spite of my feelings, I could not bring myself to do anything to pleasure Mark, in all the ways that he was pleasuring me.

When it happened, I screamed a little, but tried to suppress the joy I was feeling. Something warm and wet and wonderful was bathing my cock. I wish I was a poet instead of a scientist so I could describe the eroticism coursing through my body. I could feel an orgasm growing almost immediately, but it was nothing like my

masturbation orgasms.

It started in my toes, and worked its way through my body, my entire body, like electricity along a conductive wire. I could feel the charge wending its way through my cock. My balls constricted, and that gave Mark the clue to suck harder, but he maintained a gentle touch. I came, spewing out several strong gushes. My body was writhing and I was screaming. I gave Mark so much cum, that at least half of it dripped out of his mouth before he could swallow it.

I lay on my back completely exhausted. Mark slithered up and lay beside me. He took my hand and I squeezed his. I was speechless, but Mark said something completely shocking.

"Now do this with a woman, and we'll know the truth, and I pray the truth is that you are gay. I'm falling in love with you Matt."

"Please don't say that Mark. I don't know if I could ever do---that---to you."

"If you are gay, you will do it eventually, and you will do it with great pleasure." He got out of bed, and went to my desk. He wrote something on a piece of paper, which he handed me.

"Here's my phone number, and my dorm room number. If you want to see me again, or if you just want more of the same, please call."

Before I could gather my thoughts, he was dressed and gone from the room. I lay prone on my bed, thinking about the vast and different path my life had taken that day. I began to erect, and I mindlessly started to stroke myself gently, while dreaming about Mark. I must have lain there for several hours, stroking myself without cumming. As I masturbated, Sammy came into the room.

I looked at him, unable to move. I must have sounded like a robot to him when I said in a monotone, "Sammy, I just had a homosexual experience."

He quickly locked our door, and sat on my bed. He put his hand on my naked thigh, and I didn't mind at all. I told him all about meeting Mark, and his family, and coming back here for sex. I admitted that the sex was all one-sided. At first, I wasn't even aware of it, but Sammy was running his hand up and down my thigh.

"So Mark's gaydar told him that you were gay? Well, my resisting friend, my gaydar told me the same thing the moment we met."

"But I'm not convinced yet. Mark told me to have sex with a woman to make sure. I thought about it, Sammy, and I know I couldn't do it. The thought of it is yucky. I didn't tell Mark, but I'm telling you. I know now that I'm gay. Both your gaydars were accurate."

Sammy undressed faster than Superman and joined me naked in my bed. He wrapped his arms around me and I hunkered into him.

"Shit," he said, "I wanted to be the one to take your cherry, but I didn't want to rush and scare you away. I love you Matty. I fell in love with you, the moment we met, but you kept insisting you were straight."

"You love me?" I asked in wonder.

He answered by kissing me. I was an experienced kisser by this time, thanks to Mark, and I kissed him back, hard and passionately. Now that I was willing to face the truth, I was happily accepting my true nature at last. I knew I was really gay when the first thing I thought about was sucking Sammy's cock. I prayed he would also let me fuck him, and we kissed harder.

Suddenly, I pulled my face from his. "What about Jonny," I asked.

"Jonny's a great guy, but we have nothing in common. He's a great fuck buddy, but I don't love him like I love you. You and I have everything in common. We're soul mates, Matty." Sammy started to slither down my body. I knew now what was coming next. I stopped him.

"No," I said, "it's my turn." I worked my way down Sammy's body. He was making little whimpering sounds. I knew that they were sounds of joy, and I was amazed that I didn't hesitate for one second to take his cock into my mouth. When I tasted him for the first time, I became overwhelmed with my love for him. Everything that I once believed to be disgusting was becoming pure joy for me, and I realized that love made the difference.

I pushed his foreskin back with my tongue. I guess it was pure instinct. I sucked him gently, trying to emulate Mark's technique. Sammy kept sighing and I knew I was doing all right. It was easy to tell when he was cumming. His back arched, his balls shrunk and got hard. He began to thrust into my mouth. I couldn't wait to taste his juice and I wasn't disappointed.

Afterward, we lay in my bed, holding each other tightly. "What will I tell, Mark?" I asked.

"Oh, Matty baby. I love you to pieces, but I'm not asking for monogamy. It'll be fun to take a third person to bed with us on occasion. Do you think Mark would be interested?"

I was surprised at the question, but the idea sounded appealing. "I guess I can ask him, but not tonight. This is our night. I'll ask him tomorrow."

The next day I called Mark and asked if he would like to have dinner with us in the commissary. "Who's 'us'?" he asked.

"That's not important," I answered. "This is the night, I want to reciprocate when we make love."

"Wow, Baby, you've come a long way, but why did you say 'us?'" Mark persisted.

"My roommate wants to meet you. I told him all about you."

Mark remained silent so I told him what time to meet us, and we ended the phone call. I didn't get good vibes from him at all.

I needn't have worried. The minute Mark and Sammy laid eyes on each other there was instant chemistry (AKA, lust). If Sammy hadn't asked Mark if he would like to do a three-way, I'm certain Mark would have asked us. As a result of the sexual tension between the three of us at the dinner table, none of us finished our meals, and we ran back to our room for what actually became the most significant night of all our three lives.

My two lovers knew that they had to "break me in," so they went to work on me. Two tongues bathed my body like no shower ever had.

"Let's get warmed up," Sammy suggested, "by making a daisy chain." Every suggestion made that night was acted on immediately. We changed positions often, and I had two cocks to suck on alternately.

Suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, Sammy produced condoms and some tubes of lubricant. He showed me how to lube Mark's asshole and stretch it with my fingers. When Mark was ready, Sammy helped me enter him. I have never in my life enjoyed greater pleasure. The moist heat of Mark's ass was sending me to Nirvana.

I had little time to savor the joy when I felt Sammy preparing my ass, just as we had prepared Mark's. I grew apprehensive again, and I concentrated on the pleasure I was experiencing rather than what was to come.

Then there it was. I felt Sammy entering me. He thrust in slowly but steadily. My ass burned, but Sammy assured me it would pass, and of course, it did.

I was suddenly enveloped in pleasure, front and back. The three of us began a steady rhythm, and like we were born to be a threesome, we all came nearly at the same time, including Mark.

Apparently my cock was doing wonders to his prostate gland. Afterward we lay together on the small bed trying to recover our breaths. We were all wrapped up like a twisted pretzel because of lack of room.

"You are truly not a virgin anymore," Sammy observed. "Next time I want to be in the middle, and Mark, you can be in the middle the time after that." It was strange to me that we were already talking about next time and the time after that, but I said nothing. I had no idea where this was taking us.

"Do you have any more doubts about your sexual orientation?" Mark asked me.

I smiled, kissed both my lovers and answered, "None whatsoever."

After that night the three of us made love often. Occasionally one of us could not make it for some reason or another. The

remaining two admitted to each other that they felt guilty excluding the non-attendee. It was becoming obvious that we three were bonding into an inseparable trio, bound together for life.

For our sophomore year we rented an off campus, one bedroom apartment, and furnished it with a king size bed. The bed was an arena for sexual activity. None of us ever held anything back. We gave our partners anything they asked for, no matter how kinky.

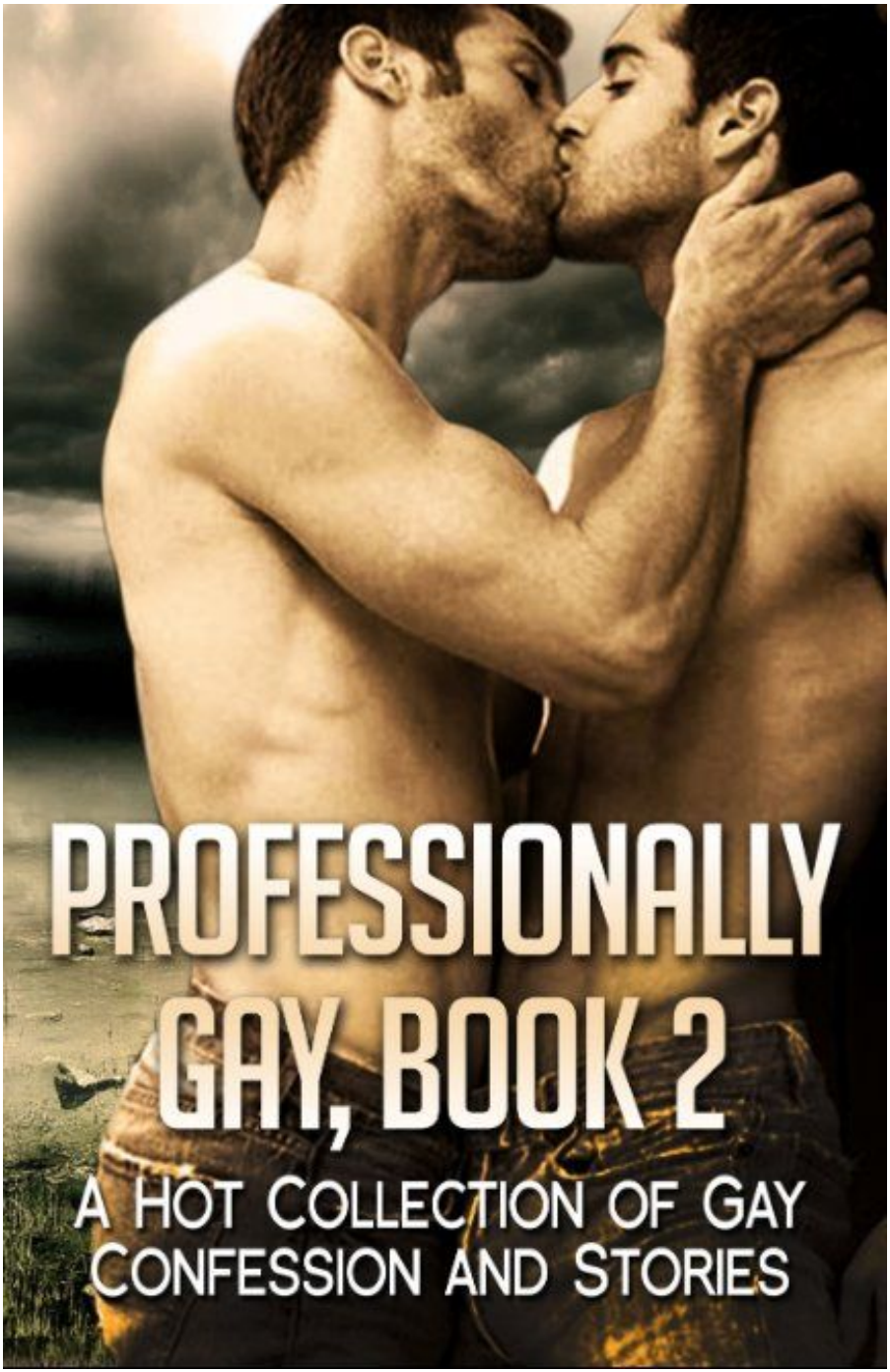
The three of us continued our education beyond the undergraduate level. Sammy and I eventually got our doctorates in physics, and Sammy was able to gain permanent residency status in the United States.

Mark earned his doctorate in World History, and got a teaching position at Boston College. Sammy got a position with Boston University, and I snagged a position at Harvard.

Our home life is loving and harmonious. There is never any jealousy. Not one of us is ever neglected in the bedroom. I am the first to admit it is a rarity, but we are a successful trio of lovers.

There is irony in the whole situation. Of the three of us, I was the oldest, and the last, to lose his virginity. I was trapped in a bad situation of my own making, waiting for 'the one'. In the end, I was luckier than most people. I got 'the two'.

The End


PROFESSIONALLY
GAY, BOOK 2
A HOT COLLECTION OF GAY
CONFESSION AND STORIES

WARNING! *This compilation contains Gay Romance, Anal Sex and Ass Rimming. If Gay Sex offends you, DO NOT read. Otherwise, enjoy*!

These 9 naughty-and-nice stories feature hot gay lovers finding not just sexual release, but also the right person to be with:

1. **"Lifeguarding Bonus 1"** follows the story of lifeguard Richard, who was content just showing off his body and watching near-naked men at work… until swimmer Billy hits on him, and makes it clear he is ready for some man-to-man sex.

2. Richard and Billy turn up the heat in **"Lifeguarding Bonus 2**,**"** where they not only discover a secret sex spot by the local river, but also a pair of boys who share their passion for wild lovemaking. With four horny boys, libidos are up and anything can happen!

3. In **"Border Patrol**,**"** Jorge and Heinrich liven things up at their gloomy outpost by offering foreign captives freedom in exchange for sexual favors. But the fun and games end when they meet gorgeous, defiant Petrov, and Jorge finds himself falling in love with the captive.

4. **"A Commuter's Obsession"** features James, who has a happy life with a great partner until an obsession with a hot young man he meets on the train makes him question his sanity.

5. Matt seems to have it all in **"Shower Mate**.**"** But this family man has a secret: he is GAY! Things get complicated when he experiences a mutual attraction to Brad at the gym. Too bad Brad has no desire to get involved with a man who still wears his wedding ring.

6. George finds **"Service with Love"** in his 'manny,' who helps him with his four-year-old twins after the death of his wife. He hires a nanny named Jamie, not realizing until the interview that Jamie turns out to be a "he." But that's not the only surprise: Jamie is gay and has the hots for him!

7. In **"40th Pleasure**,**"**Terry is apprehensive about getting older, especially since he has no one special to celebrate with. Good thing he has great friends - and an offer at a hot threesome! But while the offer is attractive, will he ever find his own special someone?

8. **"Blood Work"** features Cal, a good-looking doctor whose profession leaves him very little time for making friends and having sex. Then he meets Cody, the son of Cal's favorite nurse. Cody needs a kidney transplant, and as Cal helps him, they both realize they need

each other.

9. In **"Harry's Trial,"** a man is on the hook for the murder of his wife, Iris. Harry pleads not guilty and claims her death was an accident… but was it?
Enjoy the many facets of gay relationships and sex in this sizzling second collection of *Professionally Gay*!

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